

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

*A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART,
AND POLITICS.*

VOL. XL.—JULY, 1877.—No. CCXXXVII.

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA.

I.

MARY.

IN the month of June, 1872, Mr. Edward Lynde, the assistant cashier and book-keeper of the Nautilus Bank at Rivermouth, found himself in a position to execute a plan which he had long meditated in secret.

A statement like this at the present time, when integrity in a place of trust has become almost an anomaly, immediately suggests a defalcation; but Mr. Lynde's plan involved nothing more criminal than a horseback excursion through the northern part of the State of New Hampshire. A leave of absence of three weeks, which had been accorded him in recognition of several years' conscientious service, offered young Lynde the opportunity he had desired. These three weeks, as already hinted, fell in the month of June, when Nature in New Hampshire is in her most ravishing toilet; she has put away her winter ermine, which sometimes serves her quite into spring; she has thrown a green mantle over her brown shoulders, and is not above the coquetry of wearing a great variety of wild flowers on her bosom. With her sassafras and her sweet-brier she is in her best mood, as a woman in a fresh and becoming costume is apt to

be, and almost any one might mistake her laugh for the music of falling water, and the agreeable rustle of her garments for the wind blowing through the pine forests.

As Edward Lynde rode out of Rivermouth one morning, an hour or two before anybody worth mention was moving, he was very well contented with this world, though he had his grievances, too, if he had chosen to think of them.

Masses of dark cloud still crowded the zenith, but along the eastern horizon, against the increasing blue, lay a city of golden spires and mosques and minarets, — an Oriental city, indeed, such as is inhabited by poets and dreamers and other speculative people fond of investing their small capital in such unreal estate. Young Lynde, in spite of his prosaic profession of book-keeper, had an opulent though as yet unworked vein of romance running through his composition, and he said to himself as he gave a slight twitch to the reins, "I'll put up there to-night at the sign of the Golden Fleece, or may be I'll quarter myself on one of those rich old merchants who used to do business with the bank in the colonial days." Before he had finished speaking the city was destroyed by a general conflagration; the round red sun rose slowly above the pearl-gray ruins, and it was morning.

Copyright, 1877, by H. O. Houghton & Co.

In his three years' residence at Rivermouth, Edward Lynde had never chanced to see the town at so early an hour. The cobble-paved street through which he was riding was a commercial street; but now the shops had their wooden eyelids shut tight, and were snoozing away as comfortably and innocently as if they were not at all alive to a sharp stroke of business in their wakeful hours. There was a charm to Lynde in this novel phase of a thoroughfare so familiar to him, and then the morning was perfect. The street ran parallel with the river, the glittering harebell-blue of which could be seen across a vacant lot here and there, or now and then at the end of a narrow lane running up from the wharves. The atmosphere had that indescribable sparkle and bloom which last only an hour or so after day-break, and was charged with fine sea-flavors and the delicate breath of dewy meadow-land. Everything appeared to exhale a fragrance; even the weather-beaten sign of "J. Tibbets & Son, West India Goods & Groceries," it seemed to Lynde, emitted an elusive spicy odor.

Edward Lynde soon passed beyond the limits of the town, and was ascending a steep hill, on the crest of which he proposed to take a farewell survey of the picturesque port throwing off its gauzy counterpane of sea-fog. The wind blew blithely on this hill-top; it filled his lungs and exhilarated him like champagne; he set spur to the gaunt, bony mare, and, with a flourish of his hand to the peaked roof of the Nautilus Bank, dashed off at a speed of not less than four miles an hour,—for it was anything but an Arabian courser which Lynde had hired of honest Deacon Twombly. She was not a handsome animal either,—yellow in tint and of the texture of an ancestral hair-trunk, with a plebeian head, and mysterious developments of muscle on the hind legs. She was not a horse for fancy riding; but she had her good points,—she had a great many points of one kind and another,—among which was her perfect adaptability to rough country roads and the sort of work now required of her.

"Mary ain't what you'd call a racer," Deacon Twombly had remarked while the negotiations were pending; "I don't say she is, but she's easy on the back."

This statement was speedily verified. At the end of two miles Mary stopped short and began backing, deliberately and systematically, as if to slow music in a circus. Recovering from the surprise of the halt, which had taken him wholly unawares, Lynde gathered the slackened reins firmly in his hand and pressed his spurs to the mare's flanks, with no other effect than slightly to accelerate the backward movement.

Perhaps nothing gives you so acute a sense of helplessness as to have a horse back with you, under the saddle or between shafts. The reins lie limp in your hands, as if completely detached from the animal; it is impossible to check him or force him forward; to turn him around is to confess yourself conquered; to descend and take him by the head is an act of pusillanimity. Of course there is only one thing to be done; but if you know what that is you possess a singular advantage over your fellow-creatures.

Finding spur and whip of no avail, Lynde tried the effect of moral suasion: he stroked Mary on the neck, and addressed her in terms that would have melted the heart of almost any other Mary; but she continued to back, slowly and with a certain grace that could have come only of confirmed habit. Now Lynde had no desire to return to Rivermouth, above all to back into it in that mortifying fashion and make himself a spectacle for the town-folk; but if this thing went on forty or fifty minutes longer, that would be the result.

"If I cannot stop her," he reflected, "I'll desert the brute just before we get to the toll-gate. I can't think what possessed Twombly to let me have such a ridiculous animal!"

Mary showed no sign that she was conscious of anything unconventional or unlooked for in her conduct.

"Mary, my dear," said Lynde at last, with dangerous calmness, "you would be all right, or, at least, your proceeding would not be quite as flagrant a breach

of promise, if you were only aimed in the opposite direction."

With this he gave a vigorous jerk at the left-hand rein, which caused the mare to wheel about and face Rivermouth. She hesitated an instant, and then resumed backing.

"Now, Mary," said the young man, dryly, "I will let you have your head, so to speak, as long as you go the way I want you to."

This manœuvre on the side of Lynde proved that he possessed qualities which, if skillfully developed, would have assured him success in the higher regions of domestic diplomacy. The ability to secure your own way and impress others with the idea that they are having *their* own way is rare among men; among women it is as common as eyebrows.

"I wonder how long she will keep this up," mused Lynde, fixing his eye speculatively on Mary's pull-back ears. "If it is to be a permanent arrangement I shall have to reverse the saddle. Certainly, the creature is a *lusus naturæ* — her head is on the wrong end! Easy on the back," he added, with a hollow laugh, recalling Deacon Twombly's recommendation. "I should say she was! I never saw an easier."

Presently Mary ceased her retrograde movement, righted herself of her own accord, and trotted off with as much submissiveness as could be demanded of her. Lynde subsequently learned that this propensity to back was an unaccountable whim which seized Mary at odd intervals and lasted from five to fifteen minutes. The peculiarity once understood not only ceased to be an annoyance to him, but became an agreeable break in the ride. Whenever her mood approached, he turned the mare round and let her back to her soul's content. He also ascertained that the maximum of Mary's speed was five miles an hour.

"I did n't want a fast horse, any way," said Lynde philosophically. "As I am not going anywhere in particular, I need be in no hurry to get there."

The most delightful feature of Lynde's plan was that it was not a plan. He had simply ridden off into the rosy June

weather, with no settled destination, no care for to-morrow, and as independent as a bird of the tourist's ordinary requirements. At the crupper of his saddle — an old cavalry saddle that had seen service in long-forgotten training-days — was attached a cylindrical valise of cowhide, containing a change of linen, a few toilet articles, a vulcanized cloth cape for rainy days, and the first volume of *The Earthly Paradise*. The two warlike holsters in front (in which Colonel Eliphabet Bangs used to carry a brace of flint-lock pistols now reposing in the Historical Museum at Rivermouth) became the receptacle respectively of a slender flask of brandy and a Bologna sausage; for young Lynde had determined to sell his life dearly if by any chance of travel he came to close quarters with famine.

A broad-brimmed Panama hat, a suit of navy-blue flannel, and a pair of riding-boots completed his equipment. A field-glass in a leather case was swung by a strap over his shoulder, and in the breast pocket of his blouse he carried a small compass to guide him on his journey due north.

The young man's costume went very well with his frank, refined face, and twenty-three years. A dead-gold mustache, pointed at the ends and sweeping at a level right and left, like a swallow's wings, gave him something of a military air; there was a martial directness, too, in the glance of his clear gray eyes, undimmed as yet with looking too long on the world. There could not have been a better figure for the saddle than Lynde's, — slightly above the average height, straight as a poplar, and neither too spare nor too heavy. Now and then as he passed a farm-house, a young girl hanging out clothes in the front yard — for it was on a Monday — would pause with a shapeless snowdrift in her hand to gaze curiously at the apparition of a gallant young horseman riding by. It often happened that when he had passed, she would slyly steal to the red gate in the lichen-covered stone-wall, and follow him with her palm-shaded eyes down the lonely road; and it as frequently happened that he would glance back over his shoul-

der at the nut-brown maid, whose closely clinging, scant drapery gave her a sculpturesque grace to which her unconsciousness of it was a charm the more.

These flashes of subtle recognition between youth and youth — these sudden mute greetings and farewells — reached almost the dimension of incidents in that first day's eventless ride. Once Lynde halted at the porch of a hip-roofed, unpainted house with green paper shades at the windows, and asked for a drink of milk, which was brought him by the nut-brown maid, who never took her flattering innocent eyes off the young man's face while he drank, — sipping him as he sipped the milk; and young Lynde rode away feeling as if something had really happened.

More than once that morning he drew up by the roadside to listen to some lyrical robin on an apple bough, or to make friends with the black-belted Durham cows and the cream-colored Alderneys, who came solemnly to the pasture wall and stared at him with big, good-natured faces. A row of them, with their lazy eyes and pink tongues and moist india-rubber noses, was as good as a play.

At noon that day our adventureless adventurer had reached Bayley's Four-Corners, where he found provender for himself and Mary at what had formerly been a tavern, in the naïve stage-coach epoch. It was the sole house in the neighborhood, and was occupied by the ex-landlord, one Tobias Sewell, who had turned farmer. On finishing his cigar after dinner, Lynde put the saddle on Mary, and started forward again. It is hardly correct to say forward, for Mary took it into her head to back out of Bayley's Four-Corners, a feat which she performed to the unspeakable amusement of Mr. Sewell and a quaint old gentleman, named Jaffrey, who boarded in the house.

"I guess that must be a suck-cuss hoss," remarked Mr. Sewell, resting his loosely jointed figure against the rail fence as he watched his departing guest.

Mary backed to the ridge of the hill up which the turnpike stretched from the ancient tavern, then recovered herself and went on.

"I never saw such an out-and-out willful old girl as you are, Mary!" ejaculated Lynde, scarlet with mortification. "I begin to admire you."

Perhaps the covert reproach touched some finer chord of Mary's nature, or perhaps Mary had done her day's allowance of backing; whatever the case was, she indulged no farther caprice that afternoon beyond shying vigorously at a heavily loaded tin-peddler's wagon, a proceeding which may be palliated by the statement of the fact that many of Mary's earlier years were passed in connection with a similar establishment.

The afterglow of sunset had faded out behind the serrated line of hills, and black shadows were assembling, like conspirators, in the orchards and under the spreading elms by the roadside, when Edward Lynde came in sight of a large manufacturing town, which presented a sufficiently bizarre appearance at that hour.

Grouped together in a valley were five or six high, irregular buildings, illuminated from basement to roof, each with a monstrous chimney from which issued a fan of party-colored flame. On one long low structure, with a double row of windows gleaming like the port-holes of a man-of-war at night, was a squat round tower that now and then threw open a vast valve at the top and belched forth a volume of amber smoke, which curled upward to a dizzy height and spread itself out against the sky. Lying in the weird light of these chimneys, with here and there a gable or a spire suddenly outlined in vivid purple, the huddled town beneath seemed like an outpost of the infernal regions. Lynde, however, resolved to spend the night there instead of riding on further and trusting for shelter to some farm-house or barn. Ten or twelve hours in the saddle had given him a keen appetite for rest.

Presently the roar of flues and furnaces, and the resonant din of mighty hammers beating against plates of iron, fell upon his ear; a few minutes later he rode into the town, not knowing and not caring in the least what town it was.

All this had quite the flavor of foreign

travel to Lynde, who began pondering on which hotel he should bestow his patronage, a question that sometimes perplexes the tourist on arriving at a strange city. In Lynde's case the matter was considerably simplified by the circumstance that there was but a single aristocratic hotel in the place. He extracted this information from a small boy, begrimed with iron-dust and looking as if he had just been cast at a neighboring foundry, who kindly acted as cicerone and conducted the tired wayfarer to the doorstep of *The Spread Eagle*, under one of whose wings — to be at once figurative and literal — he was glad to nestle for the night.

II.

IN WHICH THERE IS A FAMILY JAR.

While Lynde is enjoying the refreshing sleep that easily overtook him after supper, we will reveal to the reader so much of the young man's private history as may be necessary to the narrative. In order to do this, the author, like Deacon Twombly's mare, feels it indispensable to back a little.

One morning, about three years previous to the day when Edward Lynde set forth on his aimless pilgrimage, Mr. Jenness Bowlsby, the president of the *Nautilus Bank* at Rivermouth, received the following letter from his wife's nephew, Mr. John Flemming, a young merchant in New York: —

NEW YORK, *May 23, 1869.*

MY DEAR UNCLE, — In the course of a few days a friend of mine, Mr. Edward Lynde of this city, will call upon you and hand you a note of introduction from myself. I write this to secure for him in advance the liking and interest which I am persuaded you will not be able to withhold on closer acquaintance. I have been intimate with Edward Lynde for ten years or more, first at the boarding-school at Flatbush, and afterwards at college. Though several years my junior, he was in the same classes with me, and, if the truth must be told,

generally carried off all the honors. He is not only the most accomplished young fellow I know, but a fellow of inexhaustible modesty and amiability, and I think it was singularly malicious of destiny to pick him out as a victim, when there are so many worthless young men (the name of John Flemming will instantly occur to you) who deserve nothing better than rough treatment. You see, I am taking point-blank aim at your sympathy.

When Lynde was seven or eight years old he had the misfortune to lose his mother; his father was already dead. The child's nearest relative was an uncle, David Lynde, a rich merchant of New York, a bachelor, and a character. Old Lynde — I call him old Lynde not out of disrespect, but to distinguish him from young Lynde — was at that period in his fiftieth year, a gentleman of unsullied commercial reputation, and of regular if somewhat peculiar habits. He was at his counting-room precisely at eight in the morning, and was the last to leave in the evening, working as many hours each day as he had done in those first years when he entered as office boy into the employment of Briggs & Livingstone, — the firm at the time of which I am now writing was Lynde, Livingstone, & Co. Mr. David Lynde lived in a set of chambers up town, and dined at his club, where he usually passed the evenings at chess with some brother antediluvian. A visit to the theatre, when some old English comedy or some new English ballet happened to be on the boards, was the periphery of his dissipation. What is called society saw nothing of him. He was a rough, breezy, thick-set old gentleman, betrothed from his birth to apoplexy, enjoying life in his own secluded manner, and insisting on having everybody about him happy. He would strangle an old friend rather than not have him happy. A characteristic story is told of a quarrel he had with a chum of thirty or forty years' standing, Ripley Sturdevant, Sen. Sturdevant came to grief in the financial panic of 1857. Lynde held a mortgage on Sturdevant's house, and insisted on canceling it. Sturdevant refused to ac-

cept the sacrifice. They both were fiery old gentlemen, *arcades ambo*. High words ensued. What happened never definitely transpired; but Sturdevant was found lying across the office lounge, with a slight bruise over one eyebrow and the torn mortgage thrust into his shirt bosom. It was conjectured that Lynde had actually knocked him down and forced the mortgage upon him!

In short, David Lynde was warm-hearted and generous to the verge of violence, but a man in every way unfitted by temperament, experience, and mode of life to undertake the guardianship of a child. To have an infant dropped into his arms was as excellent an imitation of a calamity as could well happen to him. I am told that no one could have been more sensible of this than David Lynde himself, and that there was something extremely touching in the alacrity and cheerfulness with which he assumed the novel responsibility.

Immediately after the funeral — Mrs. Lynde had resided in Philadelphia — the uncle brought the boy to New York. It was impossible to make a permanent home for young Lynde in bachelor chambers, or to dine him at the club. After a week of inconvenience and wretchedness, complicated by the sinister suspicions of his landlady, David Lynde concluded to send the orphan to boarding-school.

It was at Flatbush, Long Island, that I made the acquaintance of the forlorn little fellow. His cot was next to mine in the dormitory; we became close friends. We passed our examinations, left Flatbush at the same time, and entered college together. In the mean while the boy's relations with his guardian were limited to a weekly exchange of letters, those of the uncle invariably beginning with "Yours of Saturday duly at hand," and ending with "Inclosed please find." In respect to pocket-money young Lynde was a prince. My friend spent the long vacations with me at Newburgh, running down to New York occasionally to pass a day or so with the uncle. In these visits their intimacy ripened. Old Lynde was now become very proud of his bright

young charge, giving him astonishing dinners at Delmonico's, taking him to Wallack's, and introducing him to the old fossils at the club as "my boy Ned."

It was at the beginning of Lynde's last term at college that his uncle retired from business, bought a house in Madison Avenue, and turned it into a sort of palace with frescoes and upholstery. There was a library for my boy Ned, a smoking room in cherry-wood, a billiard room in black-walnut, a dining room in oak and crimson, — in brief, the beau ideal of a den for a couple of bachelors. By Jove! it was like a club-house, — the only model for a home of which poor old Lynde had any conception. Six months before Ned was graduated, the establishment was in systematic running order under the supervision of the pearl of housekeepers. Here David Lynde proposed to spend the rest of his days with his nephew, who might, for form's sake, adopt some genteel profession; if not, well and good, the boy would have money.

Now just as Ned was carrying off the first prizes in Greek and mathematics, and dreaming of the pleasant life he was to lead with his amiable old benefactor, what does that amiable old benefactor go and do but marry the housekeeper!

David Lynde knew very little of women: he had not spoken to above a dozen in his whole life; did not like them, in fact; had a mild sort of contempt for them, as persons devoid of business ability. It was in the course of nature that the first woman who thought it worth her while should twist him around her finger like a remnant of ribbon. When Ned came out of college he found himself in the arms of an unlooked-for aunt who naturally hated him at sight.

I have not the time or space, my dear uncle, to give you even a catalogue of the miseries that followed on the heels of this deplorable marriage; besides, you can imagine them. Old Lynde, loving both his wife and his nephew, was by turns violent and feeble; the wife cool, cunning, and insidious, — a Vivien of forty leading Merlin by the beard. I am not prepared to contend that the nephew

was always in the right, but I know he always got the worst of it, which amounts to about the same thing. At the end of eight or ten months he saw that the position was untenable, packed his trunk one night, and quitted the *ménage*, — the menagerie, as he calls it.

This was three weeks ago. Having a small property of his own, some fifteen hundred dollars a year, I believe, Lynde at first thought to go abroad. It was always his dream to go abroad. But I persuaded him out of that, seeing how perilous it would be for a young fellow of his inexperience and impressible disposition to go rambling alone over the Continent. Paris was his idea. Paris would not make a mouthful of him. I have talked him out of that, I repeat, and have succeeded in convincing him that the wisest course for him to pursue is to go to some pleasant town or village within hailing distance of one of our larger cities, and spend the summer quietly. I even suggested he should make the personal acquaintance of some light employment, to help him forget the gorgeous castle of cards which has just tumbled down about his ears. In six words, I have sent him to Rivermouth.

Now, my dear uncle, I have wasted eight pages of paper and probably a hundred dollars' worth of your time, if you do not see that I am begging you to find a position for Lynde in the Nautilus Bank. After a little practice he would make a skillful accountant, and the question of salary is, as you see, of secondary importance. Manage to retain him at Rivermouth if you possibly can. David Lynde has the strongest affection for the lad, and if Vivien, whose name is Elizabeth, is not careful how she drags Merlin around by the beard, he will reassert himself in some unexpected manner. If he were to serve her as he is supposed to have served old Sturdevant, his conduct would be charitably criticised. If he lives a year he will be in a frame of mind to leave the bulk of his fortune to Ned. They have not quarreled, you understand; on the contrary, Mr. Lynde was anxious to settle an allowance of five thousand a year on Ned, but Ned would not accept

it. "I want uncle David's love," says Ned, "and I have it; the devil take his money."

Here you have all the points. I could not state them more succinctly and do justice to each of the parties interested. The most unfortunate party, I take it, is David Lynde. I am not sure, after all, that young Lynde is so much to be pitied. Perhaps that club-house would not have worked well for him if it had worked differently. At any rate he now has his own way to make, and I commend him to your kindness, if I have not exhausted it. Your affectionate nephew,

J. FLEMING.

Five or six days after this letter reached Mr. Bowsby, Mr. Edward Lynde presented himself in the directors' room of the Nautilus Bank. The young man's bearing confirmed the favorable impression which Mr. Bowsby had derived from his nephew's letter, and though there was really no vacancy in the bank at the moment, Mr. Bowsby lent himself to the illusion that he required a private secretary. A few weeks later a vacancy occurred unexpectedly, that of paying-teller, — a position in which Lynde acquitted himself with so much quickness and accuracy, that when Mr. Trefethen, the assistant cashier, died in the December following, Lynde was promoted to his desk.

The unruffled existence into which Edward Lynde had drifted was almost the reverse of the career he had mapped out for himself, and it was a matter of mild astonishment to him at intervals that he was not discontented. He thought Rivermouth one of the most charming old spots he had ever seen or heard of, and the people the most hospitable. The story of his little family jar, taking deeper colors and richer ornamentation as it passed from hand to hand, made him at once a social success. Mr. Goldstone, one of the leading directors of the bank, invited Lynde to dinner, — few persons were ever overburdened with invitations to dine at the Goldstones', — and the door of many a refined home turned willingly on its hinges for the young man.

At the evening parties, that winter, Edward Lynde was considered almost as good a card as a naval officer. Miss Mildred Bowlsby, then the reigning belle, was ready to flirt with him to the brink of the Episcopal marriage service, and beyond; but the phenomenal honeymoon which had recently quartered in Lynde's family left him indisposed to take any lunar observations on his own account.

With his salary as cashier, Lynde's income was Vanderbiltish for a young man in Rivermouth. Unlike his great contemporary, he did not let it accumulate. Once a month he wrote a dutiful letter to his uncle David, who never failed to answer by telegraph, "Yours received. God bless you, Edward." This whimsical fashion of reply puzzled young Lynde quite as much as it diverted him until he learned (through his friend, John Flemming) that his aunt Vivien had extorted from the old gentleman a solemn promise not to write to his nephew.

Lynde's duties at the bank left him free every afternoon at four o'clock; his work and his leisure were equally pleasant. In summer he kept a sail-boat on the river, and in winter he had the range of a rich collection of books connected with an antiquated public reading-room. Thus very happily, if very quietly, and almost imperceptibly the months rolled round to that period when the Nautilus Bank gave Edward Lynde a three weeks' vacation, and he set forth, as we have seen, on Deacon Twombly's mare, in search of the picturesque and the peculiar, if they were to be found in the northern part of New Hampshire.

III.

IN WHICH MARY TAKES A NEW DEPARTURE.

It was still dark enough the next morning to allow the great chimneys to show off their colored fires effectively, when Lynde passed through the dingy main street of K—— and struck into a road

which led to the hill country. A short distance beyond the town, while he was turning in the saddle to observe the singular effect of the lurid light upon the landscape, a freight-train shot obliquely across the road within five rods of his horse's head, the engine flinging great flakes of fiery spume from its nostrils, and shrieking like a maniac as it plunged into a tunnel through a spur of the hills. Mary went sideways, like a crab, for the next three quarters of a mile.

To most young men the expedition which Edward Lynde had undertaken would have seemed unattractive and monotonous to the last degree; but Lynde's somewhat sedentary habits had made him familiar with his own company. When one is young and well read and amiable, there is really no better company than one's self, — as a steady thing. We are in a desperate strait indeed if we chance at any age to tire of this invisible but ever-present comrade; for he is not to be thrown over during life. Before now, men have become so weary of him, so bored by him, that they have attempted to escape, by suicide; but it is a question if death itself altogether rids us of him.

In no minute of the twenty-four hours since Lynde left Rivermouth had he felt the want of other companionship. Mary, with her peculiarities, the roadside sights and sounds, the chubby children with shining morning face, on the way to school, the woodland solitudes, the farmers at work in the fields, the blue jays and the robins in the orchards, the blonde and brown girls at the cottage doors, his own buoyant, unreprouched thoughts, — what need had he of company? If anything could have added to his enjoyment it would have been the possibility of being waylaid by bandits, or set upon in some desolate pass by wild animals. But, alas, the nearest approximation to a bandit that fell in his way was some shabby, spiritless tramp who passed by on the further side without lifting an eyelid; and as for savage animals, he saw nothing more savage than a monkish chipmuck here and there, who disappeared into his stone-wall convent the instant he laid eyes on Lynde.

Riding along those lonely New England roads, he was more secure than if he had been lounging in the thronged avenues of a great city. Certainly he had dropped on an age and into a region sterile of adventure. He felt this, but not so sensitively as to let it detract from the serene pleasure he found in it all. From the happy glow of his mind every outward object took a rosy light; even a rustic funeral, which he came upon at a cross-road that forenoon, softened itself into something not unpicturesque.

For three days after quitting K——, Lynde pushed steadily forward. The first two nights he secured lodgings at a farm-house; on the third night he was regarded as a suspicious character, and obtained reluctant permission to stow himself in a hay-loft, where he was so happy at roughing it and being uncomfortable that he could scarcely close an eye. The amateur outcast lay dreamily watching the silver spears of moonlight thrust through the roof of the barn, and extracting such satisfaction from his cheerless surroundings as would have astonished a professional tramp. "Poverty and hardship are merely ideas after all," said Lynde to himself softly, as he drifted off in a doze. Ah, Master Lynde, playing at poverty and hardship is one thing; but if the reality is merely an idea, it is one of the very worst ideas in the world.

The young man awoke before sunrise the next morning, and started onward without attempting to negotiate for breakfast with his surly host. He had faith that some sunburnt young woman, with a bowl of brown-bread and milk, would turn up further on; if she did not, and no tavern presented itself, there were the sausage and the flask of *eau-de-vie* still untouched in the holsters.

The mountain air had not wholly agreed with Mary, who at this stage of the journey inaugurated a series of abnormal coughs, each one of which went near to flinging Lynde out of the saddle.

"Mary," he said, after a particularly narrow escape, "there are few fine accomplishments you have n't got except a

spavin. Perhaps you've got that, concealed somewhere about your person."

He said this in a tone of airy badinage which Mary seemed to appreciate; but he gravely wondered what he could do with her, and how he should replace her, if she fell seriously ill.

For the last two days farm-houses and cultivated fields had been growing rarer and rarer, and the road rougher and wilder. At times it made a sudden detour, to avoid the outcropping of a monster stratum of granite, and in places became so narrow that the rank huckleberry bushes swept the mare's flanks. Lynde found it advisable on the morning in question to pick his way carefully. A range of arid hills rose darkly before him, stretching east and west further than his eye could follow, — rugged, forlorn hills covered with a thick prickly undergrowth, and sentineled by phantom-like pines. There were gloomy, rocky gorges on each hand, and high-hanging crags, and where the vapor was drawn aside like a veil, in one place, he saw two or three peaks with what appeared to be patches of snow on them. Perhaps they were merely patches of bleached rock.

Long afterwards, when Edward Lynde was passing through the valley of the Arve, on the way from Geneva to Chamonny, he recollected this bit of Switzerland in America, and it brought an odd, perplexed smile to his lips.

The thousand ghostly shapes of mist which had thronged the heights, shutting in the prospect on every side, had now vanished, discovering as wild and melancholy a spot as a romantic heart could desire. There was something sinister and ironical even in the sunshine that lighted up these bleak hills. The silver waters of a spring — whose source was hidden somewhere high up among the mossy boulders — dripping silently from ledge to ledge, had the pathos of tears. The deathly stillness was broken only by the dismal caw of a crow taking abrupt flight from a blasted pine. Here and there a birch with its white satin skin glimmered spectrally among the sombre foliage.

The inarticulate sadness of the place

brought a momentary feeling of depression to Lynde, who was not usually given to moods except of the lighter sort. He touched Mary sharply with the spurs and cantered up the steep.

He had nearly gained the summit of the hill when he felt the saddle slipping; the girth had unbuckled or broken. As he dismounted, the saddle came off with him, his foot still in the stirrup. The mare shied, and the rein slipped from his fingers; he clutched at it, but Mary gave a vicious toss of the head, wheeled about, and began trotting down the declivity. Her trot at once broke into a gallop, and the gallop into a full run, — a full run for Mary. At the foot of the hill she stumbled, fell, rolled over, gathered herself

up, and started off again at increased speed. The road was perfectly straight for a mile or two. The horse was already a small yellow patch in the distance. She was evidently on her way back to Rivermouth! Lynde watched her until she was nothing but a speck against the gray road, then he turned and cast a rueful glance on the saddle, which suddenly took to itself a satirical aspect, as it lay sprawling on the ground at his feet.

He had been wanting something to happen, and something had happened. He was unhorsed and alone in the heart of the hill country, — alone in a strange and, it seemed to Lynde as he looked about him, uninhabited region.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

RECREATION AND SOLITUDE.

I.

AMONG the inspired imaginings (if indeed the epithet be not tautological) of the Hellenic brain, perhaps the most incomprehensible in its inner meanings is the history of Hercules, from the fantastic mingling of the historic with the mythic, and the constantly recurring union of the true Hercules, the type of labor and reform, with the incarnations of that spirit which the earnest, resolute, combating life of the Hellenic race was constantly developing.

The myth tells us that Antæus, fighting with Hercules, was restored to new strength and life as often as, beaten, he returned to the bosom of his mother Earth. In Hercules I conjecture the divine-human spirit of labor, in whose arms the child of Earth, struggling, dies unless he can get back to his mother, to Nature, and find recreation in her supreme repose. It has been my habit for many years, at all times when I found myself broken down by fatigue, to resort

to the wilderness for recuperation; and I have lured wiser men and better workers to follow me and find renewal, pilowing their heads on the breast of an *alma mater* uncorrupted by civilization, her power and sweetness undiminished by human association or human mending, — the only complete refuge of man from labor. Your country house harbors care and the devil of business, and thoughts for the morrow are written over every one of its walls; in the hotel, be it the most secluded, the postman comes and all the world is present. In the wilderness are silence and oblivion, which bring repose and render recreation possible.

We are cursed by the thrift of our forefathers, by the puritanical sense of the value of time; purged of all love of holidays and haunted by the ghost of a wasted minute; and in the fever of doing we forget the greater and final duty of being. As philanthropists we pursue the good of all but ourselves; as merchants we gather the means of happiness

with so much avidity that we lose sight entirely of happiness itself; we live in struggle and grow prematurely old, dwelling amidst utilities and angularities until all sense of beauty or capacity of repose is extinguished in us. Our only remedy is in the enjoyment of nature, thus by her influences acquiring something of that spiritual balance and harmony without which art and music and the last refinements of life remain curious exotics. There may be something in the fact of our civilization having been a struggle against nature and having left in us the seeds of this antagonism, but, however it may be, it is a fact that we do not love nature. We avoid her, indeed, until fashion has set a seal on her, and then pay a most formal and discreditable reverence. I happened to be at the end of one summer and late in the autumn in that most charming of summer resorts, the White Mountain Glen. While the heats of the city lasted, the hotel was crowded, but the instant the city became habitable, the whole guest-hood fled, and during the changes of September, with weather the most perfect and nature in her most alluring phase, the Glen was deserted.

And as we do not love nature, so we do not as a people love art. I have long felt and reluctantly admitted this in spite of myself, without being able to assign any completely satisfactory reason why it should be so; yet it very clearly is so. With all our quickness of perception — technical excellence, indeed — in artistic processes, with the grandest motives in history and nature continually forced on our attention, we have nothing that approaches the popular love of art and sense of external beauty which characterizes the French, the Italian, and even the German people. As a nation we are comparatively devoid of the sense of beauty; and art, even, as applied to our houses, our costumes, our demeanor, is if not exotic at least sporadic.

Ruskin once gave a cross view of this subject which illuminated it somewhat and in a consolatory manner. We were traveling in Switzerland together, and one day, sketching near Geneva, he sug-

gested to me to make a sketch of a group of dilapidated cottages near where he was drawing some mountain lines. The subject did not interest me and I made a careless sketch, bad enough in every sense. The houses were rickety, leaky, ready to fall, and I only felt that they were most unfit for human dwellings. On his abusing my sketch as it deserved I could only say that I did not enjoy the cottages, for I thought more of the rain that poured in and the fevers that bred there than of the picturesqueness of the lines. We were driving home, and he sat back in the carriage in silence for a long time, and then in reply said, "You are right; yours was a nobler way of looking at the subject than mine; and now I understand, for the first time in my life, how any one can live in New England."

Nature with us is not yet ripe for art, for the wilderness in which she keeps her primitive state, and where no transition forms jar on the sense, furnishes no adequate artistic motive, because all great art must be based in human emotion, and the very essence of the wilderness is that human associations shall not enter into it. This, which I believe to be logical and veridical, explains why unhumanized nature, while it refuses us the art which would in itself be the needed element of repose in our national character, furnishes us with another source of restfulness which no completely civilized country can give, in this wilderness where exists no link of suggestion to bind us to the labors and cares we leave behind us, and where we find the complete mental repose which responds to the Antæan need.

All this, dimly felt and in some sense long ago asserted by men of taste, especially by Ruskin, flashed on me as a demonstrated truth when I last passed through the wedge-end of civilization on my way to the grand old Maine woods for my summer's rest. I had lived the ten previous years in the Old World, mostly in Italy and Greece, where nature has found her *ne plus ultra* of artistic perfection; and to my sense, grown morbidly delicate, as with those not to

this manner born, the New England border village was concrete pain and constructive dislocation. The palings of the picket fences piqued me, the square dry-goods-box houses repelled me; even the neatness and the brightness of the white paint and Paris-green shutters jarred on my sense of color; and the ample door-yard where the sunflowers and hollyhocks stared between fruit-trees and were flanked with the hills of some variety of early potatoes, for convenience' sake, were a form of the *dulce cum utile* defying that sense of the proprieties which in my opinion should be regarded next after the laws of morality. I am glad to see the evidences of cleanliness and health, but why should white lead be healthier than red ochre or the natural color of weather-worn wood? or the front garden be planted with alternations of flowers and kitchen products? The fact is that our people have no sense of beauty, no taste, in other words; and, as I said, I never felt this so keenly as when the stage which linked the civilization of the railway with the woods carried me through Greenville to the shores of Moosehead Lake.

A small, straggling village on which in most unequivocal characters is written "lumber," being in fact a great lumber station. Two country taverns of a larger type of the dry-goods-box style; planks laid in the street to walk on, piles of them along the lake side, everywhere an evidence of that superabundance of wood which prevents us from having any rural architecture, or homesteads, or stability. This is the curse of the woods on us for our reckless and wicked sylvicide, a curse which falls most heavily on places like Greenville, which is the thin end of the wedge, and beyond which for miles and millions of acres, north, east, and west, stretches the grandest of our remaining forests; a wilderness where lake, river, and mountain mingle in labyrinthine confusion, to find one's way through which a special professional education is required, and in which man is known only as the lumberman or the hunter. The former has long since felled all the finest trees in the Moosehead country, and the

latter has almost exterminated the great game except bears; but the trees are not missed, and for all our purposes the forest is as unbroken as ever, the felling of the occasional pines and spruces making no perceptible impression on the mass of vegetation which walls the lake in on all sides and covers the mountains to their very summits. Lumbering in fact might be carried on for a hundred years still, as it is now carried on, and still not affect the forest perceptibly, and it is only where fire follows the axe and clears huge tracts of all vegetable life, leaving a brown and dusty area of ghastly tree trunks, under which nature commences anew and at once her work, that the appearance of the country is changed.

Moosehead is the queen of all our forest lakes. It stretches wandering and spidering across and through a tract of about fifty by twenty miles, a puzzle of bays and inlets and islands. The latter are fabled to number three hundred and sixty-five, — a conventional term in such cases for an unknown number, as they used (and still use) forty in the East, — and into the bays and inlets run countless streams, the tribute bearers of lakes and ponds scattered through the woods in every direction for miles, little ponds and big ponds, marsh ponds and trout ponds, single lakes and chains of lakes, by some of which you may go through to the far north where the moose and caribou are tranquil still.

I have not yet been able to decide if the introduction of a tiny steamer on Moosehead is an advantage or no. It is not so bad as it seems, however, for the steamer does not depend on tourists, and would probably not pay its expenses except in the lumbering season (when it is occupied towing rafts, etc.), were it not that wood costs but the cutting, and the crew is only of three men, captain, engineer, and bowsman; it is so primitive that it seems like a mechanical burlesque on a bark canoe. Its summer service is to carry passengers to the Mount Kineo hotel, half-way up the lake, and bring them their supplies and letters. So far as I am concerned this hotel is a convenience too much. I do not believe

we get the good of nature we might till we abandon ourselves to her, plunge with a bold "header" into the depths, and leave our planks and buoys behind us. We sink like Peter only with incomplete faith, and my faith in mother Nature is no hesitating one. I have no fear to cut adrift from spring mattresses and the provided table, defy rain as sunshine, and abandon myself to whatever the wild woods may bring.

But as a point of departure or convenience for those whom weakness or timidity prevent from taking the pure remedy, — crustacea of habit to break whose shell is to break their vertebræ, — the Mount Kineo House is an excellent make-shift. It stands on a point of land jutting far into the lake and commands the sunrise and the sunset. No noise, no disorder of civilization, no confusion of the state comes there, and if one had the hardiness to refuse the postman, he might live as quietly as need could be. Pleasant wood-paths, the only beneficent bequest of the lumberman, run into the forest and even give you a chance to try that elsewhere dangerous sensation of being lost in the woods; the clearing gives other ways for those otherways disposed, and the pebbly beach is charming at sunset, or the silently slipping bark canoe, flitting as if at a wave of the hand (only the paddler knowing the power of that wave), carries one off into vagaries afloat and by moonlight as it glides by the bold shores — where the cedars reach out for the light and the air their crowding forest kindred deny them in the limits of the land — as if the forest were moving past, or as if one had entered some huge river whose current carried him on without other guidance.

The hotel is not a fashionable one. All who come here come for love of quiet, of fishing, or of the forest's self: invalids to whom pure air is length of years; fishermen wise enough not to proclaim to the whole world that there is no such trout fishing on the wide continent, but whose places here are engaged with the regularity of the return of the season; and Bohemians, like myself, who chafe under the perpetual wear of government-

al infliction, and must now and then get where the law and the gospel have not the weight of punishments.

The professor and I lay under the pine-trees souging in the south wind on the Moosehead Lake shore until the sunset came and we heard the rolling of the hotel gong for supper, the evening of our first day on the lake.

II.

As between the great rival tracts of wilderness which remain to us, the Maine woods and the Adirondack, there is little characteristic difference. In the latter there is a certain amount of "settling" still, but in the former civilization seems to have met at least a temporary stay. The lumberer has left no accessible part of either in its primitive state; the pines have almost disappeared excepting a few invalids who could not pass even the merciless muster of the axe; but Maine was so long ago ravaged that the scars have healed, and except for the absence of the gaunt, humanesque pines towering above the solid forest, the most weird and preternatural of the sylvan phenomena where they can be found, there is almost nothing in the Maine woods, even about Moosehead, to show the passage of the lumberman.

Once in the woods one does not see where more trees could have grown; the thrones of the dead monarchs are dust and fungi, and renewing nature has replaced them; while in the Adirondack one sees the axe everywhere, the scars fresh and the vacancies yawning, the ravages of the fires that follow those of the wood-cutter and multiply them by infinity are wide-spread on hill and lake side. The nomad and irresponsible horde who crowd into the section and serve as guides in summer, woodsmen in winter, are not as in Maine a permanent feature, and holding a New-Englandly respect for the forest property, but, indifferent to all vested or other interests save their own, kindle fires and leave them to burn out their natural drift, or even set fire to huge tracts of forest purposely, to make

"slashes" on which to hunt the deer. They are Canadians, Yorkers, Vermonters, or anything else, neither to the manner born nor in it interested, and they come for the season, saying, "After us the fire." In Maine the men are as careful to put out a fire in the woods as if it were on their own farms.

That the Maine woodsmen are conservators appears in another curious feature of their woods economy, their continued use of the bark canoes, remnant, may be, of a lacustrine civilization of our own continent, as the flint weapons are of a stone period which has intruded into the golden age and tried issues with the fine steel of the Pilgrims and their successors. How absurd, by the way, of the chronologists to divide civilization into "ages," when we know that the day the Pilgrims landed the Parthenon of Athens was still perfect, the stone period unbroken in one part of America, and in another a sister civilization to that of Egypt sinking under the nascent barbarism of the corrupt Spanish empire. The bark canoe is a relic of the stone period which has never had justice done to its curious perfections. It is as noteworthy as the boomerang or any antique bronze work, and dates, doubtless, from the earliest ages of the stone working. All that was needed to make the canoe was a sharp-edged flint to crease the bark, cords of bark or twigs to lower it safely to the ground, and a stone wedge to split the wood strips which are placed inside to stiffen and support the bark. The bark is stripped from a standing tree, slit at the ends and gathered up into uniform bow and stern, slit and gathered again down the sides at intervals, to raise the lines fore and aft and give buoyancy to meet the waves, with gunwale added of strips of wood sewed on with thread of split spruce roots, the whole lined with thin strips fore and aft, and then thwart strips set to keep the longitudinals in their places; not a particle of metal occurs in it from stem to stern, and though doubtless the use of steel implements adds to the neatness of the work, it has not in the least modified the lines, which strangely enough are almost identical

with those which are found in the model of the fastest ocean steamers, and of which Scott Russell claimed to have made the scientific discovery as the "wave line." For carrying power and fleetness the canoe cannot be improved. Driven in the same manner, that is by the paddle, there is no form of boat which with the same flotation will keep up with it.

Science has made study of the boomerang; why not of the canoe? Like its Australian relative, the canoe is a most dangerous implement for bunglers. Unsteady, "tottlish," it sits on the water like an egg-shell, and an awkward foot, a careless step, plunges the would-be passenger into the water beyond. The reversal is quicker than any possible voluntary motion, and constant care is required to prevent capsizing even when the canoe is properly loaded and skillfully paddled. Then it has other serious faults: its frame is too light to admit of the use of oars, and paddling is weary and tedious work, employing the muscular powers to poor advantage; having no keel the canoe makes leeway before the least wind, and is very unfit for rough water. The least touch on rocks or stumps starts a leak, and the comfortable drive on to the pebbly beach, bows on, of the Adirondack skiff, when one wants to land in a hurry, is certain ruin to the canoe, and the debarkation reminds you of an egg-shell still more forcibly than the embarkation. Your guide brings the canoe side on to the shore, carefully choosing his place with reference to rocks and stumps, and then, landing himself, holds it while his passenger steps out.

That the Maine man holds to the canoe, while the Adirondacker adopts a model of boat so different and so much more convenient, is due doubtless to that innate conservatism of localized man which leads him to protect all usages and products of the natal region; and the same element makes the Maine region the safer depository of woods instincts and characteristics, and the Maine forester, what one rarely finds in the Adirondacks, a true backwoodsman.

There was therefore highest reason

for taking passage in "barks" for our camp life. For me the bark had no terrors, and the professor found his centre of gravity in the midst of blankets and cooking-utensils, leaving propulsion to his guide; to me the accustomed paddle gave a workman's place.

Right across the lake from the Mount Kineo House is a bay into which debouches a little river, the outlet of a secluded lake which woods nomenclature distinguishes as Brassua Pond, and on this we determined to camp. A short, sharp paddle across, and we ran in amongst the lily pads of the shallow, tranquil water, "boomed in" by the chain of logs by which the lumberers hedge in their divinity. Joe, the guide, an old-fashioned Canadian of bulky frame and unwieldy wits, was half inclined to axe his way through, and it was curious how the restraint of woods law which protected lumbering property struggled against that higher law which protested against the blockade of a navigable stream. Fortunately for the boom owners, he found a bit of it so far submerged that the loaded canoes slipped over with no injury, and we slid into the quiet water beyond. A loon, which our approach had driven up the river, ha-ha'd and retreated beyond the next bend. A brood of half-fledged shel-drakes fluttered along the water past us into the lake. Nothing else moved. We glided in silence through the sluggish water, the aquatic plants parting right and left; the forest closed in on either side; another turn, and the lake was out of sight.

I know nothing of water scenery more impressive than these wilderness rivers, especially when, as in this, there are no rapids or perceptible current. The forest forms a wall about us, heavy, decaying, and growing; the unbroken mustering of the sylvan tribes; young trees pushing into the openings left by the last fallen; a dense curtain of green through which one feels rather than sees the antique world beyond; an ambush where lurk all mysteries of untamed nature. Down to the very water's edge the innumerable leaves turn outward their faces

to catch the light, a huddle of eager, thirsty, outreaching entities, yearning for and worshipping the sun, the sole duty and desire of their brief existences.

A kingfisher flits before us with his kr-r-r; a brood of young ducks, catching the alarm even from the silent paddle, go scuttling along in the shelter of the overhanging alders; but except by these, we make our way unnoticed. The loon, which has from time to time reappeared in front of us, now driven to bay by the narrowing banks and the pursuing canoes, tries his last resource and dives past us, rising far astern with a shade of reassurance in his ha-ha! as he comfortably and leisurely rises on his feet in the water and shakes his wings and, crooning to himself a cadenza of laughter, swims leisurely away to the open flood.

Our silent river ended in shallows and a rapid through which the canoes must be dragged, half-lifted, sometimes lightened, and so we holiday-keepers went ashore to walk through to the pond, where the canoes would meet us. A path like a sheep track, hardly perceptible in the woods, led from the landing-place, and by it we plunged into the forest. The transition from the glare and heat of the hedged-in sunshine of the river to this more oppressively silent gloom, this shadow which Time has never seen broken since the accumulated dust of his earliest old age gave place to seed and growth, was one which deepened gloom and darkened shadow. If on the river we were shut out from the mystery, here we were shut into it. The sky twinkled through leafy interstices, little flecks of golden sunlight found their way to the sparse foliage below. Trees huddled round us, hung over us, tripped up our feet; their living branches brushed our faces and blocked our way; dead, they cracked under our tread as though we were walking amongst dry bones. It was not strange to me; year after year had renewed my knowledge of this phase of nature, yet only deepened my sense of its mightiness and the enchantment of its mystery and solemnity. I would give much to realize the quality and power of the impression this forest

would make on a matured and fully educated artistic sense, habituated only to the tame and use-shaped nature of old countries; yet the truest of new sensations could never equal in intensity of satisfaction that with which for the first time in so many years I hailed the familiar solitude, and sensed anew the rest, the peace, and oblivion. No one not bred in the shade of the pine can understand the homesickness which I had felt at times in the old European world, and which now found its cure.

It was not indeed the virgin forest of my earlier haunts; lumbermen years ago had disturbed the dryads, but their road, which we finally stumbled on, was buried in ferns, and the deep mosses muffled our footsteps on it. Moose-wood and whistle-wood put in their elder claim and held it, while the spruce and hemlock, of slower growth, prepared to wipe out the memory of invasion and injury; and the great birches and maples, the slender and columnar beeches bearing their vault of sheltering green above us, had never known axe or fire. Here life, such as it was, was at its flood; the accumulated mold of centuries, deep under moss, bearing a first crop of ferns, among which were mingled orchis, cypripedium, trillium, with delicate trefoil of the oxalis and countless minor plants which can live only in this humid and spongy bed, was overshadowed by the moose-wood, with precocious autumn in its leaves and hints of snow in its yet pure white clusters of berries, and the shrub maples, overlooked again by the lesser firs, with the topmost growth of the huge, deciduous trees, leaving no space uninvaded.

In no direction can the eye penetrate far. A labyrinth of egress makes traveling impossible save to him who holds the clew of use. The growth of the trees is modified by their closeness, and, lean and gaunt in the race for sunlight, they push up forty or fifty feet without limbs and then spread out in a canopy of foliage. The lesser trees below, not yet attained to their dignity of growth or destined by their species never to reach it, are thin, spindling, nearly destitute of

leaves. A brisk breeze would throw them down if they stood "in the open;" a hot sun dry them up if it could reach them. The shelter of the nursery of nature fosters their precarious lives till death makes way for them as for the heirs of conservative and well-ordered estates.

The most striking feature in the forest, after one has become habituated to the gloom, the pathlessness, and the apparent impenetrability of the screen it forms around him, is the absence of animal life. You may wander for hours without seeing a living creature, unless you look sharply enough to see the insects which toil in the mosses underfoot, inhabit the bark and the decayed wood, or wait for you to rest before settling on you. The damp earth breeds in some months millions of mosquitoes and black flies, the pests of all forest lands. In the early spring I have found them so thick that my clothes were powdered with them, not a square inch of cloth lacking its gallinipper; but they seem to have no bite. The black fly, even more than the mosquito, so infests these regions, Maine as well as Adirondack, that it is impossible to exist without protection during the spring and early summer. He comes silently and inflicts no pain in biting, but leaves his bite bleeding, after which it swells and is very painful, so that I have known men blinded by the swelling of the bites received in a morning's fishing. I should advise no one to venture into the woods until after the hot days of midsummer have stopped the breeding of the black flies. Mosquitoes come all the year, I believe, when the ground is not frozen hard, for I have had them settle on me when the snow was in the woods, and I was painting with double overcoat and blanket above that to keep me comfortable. But they too are less troublesome after the great heats.

But all this insect life is to the pedestrian inaudible — is no part of the great impression the forest makes. One thinks of the woods and the wild beasts; yet in all the years of my wilderness living I can catalogue the wild creatures other

than squirrels, grouse, and small birds (never plenty, generally very rare), which I have accidentally encountered and seen while wandering for hunting or mere pastime in the wild forest: one deer, one porcupine, one marten (commonly called sable), and may be half a dozen hares. You may walk hours and not see a living creature larger than a fly, for days together without seeing a grouse, a squirrel, or a bird larger than the Canada jay, a most familiar coaxing bird, who comes to you as a pet bird would, sometimes, to see if you have no venison whose remnants he may hope for. Occasionally I have seen huge owls, buzzards, and the pretty little falcon. Once I came suddenly on a superb eagle feeding on a dead deer, who seemed half disposed to fight for his dinner, which he might safely have done, for I had no weapon.

This wonderful silence, which soon becomes weird, did not fail to impress the professor, and our commonplace ejaculations and observations died away. Before great facts men who can think and be impressed easily are disposed to be silent. The former lumber road had almost disappeared, and to be sure of the road I went first, while the professor, dropping into what we call Indian file, imperative where one can hardly go alone and two *cannot* walk abreast, fell behind. Here and there little branch roads, for lumbering convenience, perplexed the way and made me turn back to be sure that the professor was following.

This solitary peregrination has its perils not less than those of storm-beset highways, and to the unaccustomed eye the path which the woodsman finds clear as a river course is imperceptible. The mirage, the delirium tremens, any conceivable fallacy of the brain, is less terrible in its effect on the judgment and power of self-control than the sense of being lost in the woods. My own experience began early and under good guides, but I had to learn the full meaning of this awful peril from an experience not the least hazardous of many mortal dangers. I had been engaged for

hours working my way up a brook on which I had been told was a capital fishing place, and, finding an end to navigation, took to the land. In making the circuit of a maze of alders impenetrable even to a bear, I lost the watercourse, and in looking for it crossed a low ridge and fell on another which ran the other side, and in the opposite direction from that which I had left. The reversal of the current was the instantaneous cause of a complete upset of all my ideas of material things. There was no reason in the thing, no reasoning against it.

The points of the compass had been as clear in my head as if I saw the needle, but the moment I found this ominous stream running the wrong way, everything was unsettled. The sun was shining out of the clear heavens, but it stared out of the north. One minute before I could have taken a bee-line back to my boat, but the minute after I had lost faith in every landmark. I was not a novice in woods matters. I could follow a trail readily, and find my way in the dark, and know the points of the compass as well as any trapper in the country, but now north had become south and the labor of my reason would not persuade my senses that the sun was not sinking north by east. I *dared* not travel by the sun, so firmly was my fallacy rooted.

I knew the thing at once and comprehended the danger. I knew that in ten minutes I should be as mad as any man ever was with delirium tremens, that I should be beyond self-control or human help. Not once in three months would a human foot pass within reach of my voice from where I was, but that wolves were nearer I knew by their abundant footprints in the wet sand where I had passed. I knew as well that if I lost my wits in that moment nothing lay between me and eternity but a nameless horror. In all my life I can recall no moment of terror like that which I felt gathering on me in that silent forest. I sat down on a rotting log, and, covering my face with my hands, waited until I felt calm and self-possessed again. I have no idea how long it was, but when I arose the sun had

got back into the southwest, and I made up my mind as I walked back to my boat never to trust myself in a strange wood again without blazing my path as I went along.

I might point the moral of my experience by more than one case not so fortunate. The most impressive one I remember is that of an Englishman who settled in one of the towns bordering on the Adirondack country, and who, having been fishing one day in the autumn with a neighbor, proposed to go back the next day and try it alone. He never returned, and after a day's absence an expedition set out to hunt him up. A light snow had fallen in the night and his foot-prints were found in one case crossing the road near the village, but plunging into the thickets and deviating in the most aimless and frenzied manner, with long strides like those of a man running, and then these even were lost. The second day after his departure from home, a man answering to his description came to the door of a house in the adjoining town and asked the way to his village. His face was haggard and he looked wild, the woman said who answered the door, and before she could reply he started away and raced frantically across the road into the woods again and disappeared. No trace of him was ever after found.

A friend who surveyed the county lines of Franklin County, New York, told me another more singular case in his experience. His party were running a line in the thick woods and had taken with them a young man from the city who fancied camping-out and had joined the gang as a volunteer. In returning from their work to camp they missed the blazed line and proceeded to find their way by the compass, when it was found that the compass itself had been lost. None of the gang were disturbed with worse fears than having to sleep out that night, save the novice, who was so fearfully panic-stricken that he became raving mad in five minutes, and they were obliged to bind him and finally carry him to the camp, the way to which they shortly rediscovered.

Yet, finding one's way is not so diffi-

cult to one who keeps and uses his wits. The north side of certain trees is always mossy, and whoever ventures into the forest must know at which point of the compass his destination lies, and walk always with reference to this direction, and as he goes slash a tree now and then, when if he misses his aim he can retrace his steps. Only if he misses his way, he must sit down, cover his eyes, and get perfectly composed before he moves again, knowing that he can easily be found in this way if he is sought for, and can only make matters worse by moving without certainty of direction. And don't trust your senses, but carry a compass.

Our way grew plainer as we progressed, and we came out on a cleared field where the rank long grass grew amongst burned stumps, and patches of raspberry bushes harbored and fed quantities of robins, thrushes, with divers fruit-eaters whose names I could not catch. Here had been a farm and here were its hay-fields; all, with the crumbling barn whose tottering corner posts kept up by the assistance of the clapboarding, were under reclamation by nature, and I felt glad at heart to see that here civilization had found its "thus far" and had been obliged to recede.

It was only a sort of hay-making station to feed the oxen during the winter's lumbering, but even at that I was delighted to find it a failure, and the grass unmowed and likely to remain so in years to come. I wish some law might be made forbidding the further destruction of these great forests. In default thereof I outlawed myself at heart, and gloated over the decay of this place like a red Indian. I felt even an itching to put fire to the tottering structure which gave me incomplete shelter from a coming rain. I think that every man ought to have one corner in his crooked heart devoted to barbarism, a kind of reserve of wild nature; something to draw on when his intellectual (and moral) nature is overdone with cultivation. I should expect the race which had become entirely domesticated to lose all human virtue and vigor, and pass amongst the perfected to

whom life has no more use, or amongst the corrupted to whom it gives no longer any hope of redemption. It seems to me that the vice of over-civilization is the utter eradication of the savage instincts and resources from the soul. I have little hope for the descendants of a man who has not some occasional glint of the fire that comes from our kindred with the brute; to whom there does not often come an untamable delight in untamed nature, and who does not love better at times the fierce beast than the gentle one.

The clearing was at the outlet of the lake, a lonely, beautiful sheet of water, winding away in the distance like a huge river, and lost in the shadow of blue mountains. The canoes presently came along, poled, pushed, lifted, and we deposited our weary limbs on the blankets while the guides paddled across to the camp. Save for the scar of the clearing we had just left, here all was satisfactorily free from human touch. Some beautiful pines, even, stood by the shore, saved to us by their imperfections in the lumberers' eyes, though they had none to the artistic sense.

We landed on a long, smooth beach, which from some unaccountable drollery the guides called Misery, a strip of herbless sand which marked the high-water or freshet limits of the lake. Balsam firs, arbor vitæ, birches, alders, with shrubs and stubs of various sorts, dead branches and decaying trunks, mosses and foliage, made a hedge so thick that I wondered where the entry into the wood could be. The guides landed the cargoes, carried the canoes gingerly up the beach, and turned them bottom up. One finds that these craft must be used as if they were of glass. Joe loaded himself with the traps, and leading the way through an almost imperceptible break in the thicket guided us to a comfortable lumbering camp; not a bark shelter, merely, but logged and roofed, with a hinged door, a fire-place in the centre, and a smoke-hole in the roof. The sleeping places, one each side of the door, were filled with old "feathers," that is, fine branches of firs, which make a bed far from the most

delectable; and we at once proceeded, as rain threatened, to renew them by freshly cut limbs of balsam and arbor vitæ. Old beds are the harbor of innumerable fleas, and when it is possible I always burn over the ground before laying a bed; but the pungent odors of the fresh arbor vitæ and hemlock annoy them so that they keep in the dust underneath, and while the bed keeps its fragrance one is unmolested. So Sam rattled down a few small trees of the required species, and we set to work to pick the feathers.

It is an affectation of ease and luxury to talk of beds of fir branches being more comfortable than good elastic mattresses, as some would-be woodsmen will. Equally vain are the pretensions of the salutary effects of the odors of the leafage of balsam or pine, though the hunters do have a superstition that no one catches cold while sleeping on hemlock branches. A bed of boughs, when it is carefully made, is certainly, for two or three nights, not uncomfortable; but I should advise those who wish to sleep in perfect comfort in the woods even to carry a small mattress if they can. I never did, but I have found that in most cases people who have had some experience prefer going a little out of their way to find a house rather than sleep on boughs. Sleeping in the open air is unobjectionable, delicious, and when there has been no rain for several days I have often gone out from the camp and slept on the bare ground under a heavy-topped birch. There are no dews in the forest, no agues, and the fatigue of the life is enough to make sleep sure and profound; but I had never imagination enough to find that either the ground or the fir-branches were greater hypnotics than a good hair mattress.

Bed provided for, Joe and I went out to catch some trout for dinner. The fishing place was up a stream that came in not far from where we camped, sedgy at its mouth and meandering through boggy, flag-covered ground, sluggish and spreading in wide shoals, through which the canoe with difficulty found a channel. Ducks whirled up from amongst the lily pads. Herons flew from the

hummocks where they stood, one-legged, watching for frogs. It was long since they had been disturbed. The alders closed in on the bogs, the rushes gave way to small firs, and we could see where the brook issued from a dense grove of balsams, when, narrowing, it made a sudden turn and we slipped in on a basin of deep black water where the swift water debouched. Joe paddled gently up to the bank and, pushing the nose of the canoe into the soft mossy soil, sat astride the bow, with his feet on the land, to steady the boat, a precaution without which the effort to throw a fly makes an upset sure.

The water was without a ripple. The sky, overcast, made successful fly-casting barely possible, for of all coy creatures a trout is the shyest when he sees the fisherman; and nothing but the wildest, most simulative fall of the fly on the water will lure him up. So I got not too near, and threw my lightest and best, just at the end of a log that jutted into the stream. A break immediately behind the fly, a tentative rise it might have been, showed me that there was no fish there in a hurry to be caught. The trout rarely rises out of the water except in running or cold streams, and at the mouth of a very cold brook I have seen them jump two feet out of the water to meet the falling fly; but here the water was neither swift nor cold, and the fish were slow and lukewarm. I made two or three more casts, however, crossing each time the direction of the first draw of the fly, when with a swirl of the tail and a nip of the fly that scarcely broke the glassy surface he took the feathered lie and went back to his refuge with it. Started, rather, for he never reached again the shelter of the unsunned nook from which he had made his exit.

While I fished, with poor success for Moosehead sport, the clouds were gathering in the west and thunderheads rolled up their gray summits above the overhanging forests. Nothing is more tenacious, not even the gaming table, than a spot where one knows that the trout are lurking and hopes that they may be

taken. I held on for another and another, though Joe hinted danger of a wetting, and it was only when the first large drops began to dot the water that I consented to consider the propriety of a retreat. A crash of thunder settled the question, for though trout rise freely when rain is falling, thunder keeps them perfectly quiet. I knew that it was time to stop, and while I reeled in Joe pushed for camp. I took the other paddle; the wind came down in an incipient tornado and lent us speed, but the rain came on like a gray veil,—not rain, a deluge, not drops, but masses of water. It struck us, and in a minute we were as wet as though dipped in the lake. It came as if buckets of water were being thrown from an upper window on us; it hurt like hail; bolt after bolt of lightning blinded us and stunned us; we paddled as if for life, but before we had gone the short mile to the landing-place the rain ceased, open sky showed in the west, and the lake was rolling in petty imitation of a ground swell, glassy and lustrous under the golden sky above, where the sun had set, and as we gently drew up the water-logged canoe on the beach, the flaming fragments of the storm drifted across the serene west. To say that I never saw such a rain-storm would not be much, but Joe in all his backwoods life could recall nothing like it.

Fortunately we found a splendid fire blazing in the camp, and preparations for dinner complete and waiting only the trout. I stripped and, dry clad, threw myself on the timely bed exhausted. Joe stood and dried himself before the fire; he had not even a spare shirt to alternate with. Reckless of any change, he accepted all that fortune brought him with the imperturbability of an Indian. While Joe stood and steamed before the fire, Sam prepared the eatables. We were not quite dependent on the hook and line, but had in prudence brought a cold chicken and plenty of bread and salt pork, with sundry cans of preserved meats for emergencies. This kind of provision takes away the sentiment from the woods life, but to one who knows the precariousness of supplies there, the pre-

caution will not be superfluous. Lands running with game are like those flowing with milk and honey; and when the sporting books tell you that game is abundant, don't imagine that you are assured from starvation thereby. I have been reduced, in a country where deer were swarming, to live several days together on corn meal.

We ate well and with infinite pleasure, and, leaving the guides to their own contenting, strolled out in the twilight on the beach, smooth, hard beaten, resonant. Loons were calling on the lake, an owl now and then hooted from the wood. The sky overhead was blazing with stars; they never seemed so many or so bright. The atmosphere, cleared from all vapor by the storm, had deeper depths, and the bold overhanging tree-tops cut in bolder relief against the sky. The least sound seemed to perpetuate itself, as philosophy has told us all reverberations do. The cry of the loon ran along all the shore; when we spoke, it was as if the world were listening. There were no sounds of wild beasts, such as in the deeper woods of the Adirondack I have heard making night fearful. I told the professor of one evening when I was returning from work in the deep woods to my solitary camp, the light barely sufficing me, and heard a cry in the depths of the forest like that of a lost child, only no child, no man even, had such a "far cry" as that. I replied, and presently heard it repeated still nearer, and returned the cry thinking still that it was some one lost in the woods. Still nearer and nearer it came, the same unvarying note, half shriek, like one calling in mortal fear, in uncontrollable panic. It seemed too fine for a man's voice, too strong for a child's, and I assured myself that it was a woman lost in the forest. The first suspicion of anything uncanny I had in it was in finding that it approached too fast for any human creature. It was incredible that the voice should be anything but

human, however, and the excitement and suspense became so great that I trembled with it, and my voice failed, not from fright, for I had a Sharp's rifle with me, but from the weird nature of the thing. I fired three shots to guide the supposed person, but from that moment heard nothing more of the voice.

The hunter who came to me once a week to bring my mail and bread told me afterwards that it was a panther. Only a few weeks earlier, coming to me, he had heard in passing the same ridge a cry which he took to be that of a lost man, and replied until it came near, when, hearing no articulate sound, he judged it to be a panther and paid no more attention, as he had no weapon, but presently heard the steps of the creature following at the side of his track, not in it but near enough to see him and remain unseen by him. It has a habit of following the hunters in this way, not with hostile intentions, but apparently because it has found that their main business is to set traps for sable and mink, which it amuses itself by tearing up, and devouring the bait, having itself no scent by which it can follow the trail.

No incident occurred to break the quiet of the night; incidents are rarer in the woods than anywhere except it be Sahara, and we went to bed early, the guides having long been asleep.

The camp built in the way this was has the advantage that the smoke which fills it drives out the mosquitoes, and the guides have a notion that smoke strengthens the eyes. It is however subject to the great discomfort of being very hot while the fire is burning, and getting cold while everybody is asleep. One wakes towards morning compelled to pull up the blankets, superfluous an hour earlier. I arose at various intervals to replenish the fires; the guides slept, and would have slept the same on snow. So the finer sense takes its toll of discomfort, which the wise pay, nothing grudging, the foolish grudging in vain.

W. J. Stillman.

CRUDE AND CURIOUS INVENTIONS AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

III.

(2.) *Wind Instruments.* — The use of wind instruments may be fairly held to have begun with the *reed*. This is actually assumed by all writers, and the musical pipe and the hollow reed are known by the same name in many languages.

In attempting to assemble the wind instruments of a crude and primitive kind, we are met by the difficulty that the distinction between the flute, clarinet, and horn methods has not been well maintained either in the translations from the ancients, in the accounts of the arts of savage or semi-civilized nations, or in the museums. The generation of the sound is produced in three different ways: by the division of a blast of air on an edge, by the tremulous motion of a reed, tongue, husk, or paper, by the motion of the lips. The whistle, flute, flageolet, and the syrinx, or pandean pipes form one class; the clarinet, bassoon, and all the instruments with vibratory reeds or tongues another; the horns and trumpets of metal or wood, horns, tusks, and shells a third.

Then, if we confine ourselves to the pipe, using the term as generic, we find various modes of blowing it: —

A kind of whistle and the syrinx are blown into at the open end.

The ordinary whistle and the flageolet are blown at a mouth-piece at the upper end, the wind striking upon a sharp edge.

The flute is blown at a lateral opening.

The clarinet is blown at the upper end, upon a reed.

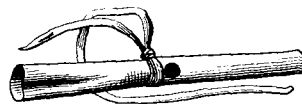
Wind instruments of all these kinds, and of crude invention and construction, were shown at the Centennial. Some of them gave a single and invariable note; in others the tones were varied by changes in length or by finger holes, which had an equivalent effect. In others a number of tubes of varying length were as-

sociated in the same instrument. There are no keys upon any wind instrument included within the terms of our title.

Before describing the pipes which are blown by the breath, we may make a simple reference to two musical uses of the bamboo. The *anklung* of Sunda is a rude musical instrument in which five or more bamboos, from eight to twenty inches in length, are arranged somewhat loosely in a frame so as to rattle when shaken, and, as they are hard and resonant, they give a ringing noise, the note depending upon their size, that is, thickness and length. The people of Sunda have a tradition that the first musical notes were produced by the accidental admission of air into a bamboo tube, and that the *anklung* was the first improvement upon this natural æolian.

The Singhalese have a sort of æolian made of a bamboo thirty or forty feet long; the divisions at the joints are removed, several holes are made like those of a flute, and the instrument is set up among the trees in the garden to be played by the wind.

Perhaps the whistle or the pipe without holes, and emitting but one note, is the simplest form of wind instrument, and for our present purpose the flageolet is a whistle with finger holes to vary the tones.



(Fig. 43.) Whistle of McCloud Indians. Smithsonian Exhibit.

Figure 43 shows a whistle also used as a bird-call by the McCloud and adjacent tribes of North American Indians. It is a single whistle made of the leg bone of a crane.

Figure 44 is a double whistle of plover leg bones; the two notes occurring together give a gurgling noise in imitation of some wild birds.

Late explorations on the islands off the coast of Lower California have furnished a great many curious memorials of a race of Indians now nearly extinct.



(Fig. 44.) Double Whistle or Bird-Call.
Smithsonian Exhibit.

Figure 45 is a whistle or flute from a grave on Santa Barbara Island. It is



(Fig. 45.) Indian Flute from Grave.
Smithsonian Exhibit.

made of a crane's leg bone and has four finger holes.

The prehistoric age of Europe, whose people were on a par in civilization with many tribes and races yet existing, has handed down to us several whistles. For instance, a whistle of the stone period, made of the first digital phalanx of a reindeer, was found in the department of Dordogne, in France, and yet yields a shrill note when blown. From a grave of the same period, at Poitiers, was exhumed a musical pipe with three finger holes.

The use of the tibia for a musical pipe is shown by the use of the word *sebi* in the hieroglyphics to indicate a flute, the word being also the Coptic name of the instrument as well as of the bone tibia. The Roman *ossea tibia* was the leg bone of a crane.

Bone is a natural tube of very superior construction and strength, and, like the reed, is abundant. It is quite reasonable that people of inferior constructive ability ready to seize what lay most conveniently at hand, should utilize it, and the use of bone for the purpose of musical pipes is very wide spread.

Athenæus, in the *Deipnosophists*, refers to the flute made of the leg bone of the kid as an invention of the (Grecian) Thebans, and states that the flute elephantine (ivory) was first bored among the Phœnicians. Flutes among the classic Greeks were also made of asses' bones, which are said to be remarkably solid.

They are supposed to have a fullness of tone highly suggestive of the inflated style of their original proprietor.

Dr. Schliemann in his excavations at Hissarlik discovered a beautifully ornamented flute of bone.

The flutes of the Araucanians were made of the arm and leg bones of prisoners offered in sacrifice. The Caribs used human bones, but now use the bones of the jaguar. Their flute had three holes, and, like the Guiana flute of bamboo, is blown by the breath directed against the edge of the orifice. A Guiana flute in the National Museum at Washington is made of the thigh bone of a jaguar. The Uaupé Indians of Brazil use fifes and flutes of reed and of deer's bones. Wallace also noticed a whistle made of a deer's skull. The Brazilian flageolets are of bone: an average one has two bones, twelve inches long and three eighths inch bore, united by twine neatly wound and worked. On the back of the lower portion are finger holes. The whistle is formed of a cone of resinous cement beneath the mouth orifice, the ridge of cement rising to the centre of the tube.

The Kafir whistles are of bone or ivory, and are blown into in the manner of blowing a key, while holding the instrument against the lower lip. The flute of the Maories is made from a human thigh bone, that of a slain enemy being preferred. Two ancient Peruvian pipes of bone had five finger holes each; and one of human bone had four finger holes.

Statements might be multiplied, but it may be mentioned in brief that flageolets with four finger holes, and giving five notes, were used by the ancient Egyptians; the Chinese have flageolets twelve inches long, with seven finger holes; flageolets and whistles are found in the American mounds in Peru, Mexico, and the United States; and even among the Karagoos of Africa a flageolet with six finger holes is used.

Clay whistles made by the Mexicans before the conquest have been frequently found, and sometimes of very grotesque shapes. Some have holes by which the tone may be varied. One has a little ball of clay inside, making a trilling

sound. The Chiriqui Indians of Central America have curious terra-cotta whistles. The Mexicans had conoidal flageoles of pottery, with four finger holes and with tones in conformity with the pentatonic scale.

A curious Chinese instrument (*hiuen*) is made of baked clay and is of sugar-loaf shape. It has five finger holes, three on one side and two on the other, and its tones are in conformity with the pentatonic scale, the fourth and seventh being omitted, as is usual in the Chinese instruments.

The true flute, as the word is now understood, is blown at a lateral hole, the breath dividing on the edge of the hole and setting up a vibration in the tube, thus producing the sound. The gravest tone is when all the holes are stopped, and the shorter the length of tube concerned in the vibration the more acute the note. Ptolemy understood this, and in his *Harmonics* thus explains it: "In strings and pipes, other things remaining the same, those strings which are stopped at a smaller distance from the bridge give the most acute notes; and in pipes, those notes which come through holes nearest to the mouth hole are most acute."

The appellation "flute" originated not in any peculiarity of the mode of blowing as distinguished from the clarinet or flageolet, but from *fluta*, an eel caught in Sicilian waters, the side of which is marked with seven spots like finger holes. The term has been exclusively applied to the one kind of instrument for less than one hundred years, that is, since the advent of the German flute. The English *flûte à bec*, which the German flute superseded, was a reed instrument, a clarinet in fact, and blown at the end. The name was derived from the resemblance of the mouth-piece to the beak of a bird.

It is not, however, to be supposed that this lateral mouth hole was an innovation: such instruments are clearly shown

in the Egyptian paintings, and of such length that the performer could reach the lowest finger hole with difficulty. The fact that the name of the ancient Egyptian flute (*sebi*) was synonymous with the leg bone (*tibia*) has already been referred to as showing of what flutes were sometimes



(Fig. 46.) Chinese Flutes.

made; flutes of reed, wood, and terra cotta are, however, found.

There was no lack of flutes at the Centennial. The Chinese had a large number of flutes of bamboo, some of the natural yellow color and some stained black. One shown was twenty-six inches long, and had one mouth hole and eight finger holes. One additional hole beyond the mouth hole may have been used in varying the pitch, the hole not used being temporarily plugged. A piece of paper was in fact pasted over one.

The Japanese showed similar flutes with seven finger holes. Neither Chinese nor Japanese possessed keys, as might be supposed, as they have no knowledge of semitones. The Javanese flute has six finger holes.



(Fig. 47.) Mohave and Pimo Flute. Smithsonian Exhibit.

The flute Figure 47 is used among the Mohave Indians, and is made from a reed: the two holes are on the respective sides of the natural septum of the reed, and the flute is capable of yielding four notes, two at each portion of its length. The Pimo uses a similar flute with four holes, which is gayly ornamented with tufts at its ends.

The flute Figure 48 has one feature which appears to be singular. The instrument was broken, and the dotted lines are a suggested reconstruction. It was in the Gold Coast exhibit of the English department in the Main Building. A pith tompon is connected with

the instrument, which was probably fifteen inches long; it is of reed covered with leather stained in black and red stripes. The portion which remains has



(Fig. 48.) African Flute with Tompon. Gold Coast Exhibit.

three holes. The tompon, by graduating the length of the pipe, would change the pitch of the note emitted.

The nose flute, reed trumpet, pandean pipes, triton shell, and wooden gong are the wind instruments of Fiji. The flutes of this group of islands are of various sizes and lengths, from two inches to three fourths of an inch in diameter, and from eighteen to thirty-six inches in length. Some of them, it is probable, are rather bamboo trumpets than flutes, the wind being generated by the motion of the lips, as with the horn, and not by splitting the plate of wind upon the edge of the hole, as in the flute. The nose flute of Fiji is played by placing the aperture close to one nostril and breathing through it, while the other nostril is stopped by the thumb of the left hand. The Hindoos have an instrument which is called a nose flute by the English, but it is probably of the clarinet method, as also are those, most likely, which are represented on the Egyptian monuments.

The Papuans have a bamboo flute two feet long. That of the Mittoos of the Upper Nile is on the German flute principle, that is, it is blown at a lateral hole.

We come now to the clarinet method, in which the sound is generated by the vibration of a reed, a husk, or what not. It cannot be exactly ascertained from the monuments of antiquity whether certain pipes are clarinets or flageolets; they are doubtless of each kind. The ancient Egyptian pipes were single or double (*mam*), blown at the end. They also had flutes played at the side. The pipes have — for they are now in the museums — from three to seven finger holes. In several of them straws were found inside, suggesting the reed of our oboe or clarinet.

Strabo says that the mouth-pieces of

the musical pipes were made of a reed which grew in a lake above Celænæ in Phrygia.

The reed pipes now used in Egypt are represented in Figure 49. The single one is blown by the mouth; the double one by the nose, one tube being inserted in each nostril.

The New Zealanders also have a pipe played by a blast through the nostrils.

The Grecian pipe (*aulos*) was blown at the end, had a reed, and may be considered as a clarinet. It was single (*monaulos*) or double (*diaulos*). Their pipes had from five to seven finger holes. Some had a multiplicity of holes with stoppers; these doubtless were for playing in different keys, such a series of holes being left open for manipulation by the fingers as might suit a present purpose.

Athenæus, in his *Deipnosophists* (A. D. 220), speaks of about twenty varieties of pipes, taking their names from their construction, pitch, material, country whence derived, and so forth. He enumerates as many as ten writers on the subject who refer to special kinds. The Spartan army marched to the sound of "Dorian pipes and soft recorders."

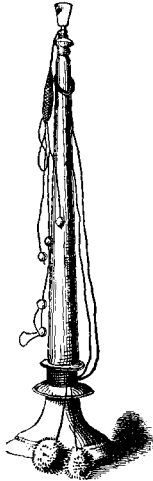
Besides reeds, the tibiæ of man, animals, and birds, and the tusks of elephants, previously referred to, the ancients used wood, the *terebrato buxo*, indicating at once the tool and the boxwood upon which it operated.

The clarinet from Madras (Figure 50) is known by the native appellation of *timiri nagasuram*. It has a mouth-piece of wood in a brass setting. The black wooden body has eight holes; the *pavillon* is of brass; the instrument, eighteen inches in length. It appears to be nearly the same as the *tota sanayi* of the District of Ronggopur; the latter, how-



(Fig. 49.)
Mouth and
Nose Flutes.
Egyptian Exhibit.

ever, has but seven holes, is all of wood save the mouth-piece which is of brass, and is surrounded by a round plate of brass as large as a rupee. The reed is made of four cuttings of the *tal* leaf (*Borrussus*).



(Fig. 50.) Hindoo Clarinet, British India Exhibit.

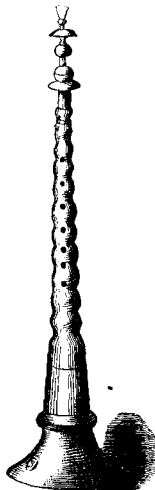
The reed of the Singhalese pipe (*horanawa*) has a mouth-piece of talipot leaf, a middle portion of wood, and the other parts of brass. A projecting piece is attached to separate the bits of leaf forming the reed, and to enlarge the orifice. It is extremely shrill, and its notes are not unlike those of the Highland bagpipe.

The Chinese pipe or clarinet (*heang-teik*),

Figure 51, is from one to two feet long, with seven finger holes on one side and one on the other. It is of a wood resembling rose-wood, with brass mouth-piece and pavillon; it is very noisy. Over the mouth-piece is a husk, the vibrations of which generate the sound. The Japanese have a similar instrument.

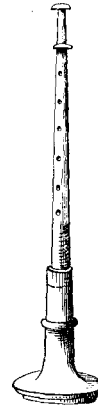
The clarinet (*pee*) of the Siamese is shown at Figure 52. It is made of jack-wood and is telescopic. It has a brass mouth-piece, a reed, and six finger holes. Although the rebab, or two-stringed fiddle, is usually the instrument used by the leader of the Siamese orchestra (*gamelan*), the *pee* is sometimes used for the purpose.

The clarinet of the Tahitians has a slit mouth-piece, so that the pieces vibrate like a "reed" instrument. Sur-



(Fig. 51.) Chinese Clarinet.

rounding this is a wooden ring which is slipped up or down to change the length of the reed concerned in the vibration, and thus tune the instrument. Several clarinets are generally played in concert, and the performers, having tuned their instruments in unison, sit in a circle, bend their heads forward, and play in excellent time as an accompaniment to the dance.



(Fig. 52.) Siamese Clarinet.

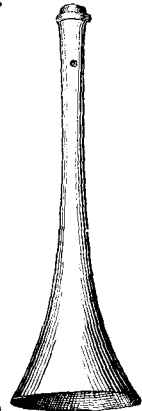
An Armenian trumpet of wood (Figure 53) with a reed mouth-piece was shown in the Turkish exhibit.

The *ambilla* of the Abyssinians is a combination of six pipes, each having a single note and played by a distinct performer.

The *cundan melakhat* is made of four cane tubes, each having a bell and a reed mouth-piece like a clarinet; the instruments are played in succession.

A reed pipe with holes is also used by the Zulus.

The instrument shown at Figure 54 is a noisy, squeaking affair used by some tribes of the North American Indians at wedding feasts,—a sort of *charivari*. It is composed of two pieces of cedar-wood bound with spruce-root fibre. The breath makes the portions of the thin, divided shell vibrate, and elicits a



(Fig. 53.) Armenian Trumpet, Turkish Exhibit.

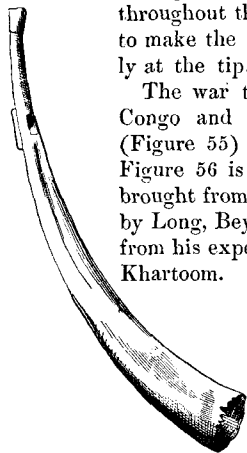


(Fig. 54.) Clarinet of North American Indians, Smithsonian Exhibit.

sound worthy of the authors and deemed by them quite satisfactory.

The original trumpet may be assumed to have been the horn of an animal, an ox or ram, for instance, and the present African form is indicative of the probable mode of adapting it to use. The buffalo

horns and elephant's tusks which form the signal horns of the African tribes have a hole at the side made to meet the natural cavity, a much quicker and easier operation than boring throughout the solid portion to make the aperture exactly at the tip.



(Fig. 55.) Ivory War Trumpet of Angola. Portuguese Colonies Exhibit.

at the mouth-piece. The whole length of the tusk is preserved.

The signal horn (Figure 57) of the Gold Coast is made of a buffalo's horn. It is nine inches long, and, as with the elephant's tusks from Liberia, Abyssinia, and Angola, the opening is made at the side to meet the natural hollow of the horn.

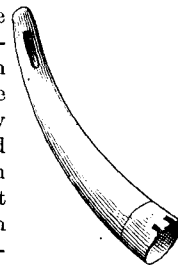
The most ornate of the tusk war horns exhibited was that from Liberia (Figure 58). No little pains were taken to shape and ornament it, and the tone is very deep, powerful, and mellow.

It is inscribed: "King Bristol, St. John's River, Grand Bassa, African Coast."

(Fig. 56.) Trumpet of Dar-Like the others, the mouth-piece is at the side and intersects the natural cavity.

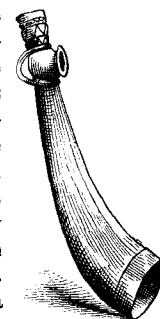
The horns of a great variety of ruminants are used for signal or musical in-

struments, the name of the thing itself and that of the object of which it is made being in fact synonymous. The war horn of Soudan (Figure 59), brought home by Long, Bey, is formed of an antelope's horn and is finished out at the smaller end with wood, leather-covered. It is three feet long, and the mouth-piece of the bamboo is made at the side, in the same manner as the tusk horns, showing the persistence with which methods are perpetuated after the necessity therefor no longer exists.



(Fig. 57.) African Signal Horn. Gold Coast Exhibit.

The Bongos of the Upper Nile make signal trumpets from the horns of various species of antelopes, and provide them with three finger holes. A horn made of the skin of a goat's leg is used by the Zulus, one end open and the other closed. It is blown through a hole in the side in the usual African manner. The Karagoo (Central Africa) trumpet is made of several gourd necks fitting one into another and covered with cow-skin. The notes of a common chord can be played on it, the thumb acting as a key. Speaking generally, it may be said that all African trumpets are blown at the side, and in some cases a vibrator is placed on the mouth-piece, like the reed of a clarinet. The Niam-niams of the Upper Nile sometimes add a bell (pavillon) of wood to the trumpet of ivory.



(Fig. 58.) African Ivory War Horn. Liberian Exhibit.

The Araucanian trumpet is formed by the insertion of a cow's horn in a hollow cane.

A favorite trumpet for the temples of Sikkim in the Himalayas is made of a human thigh.

Several species of shells have been

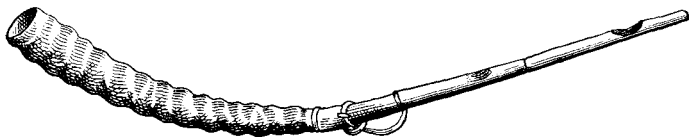
used for trumpets, especially the shell of the triton, which is a favorite horn in Fiji, New Guinea, New Zealand, Japan, and Ceylon. The *murex* shell is used in Samo, Tahiti, and other islands of Polynesia.

The usual plan is to make a side opening into the interior canal, when the shell is blown like a flute, resting horizontally against the mouth, with the blast of air directed across the edge of the aperture. In many countries, however, the apex of the shell is ground off and a tubular mouth-piece attached, when it may be blown like a trumpet, the vibration being communicated by the motion of the lips.

The turbinate shells of the South Seas, mounted with apical mouth-pieces, are

to be found in Fiji, New Zealand, and Japan, and are the ceremonial trumpets of Ceylon.

When trumpets came to be made of wood we may suppose that a bamboo was used, as that was ready to hand. The Fijians use such, blowing into a lateral hole as into a *conch* or triton shell. The action of blowing is similar to that of a flute, and they have been called such. The wood seems to have followed the horn in the order of invention, and the lateral aperture may be called a persistence of method. The horns and wooden trumpets exist together in Africa, where the Bongos, Niam-niams, and Monbuttoos of the interior are very ambitious trumpet-makers. The Bongos of the Upper Nile, for instance, make gigantic trumpets out of



(Fig. 59.) Antelope Horn. War Trumpet of Soudan. Egyptian Exhibit.

stems of trees. They are four or five feet long, open at one end, and blown at a side opening near the closed end. Another kind is shaped like a huge wine-bottle, which is sometimes taken between the musician's knees like a violoncello, but when too large to manage thus, or the player objects to standing during the all-night concert, is laid upon the ground, and the player bending over it on his hands and knees discourses most dire and dolorous music. It is called *manyinyee*, and gives a deep and rolling bass like thunder.

Some curiously constructed trumpets are to be found among the South American tribes. The large trumpets of the Uaupés of the Amazon, used in making the Jurupari music, are of bamboos or palms hollowed out, some with trumpet-shaped mouths of bark and with mouth-holes of clay and leaf. They are used eight or twelve in concert; each pair of instruments gives a distinct note.

The wooden trumpet of the Orinoco Indians is seven feet in length, and is a tube made of slips of the *paziaba* palm. When it is to be used a portion of leaf

is placed over the square blow-hole, and a large conical sheath of bark is wrapped around the tube to direct the sound. The *turé* trumpet of the Amazon Indians is a long thick bamboo with a split reed mouth-piece. The *acocoll* of Mexico is made of the dry stalk of a plant of the same name. The tube is not more than two inches in diameter, but is eight or ten feet long. It has a flaring bell-shaped end (pavillon) and a mouth-piece like a clarinet. Singularly enough it is sounded by inhalation.

The *botuto* of Orinoco is of terra cotta, and has two or three spherical enlargements in the course of its length.

The war trumpet (*putara-putara*) of the Maories is a wooden tube seven feet in length and with a bell-mouth made of pieces of wood lashed together with flax fibre, like the staves of a cask. It is elaborately carved near the mouth-piece, and is blown as an alarm, being laid over the fence of the *pah*, or stockaded village.

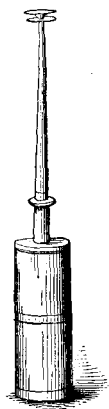
Enormous trumpets are used in the Buddhist worship in Ladak, Thibet, and Nepaul. The larger of these are laid

along the floor and extend into another apartment where the player is stationed. They come in aid of the trumpets, triangles, clarinets, and cymbals at the *crescendo* of the performance. One English cavalry officer at a monastery near Lè speaks of the jingle, rattle, accelerated pace, noise, and final crash as reminding him of Ethiopian serenaders. The Buddhist and the Bongo concerts elsewhere alluded to come nearer to the African idea of a noise than anything else on record.

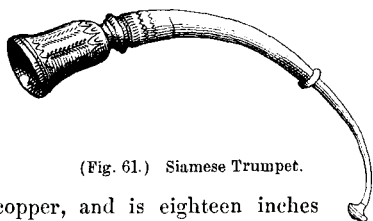
When the instrument came to be made of metal it was doubtless straight, and, though curved horns of metal are ancient, the actual winding of the tube is said to be only two centuries old.

The East has a great fancy for telescopic trumpets. Whether straight or C-shaped, we find that in several cases presented the smaller section slips into the larger to make it more compact for carriage. The Chinese straight trumpet (Figure 60) is of sheet-brass, slides telescopically, and is forty-two inches long when extended.

The Siamese trumpet (Figure 61, *kraa-gnawn*) is of beaten



(Fig. 60.)
Chinese
Trumpet.

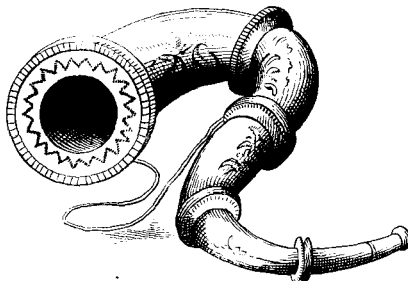


(Fig. 61.) Siamese Trumpet.

copper, and is eighteen inches long at full length.

The East Indian horn (Figure 62) is made of very thin sheet-copper and is quite light. At three places in its length it has hollow metallic collars containing something which rattles when the horn is shaken. The three pieces of which it is composed are movable on each other so that it may be turned into a circular or an S shape. It is known by the na-

tive name *roussinga*, and makes a hideous braying.

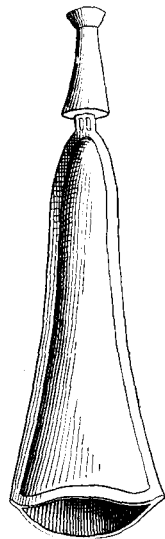


(Fig. 62.) East Indian Horn. British India Exhibit.

The nondescript instrument Figure 63 is used as a signal horn or gong, — in fact we have no name for it. It is used by grasping it by the handle and swinging round and round at arm's-length, just as boys whirl a piece of wood or metal at the end of a string, making a whirling noise. It is a thin, hollow, sheet-iron, trumpet-shaped instrument, and produces a deep-toned roar of very marked character, higher in tone and intensity the more rapid the motion. It may be said to be one contribution more, at this late day, to the list of musical instruments given by Africa to the "rest of mankind." Herodotus and Plato agree that music arose in Egypt and came thence to Greece.

The North American Indians use the instrument Figure 64; it may be called a whizzer or whirrer; like that last described from Egypt we do not know it technically. It is a notched, flat piece of wood at the end of a string, tied at the end of a stick. It is whirled around, making a humming noise as an accompaniment to the dance.

That class of musical instruments in which either reeds or metallic tongues



(Fig. 63.) Signal
Gong of Soudan.
Egyptian Exhibit.

are moved by wind or by the fingers had also its representatives at the Centennial.

Curious jew's-harps are made by the Japanese and Fijians. Those of the former are twelve inches long, made of wood and have a reed tongue which is vibrated by the finger, and the sound is given by the force of the breath and modulated by the lips and cavity of the mouth. These instruments are also used in Burmah.

The Fijian jew's-harp is of bamboo: the tongue is made by leaving a vibratable slip when carving a longitudinal opening in the bamboo strip. It is about a foot long.

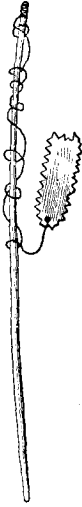
The Kafirs and the Tahitians have taken a great fancy to the jew's-harp of the white man, and it is rapidly superseding the instruments of native manufacture.

The *goura* of the South African bushman is a sort of complicated jew's-harp in which a quill is distended by the string of a bow and is breathed upon by the player. A gut string is attached at one end to one extremity of the bow, and at the other to an oval-shaped piece of bustard quill which is lashed to the other extremity of the bow. The quill is of an attenuated oval shape, and its quality as well as the tension of the string determines its musical tone. The performer holds the bow nearly horizontally, steadying himself by placing his elbows on his knees, his right forefinger into his right ear, and the forefinger of his left hand into his left nostril. He is then ready for duty. He breathes upon the quill, eliciting tones both in expiration and inspiration. The instrument is the most ingenious to be found in South Africa, and is a great favorite with the people, though monotonous and weak in tone. The string adds resonance to the tones, which are like those of a jew's-harp, though inferior to the latter. It seems that no regular tune is attempted, but the variations of tone follow each

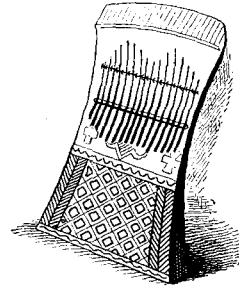
other much as when a person unskilled in the jew's-harp elicits sounds of varying pitch by changing the position of his lips and the strength of his breathing.

When the instrument is used by a woman she holds it differently: grasping the middle and holding the instrument perpendicularly she blows upon the quill and taps the string with a small stick. When the woman plays it, it is called a *journ-journ*.

Another instrument (Figure 65) peculiar to Africa, and which was shown from Angola in the Portuguese colonies



(Fig. 64.)
Indian
Whizzer.
Smithsonian
Exhibit.



(Fig. 65.) Marimba of Angola, Africa. Portuguese Colonies Exhibit.

exhibit, and there called a marimba, may as well be described in this place. It is called *sansa* by the Kafirs, and doubtless has many different names among the African tribes, as it is known from Congo to Natal, from Senegambia to the Orange River.

The specimen shown at the Centennial is of a richly carved wooden block to which are fastened sixteen curved steel tongues of varying length lying over a bridge, and played by touching with the thumbs while the fingers of the hand pass behind it to hold it. The box is hollow to increase the resonance, and has usually some jingling attachments of shells and metal to add to the effect. It is held inside a calabash when played, and is principally used in accompanying songs. It is by no means unmusical, but has no great power.

The number of steel tongues is not uniform: one from Congo was observed to have twenty tongues; one from Guinea, six. Neither had any regular succession of notes. One observed in Mashona

land, South Africa, had two nearly full rows of vibrating tongues.

Where people are too poor to have the perfected instrument, they content themselves with a substitute. Slips of cane for eight notes were found on one from Senegambia. Livingstone noticed on the Zambesi an imitation made by attaching a number of cornstalks together for a frame and fastening to them tongues of split bamboo. The Batokas of the Zambesi also use wooden strips free at one end and sprung by the fingers to elicit musical notes.

This instrument has been carried with its possessors in Portuguese slavers to Brazil, and is used by the negroes in that country.

The sansa of Africa has several relatives in the musical line, the most familiar being the musical box, the steel tongues of which are vibrated by pins on a rotating barrel. The free reed of the accordeon, shown also in the parlor organ, and the reed stops of the large organ, is another instance, and was introduced into Europe from China so late as the reign of Catherine II. of Russia. Another less known relative of the sansa is the *ou* of China, which looks like a crouching tiger on a wooden box, with the unusual addition of a saw whose teeth project all along the back-bone. These teeth are the ends of a range of metallic tongues which are struck with a plectrum (*tchen*), and are attached to a frame within the body of the animal, which rests on the lid of a box made of a resonant coniferous wood (*kieuou*), acting as a sounding-board.

The pandean pipe or syrinx is found in many parts of the world, and was shown in several exhibits. It is not thought necessary to illustrate it here, as it follows the old fashion of a set of reeds of graduated lengths arranged parallel, with their open upper ends in line. It is a very ancient instrument and is the original of the Chinese *cheng*, the bag-pipes, and the organ.

The Grecian syrinx had from three to nine tubes, but seven was the usual number. An organ represented on a coin of

the Emperor Nero has ten pipes, and may be described as a magnified syrinx with a vibratable reed to each pipe and a mechanical blast of air.

The Bechuanas have a reed pipe (*lich-âka*) of one note, which the performer sounds as often as he pleases and seems satisfied. He tunes it by a plug to the sound required. When played in orchestra a number are tuned to a scale and sound in succession with certain intervals, approximating a tune; like Clon-glocketty's pipings, —

"It was wild, it was fitful, as wild as the breeze,
It wandered about into several keys;
It was jerky, spasmodic, and harsh, I'm aware,
But still it distinctly suggested an air."

The Fiji syrinxes are made of reeds, as many as twenty-one in a row, and tuned to the diatonic scale. The lengths of the pipes in two instruments were respectively from sixteen to two inches and from eight inches to one. They thus embrace a compass of three octaves each. They are neatly lashed between strips of bamboo in the usual parallel arrangement, with their upper ends level. The occurrence of the diatonic scale in Polynesia is somewhat unexpected, but Sir Stamford Raffles detected the wood harmonicon (*gambang*) of Java to be tuned to the same scale, although the circle of gongs used in Java and Siam is tuned to the pentatonic scale. The matter has been referred to in a previous article, Musical Instruments of Percussion.

Two Tonga Island syrinxes in the British Museum have nine and ten pipes respectively, but have no regular succession of notes. The Sandwich Islanders have a syrinx of eight pipes; the Papuans one of seven pipes. The pandean pipes are also used in the Zambesi country.

The syrinx of British Guiana resembles the Chinese *cheng*, in connection with which it will be described.

The Peruvian syrinx (*huayra-puhura*) was made of reed or of stone. The reed pipes are in a double row of seven reeds each, like the Guiana instrument, but unlike it they are simply blown into at the top and have no common wind chamber. The reeds are about the same length in

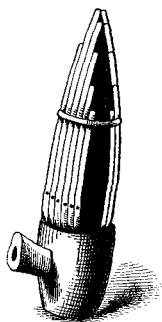
each row, ranging from three to six and one half inches and each now embraces a little over an octave. As one row is open and the other closed, the latter is one octave higher than the other. The notes are on the pentatonic scale.

A curious Peruvian syrinx contains eight pipes and is made of a greenish talcose stone. The second, fourth, sixth, and seventh pipes have finger holes, by stopping which the notes are lowered a semitone.

The Chinese syrinx (*koan-tse*) has twelve tubes of bamboo; the *siao* has sixteen. The Japanese have a syrinx of six pipes tuned to the pentatonic scale. A seven-reed syrinx is used at Laos.

As before remarked, the syrinx is the original of the bagpipe; in the course of its modification it has assumed a number of shapes, but all of them agree in this, that the wind is blown into a chamber from whence it passes to pipes of a series. The fingers in some govern the entrance of air into the pipes; in others the ventages of the pipes modulate the sound.

The Chinese cheng, catalogued under the European name of *siren*, was shown in the Chinese exhibit in the Mineral Annex of the Main Building, and also in



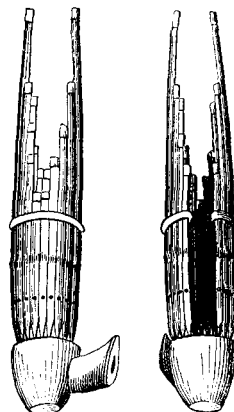
(Fig 66.) Chinese Cheng.

the Japanese department of the Main Building. It is shown in Figure 66, and has seventeen tubes of bamboo of different lengths, most of which have finger holes near the small black wooden bowl, two and one half inches in diameter, which answers as a wind chest to the whole set, and into which they are inserted in a nearly circular series.

The mouth-piece projects from one side of the bowl, and is faced with ivory. A free metallic reed for each pipe gives the vibration which generates the sound in the pipe, and the length of the pipe determines the pitch. There may be differences in various instruments observed by travelers, and the descrip-

tions do not agree. The instrument in the Chinese exhibit appeared to have stopped pipes which only sounded when their finger holes were left open. Some of the pipes seem to be mere dummies added for the sake of symmetry.

The instrument is really an organ of primitive construction, is very ancient, and is used in religious rites performed in honor of Kung-fu-tse. Tradition states that it formerly had thirteen, nineteen, or twenty-four tubes placed in a calabash, but it is almost certain that in its primitive condition it had a much smaller number of tubes; the instrument is found in various crude conditions in several Asiatic countries and in America, as we shall see. Figure 67 shows back and



(Fig. 67.) Chinese Cheng or Sang. (Front and Back Views.)

front views of the same description of instrument made of reeds.

The instrument has a peculiar interest for us, as it was from it that the first knowledge of the *free reed* in musical instruments reached Europe. Kratzenstein, a Russian organ-builder in St. Petersburg in the reign of Catherine II., saw the cheng which had been brought overland from China, and from its suggestion adopted the free reed for several of his organ-stops. Our parlor organs, many stops of our large organs, the accordion, concertina, and mouth organ are all derived from this suggestion.

It seems probable that the Chinese lack

of musical knowledge and of harmony prevents their obtaining from this instrument all of which it is capable. "The Chinese," said an attaché to Lord Macartney's embassy, "have an imperfect gamut, no knowledge of semitones, counterpoint, or parts in music, nor do they attempt any harmony. Whatever the number of performers, there is only one melody." This is not particularly surprising, as the knowledge of harmony is comparatively late in Europe, even. We say comparatively; down to the ninth century the performers, however many there might be and of whatever voices, all sang the melody. About the close of the ninth century harmony was practiced in a rude fashion, the octave, fourth, and fifth being only used, and all progressing together. Down to the middle of the sixteenth century no independent instrumental accompaniment was attempted, but the instruments played only from the vocal score.

The "imperfect gamut" and lack of knowledge of semitones complained of by Lord Macartney's attaché referred to the use by the Chinese of the pentatonic scale, which lacks the fourth and seventh of the diatonic, and, as has been stated in a previous article, may be heard by playing on the black keys of the piano from F-sharp up or down an octave. The Chinese use the pentatonic scale in both sacred and secular music.

It is a very interesting and somewhat curious fact that our cousins the Hindoos, although comparatively near to China, have the diatonic scale like ourselves. No great ethnological deduction is to be drawn from this, for the pentatonic is the simpler and perhaps cruder, and is the old popular scale of many European nations, the Scotch, for instance.

A traveler in China states of the cheng that "by covering the first set of tubes with the forefinger and breathing softly into the mouth-piece a most charming *concertus* of sweet sounds is heard, with the harmonic divisions of the octave and twelfth as the impulse is augmented. By stopping the second and third groups respectively, we get harmonies of three and two sounds which are loud and effect-

ive." This production of harmonic sounds in tubes by differences in pressure of wind must not be confounded with the production of harmonic chords by simultaneous emission of musical sounds of different pitch.

The Chinese distinguish eight kinds of sound under which all may be classed, — *metal, stone, silk, bamboo, gourd, earthenware, skin, and wood*. This, though arbitrary, is an approximation to correctness, but they must have been well aware that the list is not perfectly comprehensive. Stones vary from one another more than some of them vary from pottery, and the latter will scarcely ever equal *glass* in brilliancy of sound, which is not enumerated. The differences in woods are fully equal to those in stones, and those in metals scarcely less. Gut strings, not enumerated unless the term skin may be held to be inclusive, vary much from distended membrane, and also among themselves. Neither silk nor gut are like, in quality of sound, many strings of *vegetable* material. The African harp string is made of a little bine apparently, and is extremely sweet-toned and stronger than hempen string of the same size; it has also the advantage of being perfectly smooth.

The Japanese six-pipe instrument of similar character as the cheng has the pentatonic scale. The Burmese instrument (*heem*) has the same general features. There are two cruder forms of the instrument, found in Laos and Siam, and in British Guiana.

In one of these forms it consists of from four to twenty-four tubes planted in a calabash and with a long curved tube for a mouth-piece. In this shape it resembles the bagpipes in both appearance and effect.

The Laos instrument has seven reeds which are in a row, their lower ends penetrating the walls of a large calabash. The mouth-piece is attached to the neck of the gourd, and the whole looks much like the bagpipes. The same has been noticed at Bruni, in the Eastern Archipelago.

The Siamese instrument with a number of reed pipes and a common wind

chamber is called *luptuma*. It has from ten to fourteen bamboos in a double row, of an equal number each. These are of graduated lengths and pass through a short cylinder of wood into which wind is blown from the mouth. Each tube is perforated so as to connect with this common air chamber, and above this each bamboo has a hole which is stopped or unstopped by the finger of the player; where the bamboos pass through the wind chamber the joints are carefully stopped with wax. The instrument is about four and one half feet high, much larger than the Chinese cheng and less ornate. From the much greater length of the tubes the tones are graver, and have the peculiar *timbre* of reed, which differs decidedly from bored wood, especially if the latter be hard.

An instrument on similar principles is made in British Guiana. It is six feet high and has two parallel rows of seven reeds each. These vary in length, to give the required note. At a distance

of about one foot above the lower end is a wind chamber with a mouth-piece at the end. Communication is made from this to each of the reeds, and a vibrating tongue gives the sound in the manner of the clarinet. Just above the wind chamber each pipe has a finger hole; six of these on the outside are for the fingers, one at the edge is for the thumb. Some of the tubes are closed at the upper ends.

More space has been devoted to this group than to some others, for while the flute, trumpet, drum, guitar, and harp have originated very long since, and in several distinct places for anything we know to the contrary, the cheng and its congeners mark a new departure; it is the most ingenious of Oriental instruments, and is probably the original of the organ, the king of musical instruments. At all events we are indebted to it for the suggestion from which the whole family of free-reed instruments is derived.

Edward H. Knight.

A NIGHT-PICTURE.

A GROAN from a dim-lit upper room,
A stealthy step on the stair in the gloom,
A hurried glance to left, to right,
In the court below — then out in the night
There crept a man through an alley dim,
Till lost in the crowd. Let us follow him.

The night was black as he hurried along,
The streets were filled with a jostling throng,
The sidewalks soaked in the drizzling rain.
He dared not look behind again,
And every stranger's eye he caught
Was sure to know his inmost thought.
The darkened casements looking down
From tall grim houses seemed to frown.
The globes in the druggist's window shone
Like fiery eyes on him alone,
And dashed great spots of bloody red
On the wet pavements as he fled,

And as he passed the gas-lamps tall,
He saw his lengthening shadow fall
Before his feet, till it grew and grew
To a giant self of a darker hue:
But turning down some lampless street
He left behind the trampling feet;
And on through wind and rain he strode,
Where far along on the miry road
The unwindowed shanties darkened stood
A beggarly and outlawed brood,
Mid half-hewn rocks and piles of dirt, —
The ragged fringe of the city's skirt.

Then on, still on through the starless night,
Shrinking from every distant light;
Starting at every roadside bush
Or swollen stream in its turbid rush;
On, still on, till he gained the wood
In whose rank depths his dwelling stood.
There over his head the billows of wind
Rocked and roared before and behind.
And all of a sudden the clouds let out
Their pale white moon-shafts all about
A dreary patch where the trees stood dead
By a rocky swamp and a ruined shed.
And a path through the tangled woods appeared
Between two oaks where the briars were cleared;
And under the gloom he reached at last
His door, — crept in, and locked it fast;
Then struck a match and lighted a lamp,
And drew from his pocket, heavy and damp,
A wallet of leather thick and brown.
Then at a table sitting down
To count the — Hark, what noise was that?
A rattling shutter? A rasping rat
Under the floor? He turned to the door,
And saw that his windows were all secure.
But down the chimney loud and fast,
Like distant cannon, roared the blast.
And on the wind came cries and calls,
And voices of awful waterfalls,
And ringing bells. Sometimes it seemed
He had not done the deed — but dreamed.
Ah, would it were a dream, this wild
Wet night, and he once more a child!

On a flying train in the dawning day
And the fragrant morn he was far away.
But secret eyes had pierced the night,
And lightning words outstripped his flight.
And far in the North where none could know,
The Law's long arm had reached its foe.

C. P. Cranch.

AT THE SIGN OF THE SAVAGE.

As they bowled along in the deliberate German express train through the Black Forest, Colonel Kenton said he had only two things against the region: it was not black, and it was not a forest. He had all his life heard of the Black Forest, and he hoped he knew what it was. The inhabitants burned charcoal, high up the mountains, and carved toys in the winter when shut in by the heavy snows; they had Easter eggs all the year round; with overshot mill-wheels in the valleys, and cherry-trees all about, always full of blossoms or ripe fruit, just as you liked to think. They were very poor people, but very devout, and lived in little villages on a friendly intimacy with their cattle. The young women of these hamlets had each a long braid of yellow hair down her back, blue eyes, and a white bodice with a cat's-cradle lacing behind; the men had bell-crowned hats and spindle-legs; they buttoned the breath out of their bodies with round pewter buttons on tight, short crimson waistcoats.

"Now, here," said the colonel, breathing on the window of the car and rubbing a little space clear of the frost, "I see nothing of the sort. Either I have been imposed upon by what I have heard of the Black Forest, or this is not the Black Forest. I'm inclined to believe that there is no Black Forest, and never was. There isn't," he added, looking again, so as not to speak hastily, "a charcoal-burner, or an Easter egg, or a cherry blossom, or a yellow braid, or a red waistcoat, to enliven the whole desolate landscape. What are we to think of it, Bessie?"

Mrs. Kenton, who sat opposite, huddled in speechless comfort under her wraps and rugs, and was just trying to decide in her own mind whether it was more delicious to let her feet, now that they were thoroughly warm, rest upon the carpet-covered cylinder of hot water, or hover just a hair's breadth above it without touching it, answered a little im-

patiently that she did not know. In ordinary circumstances she would not have been so short with the colonel's nonsense. She thought that was the way all men talked when they got well acquainted with you, and as coming from a sex incapable of seriousness, she could have excused it if it had not interrupted her in her solution of so nice a problem. Colonel Kenton, however, did not mind. He at once possessed himself of much more than his share of the cylinder, ex-torting a cry of indignation from his wife, who now saw herself reduced from a fastidious choice of luxuries to a mere vulgar strife for the necessities of life, — a thing any woman abhors.

"Well, well," said the colonel, "keep your old hot-water bottle. If there was any other way of warming my feet, I would n't touch it. It makes me sick to use it; I feel as if the doctor was going to order me some boneset tea. Give me a good red-hot patent car-heater, that smells enough of burning iron to make your head ache in a minute and sets your car on fire as soon as it rolls over the embankment. That's what I call comfort. A hot-water bottle shoved under your feet — I should suppose I *was* a woman, and a feeble one at that. I'll tell you what I think about this Black Forest business, Bessie: I think it's part of a system of deception that runs through the whole German character. I have heard the Germans praised for their sincerity and honesty, but I tell you they have got to work hard to convince me of it, from this out. I am on my guard. I am not going to be taken in any more."

It became the colonel's pleasure to develop and exemplify this idea at all points of their progress through Germany. They were going to Italy, and as Mrs. Kenton had had enough of the sea in coming to Europe, they were going to Italy by the only all-rail route then existing: from Paris to Vienna, and so down through the Simmering to Trieste and

Venice. Wherever they stopped, whatever they did before reaching Vienna, Colonel Kenton chose to preserve his guarded attitude. "Ah, they pretend this is Stuttgart, do they?" he said on arriving at the Suabian capital. "A likely story! They pretended that was the Black Forest, you know, Bessie." At Munich, "And this is Munich!" he sneered, whenever the conversation flagged during their sojourn. "It's outrageous, the way they let these swindling little towns palm themselves off upon the traveler for cities he's heard of. This place will be calling itself Berlin, next." When his wife, guide-book in hand, was struggling to heat her admiration at some cold history of Kaulbach, and in her failure clinging fondly to the fact that Kaulbach had painted it, "Kaulbach!" the colonel would exclaim, and half close his eyes and slowly nod his head and smile. "What guide-book is that you've got, Bessie?" looking curiously at the volume he knew so well. "Oh! — Baedeker! And are you going to let a Black Forest Dutchman like Baedeker persuade you that this daub is by Kaulbach? Come! That's a little too much!" He rejected the birthplaces of famous persons one and all; they could not drive through a street or into a park, whose claims to be this or that street or park he did not boldly dispute; and he visited a pitiless incredulity upon the dishes of the *table d'hôte*, concerning which he always answered his wife's questions: "Oh, he *says* it's beef," or veal, or fowl, as the case might be; and though he never failed to relish his own dinner, strange fears began to affect the appetite of Mrs. Kenton. It happened that he never did come out with these sneers before other travelers, but his wife was always expecting him to do so, and afterwards portrayed herself as ready to scream, the whole time. She was not a nervous person, and regarding the colonel's jokes as part of the matrimonial contract, she usually bore them, as I have hinted, with severe composure, accepting them all, good, bad, and indifferent, as something in the nature of man which she should understand better

after they had been married longer. The present journey was made just after the close of the war; they had seen very little of each other while he was in the army, and it had something of the fresh interest of a bridal tour. But they sojourned only a day or two in the places between Strasburg and Vienna; it was very cold and very unpleasant getting about; and they instinctively felt what every wise traveler knows, that it is folly to be lingering in Germany when you can get into Italy; and so they hurried on.

It was nine o'clock one night when they reached Salzburg, and when their baggage had been visited and their passports examined, they had still half an hour to wait before the train went on. They profited of the delay to consider what hotel they should stop at in Vienna, and they advised with their Bradshaw on the point. This railway guide gave in its laconic fashion several hotels, and specified the Kaiserin Elisabeth as one at which there was a *table d'hôte*, briefly explaining that at most hotels in Vienna there was none.

"That settles it," said Mrs. Kenton. "We will go to the Kaiserin Elisabeth, of course. I'm sure I never want the bother of ordering dinner in English, let alone German, which never was meant for human beings to speak."

"It's a language you can't tell the truth in," said the colonel, thoughtfully. "You can't call an open country an open country; you have to call it a Black Forest." Mrs. Kenton sighed patiently. "But I don't know about this Kaiserin Elisabeth business. How do we know that's the *real* name of the hotel? How can *we* be sure that it isn't an *alias*, an assumed name, trumped up for the occasion? I tell you, Bessie, we can't be too cautious as long as we're in this fatherland of lies. What guide-book is this? Baedeker? Oh! Bradshaw. Well, that's some comfort. Bradshaw's an Englishman, at least. If it had been Baedeker" —

"Oh, Edward, Edward!" Mrs. Kenton burst out. "Will you *never* give that up? Here you've been harping on

it for the last four days, and worrying my life out with it. I think it's unkind. It's perfectly bewildering me. I don't know where or what I am, any more." Some tears of vexation started to her eyes, at which Colonel Kenton put the shaggy arm of his overcoat round her, and gave her an honest hug.

"Well," he said, "I give it up, from this out. Though I shall always say that it was a joke that wore well. And I can tell you, Bessie, that it's no small sacrifice to give up a joke that you've just got into prime working order, so that you can use it on almost anything that comes up. But that's a thing that you can never understand. Let it all pass. We'll go to the Kaiserin Elisabeth, and submit to any sort of imposition they've a mind to practice upon us. I shall not breathe freely, I suppose, till we get into Italy, where people mean what they say. Haw, haw, haw!" laughed the colonel, "honest Iago's the man I'm after."

The doors of the waiting-room were thrown open, and cries of "Erste Klasse! Zweite Klasse! Dritte Klasse!" summoned the variously assorted passengers to carriages of their several degrees. The colonel lifted his little wife into a non-smoking first-class carriage, and established her against the cushioned barrier dividing the two seats, so that her feet could just reach the hot-water bottle, as he called it, and tucked her in and built her up so with wraps that she was a prodigy of comfort; and then folding about him the long fur-lined coat which she had bought him at Munich (in spite of his many protests that the fur was artificial), he sat down on the seat opposite, and proudly enjoyed the perfect content that beamed from Mrs. Kenton's face, looking so small from her heap of luxurious coverings.

"Well, Bessie, this would be very pleasant — if you could believe in it," he said, as the train smoothly rolled out of the station. "But of course it can't be genuine. There must be some dodge about it. I've no doubt you'll begin to feel perfectly horrid, the first thing you know."

Mrs. Kenton let him go on, as he did at some length, and began to drowse, while he amused himself with a gross parody of things she had said during the past four days. In those years while their wedded bliss was yet practically new, Colonel Kenton found his wife an inexhaustible source of mental refreshment. He prized beyond measure the feminine inadequacy and excess of her sayings; he had stored away such a variety of these that he was able to talk her personal parlance for an hour together; indeed, he had learnt the trick of inventing phrases so much in her manner that Mrs. Kenton never felt quite safe in disowning any monstrous thing attributed to her. Her drowse now became a little nap, and presently a delicious doze, in which she drifted far away from actual circumstance into a realm where she seemed to exist as a mere airy thought of her physical self; suddenly she lost this thought, and slept through all stops at stations and all changes of the hot-water cylinder, to renew which the guard, faithful to Colonel Kenton's bribe, alone opened the door.

"Wake up, Bessie," she heard her husband saying. "We're at Vienna."

It seemed very improbable, but she did not dispute it. "What time is it?" she asked, as she suffered herself to be lifted from the carriage into the keen air of the winter night.

"Three o'clock," said the colonel, hurrying her into the waiting-room, where she sat, still somewhat remote from herself but getting nearer and nearer, while he went off about the baggage. "Now, then," he cried cheerfully when he returned; and he led his wife out and put her into a *fiacre*. The driver bent from his perch and arrested the colonel, as he was getting in after Mrs. Kenton, with words in themselves unintelligible, but so probably in demand for neglected instructions that the colonel said, "Oh! Kaiserin Elisabeth!" and again bowed his head towards the *fiacre* door, when the driver addressed farther speech to him, so diffuse and so presumably unnecessary, that Colonel Kenton merely repeated, with rising impatience, "Kai-

serin Elisabeth, — Kaiserin Elisabeth, I tell you!" and getting in shut the fiacre door after him.

The driver remained a moment in mumbled soliloquy; then he smacked his whip and drove rapidly away. They were aware of nothing outside but the starlit winter morning in unknown streets, till they plunged at last under an archway and drew up at a sort of lodge door, from which issued an example of the universal gold-cap-banded Continental hotel *portier*, so like all others in Europe that it seemed idle for him to be leading an individual existence. He took the colonel's passport and summoned a waiter, who went bowing before them up a staircase more or less grandiose, and led them to a pleasant chamber, whither he sent directly a woman servant. She bade them a hearty good morning in her tongue, and, kneeling down before the tall porcelain stove, kindled from her apronful of blocks and sticks a fire that soon penetrated the travelers with a rich comfort. It was of course too early yet to think of breakfast, but it was fortunately not too late to think of sleep. They were both very tired, and it was almost noon when they woke. The colonel had the fire rekindled, and he ordered breakfast to be served them in their room. "Beefsteak and coffee — here!" he said, pointing to the table; and as he made Mrs. Kenton snug near the stove he expatiated in her own terms upon the perfect loveliness of the whole affair, and the touch of nature that made coffee and beefsteak the same in every language. It seemed that the Kaiserin Elisabeth knew how to serve such a breakfast in faultless taste; and they sat long over it, in that sense of sovereign satisfaction which beefsteak and coffee in your own room can best give. At last the colonel rose briskly and announced the order of the day. They were to go here, they were to stop there; they were to see this, they were to do that.

"Nothing of the kind," said Mrs. Kenton. "I am not going out at all to-day. It's too cold; and if we are to push on to Trieste to-morrow, I shall need the

whole day to get a little rested. Besides, I have some jobs of mending to do that can't be put off any longer."

The colonel listened with an air of joyous admiration. "Bessie," said he, "this is inspiration. I don't want to see their old town; and I shall ask nothing better than to spend the day with you here at our own fireside. You can sew, and I — I'll read to you, Bessie!" This was a little too gross; even Mrs. Kenton laughed at this; the act of reading being so abhorrent to Colonel Kenton's active temperament that he was notorious for his avoidance of all literature except newspapers. In about ten minutes, passed in an agreeable idealization of his purpose, which came in that time to include the perusal of all the books on Italy he had picked up on their journey, the colonel said he would go down and ask the portier if they had the New York papers.

When he returned, somewhat disconsolate, to say they had not, and had apparently never heard of the Herald or Tribune, his wife smiled subtly: "Then I suppose you'll have to go to the consul's for them."

"Why, Bessie, it is n't a thing I should have suggested; I can't bear the thoughts of leaving you here alone; but as you say! No, I'll tell you: I'll not go for the New York papers, but I will just step round and call upon the representative of the country — pay my respects to him, you know — if you wish it. But I'd far rather spend the time here with you, Bessie, in our cosy little boudoir; I would, indeed."

Mrs. Kenton now laughed outright, and — it was a tremendous sarcasm for her — asked him if he were not afraid the example of the Black Forest was becoming infectious.

"Oh come now, Bessie; no joking," pleaded the colonel, in mock distress. "I'll tell you what, my dear, the head waiter here speaks English like a — an Ollendorff; and if you get to feeling a little lonesome while I'm out, you can just ring and order something from him, you know. It will cheer you up to hear the sound of your native tongue in a for-

eign land. But, pshaw! *I* shan't be gone a minute!"

By this time the colonel had got on his overcoat and gloves, and had his hat in one hand, and was leaning over his wife, resting the other hand on the back of the chair in which she sat warming the toes of her slippers at the draft of the stove. She popped him a cheery little kiss on his mustache, and gave him a small push: "Stay as long as you like, Ned. I shall not be in the least lonesome. I shall do my mending, and then I shall take a nap, and by that time it will be dinner. You need n't come back before dinner. What hour is the table d'hôte?"

"Oh!" cried the colonel, guiltily. "The fact is, I wasn't going to tell you; I thought it would vex you so much; there is no table d'hôte here and never was. Bradshaw has been depraved by the moral atmosphere of Germany. I'd as soon trust Baedeker after this."

"Well, never mind," said Mrs. Kenton. "We can tell them to bring us what they like for dinner, and we can have it whenever *we* like."

"Bessie!" exclaimed the colonel; "I have not done justice to you, and I supposed I had. I knew how bright and beautiful you were, but I *did* n't think you were so amiable. I did n't, indeed. This is a real surprise," he said, getting out at the door. He opened it to add that he would be back in an hour, and then he went his way, with the light heart of a husband who has a day to himself with his wife's full approval.

At the consulate a still greater surprise awaited Colonel Kenton. This was the consul himself, who proved to be an old companion-in-arms, and into whose awful presence the colonel was ushered by a *Hausmeister* in a cocked hat and a gold-braided uniform finer than that of all the American major-generals put together. The friends both shouted "Hollo!" and "You don't say so!" and threw back their heads and laughed.

"Why, did n't you know I was here?" demanded the consul when the hard work of greeting was over. "I thought everybody knew that."

"Oh, I knew you were rusting out in

some of these Dutch towns, but I never supposed it was Vienna. But that does n't make any difference, so long as you *are* here." At this they smacked each other on the knees, and laughed again. That carried them by a very rough point in their astonishment, and they now composed themselves to the pleasure of telling each other how they happened to be then and there, with glances at their personal history when they were making it together in the field.

"Well, now, what are you going to do the rest of the day?" asked the consul at last, with a look at his watch. "As I understand it, you're going to spend it with me, somehow. The question is, how would you like to spend it?"

"This is a handsome offer, Davis; but I don't see how I'm to manage, exactly," replied the colonel, for the first time distinctly recalling the memory of Mrs. Kenton. "My wife would n't know what had become of me, you know."

"Oh, yes, she would," retorted the consul with a bachelor's ignorant ease of mind in a point of that kind. "We'll go round and take her with us."

The colonel gravely shook his head. "She would n't go, old fellow. She's in for a day's rest and odd jobs. I'll tell you what, I'll just drop round and let her know I've found you, and then come back again. You'll dine with us, won't you?" Colonel Kenton had not always found old comradeship a bond between Mrs. Kenton and his friends, but he believed he could safely chance it with Davis, whom she had always rather liked, — with such small regard as a lady's devotion to her husband leaves her for his friends.

"Oh, I'll *dine* with you fast enough," said his friend. "But why don't you send a note to Mrs. Kenton to say that we'll be round together, and save yourself the bother? Did you come here alone?"

"Bless your heart, no! I forgot him. The poor devil's out there, cooling his heels on your stairs all this time. I came with a complete guide to Vienna. Can't you let him in out of the weather a minute?"

"We'll have him in, so that he can take your note back; but he does n't expect to be decently treated; they don't, here. You just sit down and write it," said the consul, pushing the colonel into his own chair before his desk, and when the colonel had superscribed his note, he called in the *Lohndiener*, — patient, hat in hand, — and, "Where are you stopping?" he asked the colonel.

"Oh, I forgot that. At the Kaiserin Elisabeth. I'll just write it" —

"Never mind; we'll tell him where to take it. See here," added the consul in a serviceable Viennese German of his own construction. "Take this to the Kaiserin Elisabeth, quick," and as the man looked up in a dull surprise, "Do you hear? The Kaiserin Elisabeth!"

"I don't know what it is about that hotel," said the colonel, when the man had meekly bowed himself away, with a hat that swept the ground in honor of a handsome drink-money; "but the mention of it always seems to awaken some sort of reluctance in the minds of the lower classes. Our driver wanted to enter into conversation with me about it this morning at three o'clock, and I had to be pretty short with him. If you don't know the language, it is n't so difficult to be short in German as I've heard. And another curious thing is that Bradshaw says the Kaiserin Elisabeth has a table d'hôte, and the head waiter says she has n't, and never did have."

"Oh, you can't trust anybody in Europe," said the consul, sententiously. "I'd leave Bradshaw and the waiter to fight it out among themselves. We'll get back in time to order a dinner, — it's always better, and then we can dine alone, and have a good time."

"They could n't keep us from having a good time at a table d'hôte, even. But I don't mind."

By this time, they had got on their hats and coats and sallied forth. They first went to a café and had some of that famous Viennese coffee; and then they went to the imperial and municipal arsenals, and viewed those collections of historical bric-à-brac, including the head

of the unhappy Turkish general who was strangled by his sovereign because he failed to take Vienna in 1683. This from familiarity had no longer any effect upon the consul, but it gave Colonel Kenton prolonged pause. "I should have preferred a subordinate position in the sultan's army, I believe," he said. "Why, Davis, what a museum we could have had out of the Army of the Potomac alone, if Lincoln had been as particular as that sultan!"

From the arsenals they went to visit the parade-ground of the garrison, and came in time to see a manœuvre of the troops, at which they looked with the frank respect and reserved superiority with which our veterans seem to regard the military of Europe. Then they walked about and noted the principal monuments of the city, and strolled along the promenades and looked at the handsome officers and the beautiful women. Colonel Kenton admired the life and the gay movement everywhere; since leaving Paris he had seen nothing so much like New York. But he did not like their shoveling up the snow into carts everywhere and dumping all that fine sleighing into the Danube. "By the way," said his friend, "let's go over into Leopoldstadt, and see if we can't scare up a sleigh for a little turn in the suburbs."

"It's getting late, is n't it?" asked the colonel.

"Not so late as it looks. You know we have n't the high American sun, here."

Colonel Kenton was having such a good time that he felt no trouble about his wife, sitting over her mending in the Kaiserin Elisabeth, and he yielded joyfully, thinking how much she would like to hear about the suburbs of Vienna: a husband will go through almost any pleasure in order to give his wife an entertaining account of it afterwards; besides, a bachelor companionship is confusing: it makes many things appear right and feasible which are perhaps not so. It was not till their driver, who had turned out of the beaten track into a wayside drift to make room for another vehicle, attempted to regain the road by too

abrupt a movement, and the shafts of their sledge responded with a loud crick-crack, that Colonel Kenton perceived the error into which he had suffered himself to be led. At three miles' distance from the city, and with the winter twilight beginning to fall, he felt the pang of a sudden remorse. It grew sorer with every homeward step and with each successive failure to secure a conveyance for their return. In fine, they trudged back to Leopoldstadt, where an absurd series of discomfitures awaited them in their attempts to get a *fiacre* over into the main city. They visited all the stands known to the consul, and then they were obliged to walk. But they were not tired, and they made their distance so quickly that Colonel Kenton's spirits rose again. He was able for the first time to smile at their misadventure, and some misgivings as to how Mrs. Ellison might stand affected towards a guest under the circumstances yielded to the thought of how he should make her laugh at them both. "Good old Davis!" mused the colonel, and affectionately linked his arm through that of his friend, and they stamped through the brilliantly lighted streets gay with uniforms and the picturesque costumes with which the Levant at Vienna encounters the London and Paris fashions. Suddenly the consul arrested their movement. "Did n't you say you were stopping at the Kaiserin Elisabeth?"

"Why, yes; certainly."

"Well, it's just around the corner, here." The consul turned him about, and in another minute they walked under an archway into a court-yard, and were met by the portier at the door of his room with an inquiring obeisance.

Colonel Kenton started. The cap and the cap-band were the same; and it was to all intents and purposes the same portier who had bowed him away in the morning; but the face was different. On noting this fact Colonel Kenton observed so general a change in the appointments and even architecture of the place that, "Old fellow," he said to the consul, "you've made a little mistake; this is n't the Kaiserin Elisabeth."

The consul referred the matter to the portier. Perfectly; that was the Kaiserin Elisabeth. "Well, then," said the colonel, "tell him to have us shown to my room." The portier discovered a certain embarrassment when the colonel's pleasure was made known to him, and ventured something in reply which made the consul smile.

"Look here, Kenton," he said, "*you* 've made a little mistake, this time. You're not stopping at the Kaiserin Elisabeth!"

"Oh, pshaw! Come, now! Don't bring the consular dignity so low as to enter into a practical joke with a hotel porter. It won't do. We got into Vienna this morning at three, and drove straight to the Kaiserin Elisabeth. We had a room and fire, and breakfast about noon. Tell him who I am, and what I say."

The consul did so, the portier slowly and respectfully shaking his head at every point. When it came to the name, he turned to his books, and shook his head yet more impressively. Then he took down a letter, spelled its address, and handed it to the colonel; it was his own note to Mrs. Kenton. That quite crushed him. He looked at it in a dull, mechanical way, and nodded his head with compressed lips. Then he scanned the portier, and glanced round once more at the bedeviled architecture. "Well," said he, at last, "there's a mistake somewhere. Unless there are two Kaiserin Elisabeths — Davis, ask him if there are two Kaiserin Elisabeths."

The consul compassionately put the question, received with something like grief by the portier. Impossible!

"Then I'm not stopping at either of them," continued the colonel. "So far, so good, — if you want to call it *good*. The question is now, if I'm not stopping at the Kaiserin Elisabeth," he demanded, with sudden heat, and raising his voice, "how the devil did I get there?"

The consul at this broke into a fit of laughter so violent that the portier retired a pace or two from these maniacs and took up a safe position within his door-way. "You did n't — you did n't

—get there!” shrieked the consul. “That’s what made the whole trouble. You—you meant well, but you got somewhere else.” He took out his handkerchief and wiped the tears from his eyes.

The colonel did not laugh; he had no real pleasure in the joke. On the contrary, he treated it as a serious business. “Very well,” said he, “it will be proved next that I never told that driver to take me to the Kaiserin Elisabeth, as it appears that I never got there and am not stopping there. Will you be good enough to tell me,” he asked, with polished sarcasm, “where I *am* stopping, and why, and how?”

“I wish with all my heart I could,” gasped his friend, catching his breath, “but I can’t, and the only way is to go round to the principal hotels till we hit the right one. It won’t take long. Come!” He passed his arm through that of the colonel, and made an explanation to the portier, as if accounting for the vagaries of some harmless eccentric he had in charge. Then he pulled his friend gently away, who yielded after a survey of the portier and the court-yard with a frown in which an indignant sense of injury quite eclipsed his former bewilderment. He had still this defiant air when they came to the next hotel, and used the portier with so much severity on finding that he was not stopping there, either, that the consul was obliged to protest: “If you behave in that way, Kenton, I won’t go with you. The man’s perfectly innocent of your stopping at the wrong place; and some of these hotel people know me, and I won’t stand your bullying them. And I tell you what: you’ve got to let me have my laugh out, too. You know the thing’s perfectly ridiculous, and there’s no use putting any other face on it.” The consul did not wait for leave to have his laugh out, but had it out in a series of furious gusts. At last the colonel himself joined him, ruefully.

“Of course,” said he, “I know I’m an ass, and I would n’t mind it on my own account. I would as soon roam round after that hotel the rest of the night as not, but I can’t help feeling

anxious about my wife. I’m afraid she’ll be getting very uneasy at my being gone so long. She’s all alone, there, wherever it is, and”—

“Well, but she’s got your note. She’ll understand”—

“What a fool *you* are, Davis! *There’s* my note!” cried the colonel, opening his fist and showing a very small wad of paper in his palm. “She’d have got my note if she’d been at the Kaiserin Elisabeth, but she’s no more there than I am.”

“Oh!” said his friend, sobered at this. “To be sure! Well?”

“Well, it’s no use trying to tell a man like you. But I suppose that she’s simply distracted by this time. You don’t know what a woman is, and how she can suffer about a little matter when she gives her mind to it.”

“Oh!” said the consul again, very contritely. “I’m very sorry I laughed; but”—here he looked into the colonel’s gloomy face with a countenance contorted with agony—“this only makes it the more ridiculous, you know,” and he reeled away drunk with the mirth which filled him from head to foot. But he repented again, and with a superhuman effort so far subdued his transports as merely to quake internally, and tremble all over, as he led the way to the next hotel, arm in arm with the bewildered and embittered colonel. He encouraged the latter with much genuine sympathy, and observed a proper decorum in his interviews with one portier after another, formulating the colonel’s story very neatly, and explaining at the close that this American Herr, who had arrived at Vienna before daylight and directed his driver to take him to the Kaiserin Elisabeth, and had left his hotel at one o’clock in the belief that it was the Kaiserin Elisabeth, felt now an added eagerness to know what his hotel really was from the circumstance that his wife was there quite alone and in probable distress at his long absence. At first Colonel Kenton took a lively interest in this statement of his case, and prompted the consul with various remarks and sub-statements; he was grateful for the compassion gen-

erally shown him by the portiers, and he strove with himself to give some account of the exterior and locality of his mysterious hotel. But the fact was that he had not so much as looked behind him when he quitted it, and knew nothing about its appearance; and gradually the reiteration of the points of his misadventure to one portier after another began to be as "a tale of little meaning, though the words are strong." His personation of an American Herr in great trouble of mind was an entire failure, except as illustrating the national apathy of countenance when under the influence of strong emotion. He ceased to take part in the consul's efforts in his behalf; the whole abominable affair seemed as far beyond his forecast or endeavor as some result of malign enchantment; and there was no such thing as carrying off the tragedy with self-respect. Distressing as it was, there could be no question but it was entirely ridiculous; he hung his head with shame before the portiers at being a party to it; he no longer felt like resenting Davis's amusement; he only wondered that he could keep his face in relating the idiotic mischance. Each successive failure to discover his lodging confirmed him in his humiliation and despair. Very likely there was a way out of the difficulty, but he did not know it. He became at last almost an indifferent spectator of the consul's perseverance. He began to look back with incredulity at the period of his life passed before entering the fatal *fiasco* that morning. He received the final portier's rejection with something like a personal derision.

"That's the last place I can think of," said the consul, wiping his brow as they emerged from the court yard, for he had grown very warm with walking so much.

"Oh, all right," said the colonel languidly.

"But we won't give it up. Let's go in here and get some coffee, and think it over a bit." They were near one of the principal cafés, which was full of people smoking, and drinking the Viennese *mélange* out of tumblers.

"By all means," assented Colonel Kenton with inconsequent courtliness,

"think it over. It's all that's left us."

Matters did not look so dark, quite, after a tumbler of coffee with milk, but they did not continue to brighten so much as they ought with the cigars. "Now let us go through the facts of the case," said the consul, and the colonel wearily reproduced his original narrative with every possible circumstance. "But you know all about it," he concluded. "I don't see any end of it. I don't see but I'm to spend the rest of my life in hunting up a hotel that professes to be the Kaiserin Elisabeth, and is n't. I never knew anything like it."

"It certainly has the charm of novelty," gloomily assented the consul; it must be owned that his gloom was a respectful feint. "I have heard of men running away from their hotels, but I never did hear of a hotel running away from a man before now. Yes—hold on! I have, too. Aladdin's palace—and with Mrs. Aladdin in it, at that! It's a parallel case." Here he abandoned himself as usual, while Colonel Kenton viewed his mirth with a dreary grin. When he at last caught his breath, "I beg your pardon, I do, indeed," the consul implored. "I know just how you feel, but of course it's coming out right. We've been to all the hotels I know of, but there must be others. We'll get some more names and start at once; and if the genie has dropped your hotel anywhere this side of Africa we shall find it. If the worst comes to the worst, you can stay at my house to-night and start new to-m— Oh, I forgot!—Mrs. Kenton! Really, the whole thing is such an amusing muddle that I can't seem to get over it." He looked at Kenton with tears in his eyes, but contained himself and decorously summoned a waiter, who brought him whatever corresponds to a city directory in Vienna. "There!" he said, when he had copied into his note-book a number of addresses, "I don't think your hotel will escape us this time," and discharging his account he led the way to the door, Colonel Kenton listlessly following.

The wretched husband was now suffer-

ing all the anguish of a just remorse, and the heartlessness of his behavior in going off upon his own pleasure the whole afternoon and leaving his wife alone in a strange hotel to pass the time as she might was no less a poignant reproach, because it seemed so inconceivable in connection with what he had always taken to be the kindness and unselfishness of his character. We all know the sensation, and I know none, on the whole, so disagreeable, so little flattering, so persistent when once it has established itself in the ill doer's consciousness. To find out that you are not so good or generous or magnanimous as you thought is, next to having other people find it out, probably the unfriendliest discovery that can be made. But I suppose it has its uses. Colonel Kenton now saw the unhandsoneness of his leaving his wife at all, and he beheld in its true light his shabbiness in not going back to tell her he had found his old friend and was to bring him to dinner. The Lohndiener would of course have taken him straight to his hotel, and he would have been spared this shameful exposure which, he knew well enough, Davis would never forget, but would tell all his life with an ever increasing garniture of fiction. He cursed his weakness in allowing himself to dawdle about those arsenals and that parade-ground, and to be so far misguided by a hardened bachelor as to admire certain yellow-haired German and black-haired Hungarian women on the promenade; when he came to think of going out in that sledge, it was with anathema maranatha. He groaned in spirit, but he owned that he was rightly punished, though it seemed hard that his wife should be punished too; and then he went on miserably to figure first her slight surprise at his being gone so long; then her vague uneasiness and her conjectures; then her dawning apprehensions and her helplessness; her probable sending to the consulate to find out what had become of him; her dismay at learning nothing of him there; her waiting and waiting in wild dismay as the moments and hours went by; her frenzied running to the door at every step and

her despair when it proved not his. He had seen her suffering from less causes. And where was she? In what low, shabby tavern had he left her? He choked with rage and grief and could hardly speak to the gentleman, a naturalized fellow-citizen of Vienna, to whom he found the consul introducing him.

"I wonder if you can't help us," said the consul. "My friend here is the victim of a curious annoyance," and he stated the case in language so sympathetic and decorous as to restore some small shreds of the colonel's self-respect.

"Ah," said their new acquaintance, who was mercifully not a man of humor, or too polite to seem so, "that's another trick of those scamps of fiacre-drivers. He took you purposely to the wrong hotel, and was probably feed by the landlord for bringing you. But why should you make yourselves so much trouble? You know Colonel Kenton's landlord had to send his name to the police as soon as he came, and you can get his address there at once."

"Good-by!" said the consul very hastily, with a crest-fallen air. "Come along, Kenton."

"What did he send my name to the police for?" demanded the colonel, in the open air.

"Oh! It's a form. They do it with all travelers. It's merely to secure the imperial government against your machinations."

"And do you mean to say you ought to have known," cried the colonel, halting him, "that you could have found out where I was from the police at once, before we had walked all over this moral vineyard, and wasted half a precious life-time?"

"Kenton," contritely admitted the other, "I never happened to think of it."

"Well, Davis, you're a pretty consul!" That was all the colonel said, and though his friend was voluble in self-exculpation and condemnation, he did not answer him a word till they arrived at the police office. A few brief questions and replies between the commissary and the consul solved the long mystery, and Colonel Kenton had once more

a hotel over his head. The commissary certified to the respectability of the place, but invited the colonel to prosecute the driver of the fiacre in behalf of the general public, which seemed so right a thing that the colonel entered into it with zeal and then suddenly relinquished it, remembering that he had not the rogue's number, that he had not so much as looked at him, and that he knew no more what manner of man he was than his own image in a glass. Under the circumstances, the commissary admitted that it was impossible, and as to bringing the landlord to justice, nothing could be proved against him.

"Will you ask him," said the colonel, "the outside price of a first-class assault and battery in Vienna?" The consul put as much of this idea into German as the language would contain, which was enough to make the commissary laugh and shake his head warningly.

"It would n't do, he says, Kenton; it is n't the custom of the country."

"Very well, then, I don't see why we should occupy his time." He gave his hand to the commissary, whom he would have liked to embrace, and then hurried forth again with the consul. "There is one little thing worries me still," he said. "I suppose Mrs. Kenton is simply crazy by this time."

"Is she of a very — nervous — disposition?" faltered the consul.

"Nervous? Well, if you could witness the expression of her emotions in regard to mice, you would n't ask that question, Davis."

At this desolating reply the consul was mute for a moment. Then he ventured: "I've heard — or read, I don't know which — that women have more real fortitude than men, and that they find a kind of moral support in an actual emergency that they would n't find in — mice."

"Pshaw!" answered the colonel. "You wait till you see Mrs. Kenton."

"Look here, Kenton," said the consul, seriously, and stopping short. "I've been thinking that perhaps — I — I had better dine with you some other day. The fact is, the situation now seems so

purely domestic that a third person, you know" —

"Come along!" cried the colonel. "I want you to help me out of this scrape. I'm going to leave that hotel as soon as I can put my things together, and you've got to browbeat the landlord for me, while I go up and reassure my wife long enough to get her out of that den of thieves. What did you say the scoundrelly name was?"

"The Gasthof zum Wilden Manne."

"And what does Wildun Manny mean?"

"The Sign of the Savage, we should make it, I suppose: the Wild Man."

"Well, I don't know whether it was named after me or not, but if I'd found that sign anywhere for the last four or five hours, I should have known it for home. There has n't been any wilder man in Vienna since the town was laid out, I reckon; and I don't believe there ever was a wilder woman anywhere than Mrs. Kenton is at this instant."

Arrived at the Sign of the Savage, Colonel Kenton left his friend below with the portier, and mounting the stairs three steps at a time flew to his room. Flinging open the door, he beheld his wife dressed in one of her best silks, before the mirror, bestowing some last prinks, touching her back hair with her hand, and twitching the bow at her throat into perfect place. She smiled at him in the glass, and said, "Where's Captain Davis?"

"Captain Davis?" gasped the colonel, dry-tongued with anxiety and fatigue. "Oh! *He's* down there. He'll be up directly."

She turned and came forward to him: "How do you like it?" Then she advanced near enough to encounter the mustache: "Why, how heated and tired you look!"

"Yes, yes, — we've been walking. I — I'm rather late, ain't I, Bessie?"

"About an hour. I ordered dinner at six, and it's nearly seven now." The colonel started; he had not dared to look at his watch, and he had supposed it must be about ten o'clock; it seemed years since his search for the hotel had

begun. But he said nothing; he felt that in some mysterious and unmerited manner Heaven was having mercy upon him, and he accepted the grace in the sneaking way we all accept mercy. "I knew you 'd stay longer than you expected, when you found it was Davis."

"How did you know it was Davis?" asked the colonel, blindly feeling his way.

Mrs. Kenton picked up her Almanach de Gotha. "It has all the consular and diplomatic corps in it."

"I won't laugh at it any more," said the colonel humbly. "Weren't you — uneasy, Bessie?"

"No! I mended away, here, and fussed round the whole afternoon, putting the trunks to rights, and I got out this dress and ran a bit of lace into the collar; and then I ordered dinner, for I knew you 'd bring the captain; and I took a nap, and by that it was nearly dinner time."

"Oh!", said the colonel.

"Yes; and the head waiter was as polite as peas; they 've all been very attentive. I shall certainly recommend everybody to the Kaiserin Elisabeth."

"Yes," assented the wretched man. "I reckon it's about the best hotel in Vienna."

"Well, now, go and get Captain Davis. You can bring him right in here; we're only travelers. Why, what makes you act so queerly? Has anything happened?" Mrs. Kenton was surprised to find herself gathered into her husband's arms and embraced with a rapture for which she could see no particular reason.

"Bessie," said her husband, "I told you this morning that you were amiable as well as bright and beautiful; I now wish to add that you are sensible. I'm awfully ashamed of being gone so long. But the fact is we had a little accident. Our sleigh broke down out in the country, and we had to walk back."

"Oh, you poor old fellow! No wonder you look tired."

He accepted the balm of her compassion like a candid and innocent man: "Yes, it was pretty rough. But I did n't mind it, except on your account. I thought the delay would make you un-

easy." With that he went out to the head of the stairs and called, "Davis!"

"Yes!" responded the consul, and he ascended the stairs in such trepidation that he tripped and fell part of the way up.

"Have you been saying anything to that man about my going away?"

"No, I've simply been blowing him up on the fiacre driver's account. He swears they are innocent of collusion. But of course they're not."

"Well, all right. Mrs. Kenton is waiting for us to go to dinner. And look here," whispered the colonel, "don't you open your mouth, except to put something into it, till I give you the cue."

The dinner was charming and had suffered little or nothing from the delay. Mrs. Kenton was in raptures with it, and after a thimbleful of the good Hungarian wine had attuned her tongue, she began to sing the praises of the Kaiserin Elisabeth.

"The K—" began the consul, who had hitherto guarded himself very well. But the colonel arrested him at that letter with a terrible look. He returned the look with a glance of intelligence, and resumed: "The Kaiserin Elisabeth has the best cook in Vienna."

"And everybody about has such nice honest faces," said Mrs. Kenton. "I'm sure I could n't have felt anxious if you had n't come till midnight: I knew I was perfectly secure here."

"Quite right, quite right," said the consul. "All classes of the Viennese are so faithful. Now, I dare say you could have trusted that driver of yours, who brought you here before daylight this morning, with untold gold. No stranger need fear any of the tricks ordinarily practiced upon travelers in Vienna. They are a truthful, honest, virtuous population, — like all the Germans in fact."

"There, Ned! What do you say to that, with your Black Forest nonsense?" triumphed Mrs. Kenton.

Colonel Kenton laughed sheepishly: "Well, I take it all back, Bessie. I was n't quite satisfied with the appearance of the Black Forest country when I came to it," he explained to the consul, "and

Mrs. Kenton and I had our little joke about the fraudulent nature of the Germans."

"Our little joke!" retorted his wife. "I wish we were going to stay longer in Vienna. They say you have to make bargains for everything in Italy, and here I suppose I could shop just as at home."

"Precisely," said the consul; the Viennese shop-keepers being the most notorious Jews in Europe.

"Oh, we can't stop longer than till the morning," remarked the colonel. "I shall be sorry to leave Vienna and the Kaiserin Elisabeth, but we must go."

"Better hang on awhile; you won't find many hotels like it, Kenton," observed his friend.

"No, I suppose not," sighed the colonel; "but I'll get the address of their correspondent in Venice and stop there."

Thus these craven spirits combined to delude and deceive the helpless woman of whom half an hour before they had stood in such abject terror. If they had found her in hysterics they would have pitied and respected her, but her good sense, her amiability and noble self-control subjected her to their shameless mockery.

Colonel Kenton followed the consul down-stairs when he went away, and pretended to justify himself. "I'll tell her one of these days," he said, "but there's no use distressing her now."

"I did n't understand you at first," said the other. "But I see now it was the only way."

"Yes; saves needless suffering. I say, Davis, this is about an even thing between us? A United States consul ought to be of some use to his fellow-citizens abroad, and if he allows them to walk their legs off hunting up a hotel which he could have found at the first police-station if *he had happened to think of it*, he won't be very anxious to tell the joke, I suppose?"

"I don't propose to write home to the papers about it."

"All right." So, in the court-yard of the Wild Man they parted. Long after that Mrs. Kenton continued to recommend people to the Kaiserin Elisabeth. Even when the truth was made known to her she did not see much to laugh at. "I'm sure I was always very glad the colonel didn't tell me at once," she said, "for if I had known what I had been through, I certainly *should* have gone distracted."

W. D. Howells.

LOVE IN MAY.

So sweet, they say, to fall asleep
Some night a bud and wake a rose,
Which means a queen, by right of all
The wind-blown bounties she bestows.

And sweet to find a sudden ring
Of suitors round one's new-born wiles, —
To tilt and glow on bending stem
In the full summer of their smiles;

To read one's fairness in their eyes,
To turn a velvet cheek to each,
To blush on all, but when the bold
Essay to pluck, sway out of reach.

But I am only this, a poor
 Pale promise of a rose, you see, —
 No queen as yet with largess sweet,
 And only one has smiled on me.

To the dear faith that guesses at
 The rose I yield, nor can withstand;
 Each folded grace its summer finds
 In the warm hollow of thy hand.

Annie R. Annan.

A CENTURY OF CONGRESS.

WE have seen the close of our memorial year, during which societies, the States, and the nation have been reviewing the completed century and forecasting the character of that which has just begun.

Our people have been tracing the footprints of the fathers along the many paths which united to form the great highway whereon forty-four millions of Americans are now marching. If we would profit by the great lessons of the centennial year, we must study thoughtfully and reverently the elements and forces that have made the republic what it is, and which will in a great measure shape and direct its future.

No study of these themes can lead to a just view of our institutions which does not include within its range a survey of the history and functions of

and the vital force, the informing soul, of the town was the town-meeting, which for all local concerns was king, lords, and commons in one. It was the training-school in which our fathers learned the science and the art of self-government, the school which has made us the most parliamentary people on the globe.

In what other quarter of the world could such a phenomenon have been witnessed as the creation of the state government of California, in 1849, when out of the most heterogeneous and discordant elements a constitution and body of laws were framed and adopted which challenge comparison with those of the oldest governments in the world? This achievement was due to the law-making habit of Americans. The spirit of the town-meeting guided the colonies in their aspirations for independence, and finally created the Union. The Congress of the Union is the most general and comprehensive expression of this legislative habit of our people.

The materials for tracing the origin of Congress are scanty; but they are sufficient to show the spirit which gave it birth.

The idea of a congress on this continent sprang from the necessity of union among the colonies for mutual protection; and the desire for union logically expressed itself in an intercolonial representative assembly. Every such as-

THE AMERICAN CONGRESS.

Indeed, the history of liberty and union in this country, as developed by the men of 1776 and maintained by their successors, is inseparably connected with the history of the national legislature. Nor can they be separated in the future. The Union and the Congress must share the same fate. They must rise or fall together.

The germ of our political institutions, the primary cell from which they were evolved, was the New England town;

sembly in America has been a more or less marked symbol of union.

THE FIRST AMERICAN CONGRESS.

AMERICAN UNION.

The first decisive act of union among the colonists was the convention of 1690, at New York. The revolution of 1689, in England, resulted in immediate and desperate war between that country and France, and soon involved the British and French colonies of America. The French of Canada, aided by the northern Indians, determined to carry the flag of Louis XIV. down the valley of the Hudson, and thus break in twain the British colonies. To meet this danger and to retaliate upon France, the General Court of Massachusetts, ever watchful of the welfare of its people, addressed letters of invitation to the neighboring colonies, asking them to appoint commissioners to meet and consult for the common defense. These commissioners met in convention, at New York, on the 1st of May, 1690, and determined to raise an "army" of eight hundred and fifty-five men, from the five colonies of New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Plymouth, and Maryland, to repel the threatened invasion and to capture Canada in the name of William and Mary.¹ Some of our historians have called this meeting of commissioners "the first American Congress." I find no evidence that the name "Congress" was then applied to that assembly; though it is doubtless true that its organization and mode of procedure contained the germ of the future Congress.

The New York convention called upon each of the five colonies for its quota of troops for the little army, and intrusted the management of the campaign to a board or council of war consisting of one officer from each colony. The several quotas were proportioned to the population of the several colonies, while the great and small colonies had an equal voice in directing the expedition. Here, in embryo, was the duplex system of popular and state representation.

¹ Doc. History of New York, vol. ii., page 239, and Bancroft's History, vol. iii., page 183.

Sixty-four years later, a convention of commissioners from seven of the colonies met at Albany and called themselves a "Congress." So far as I have been able to discover, this was the first American assembly which called itself by that name. It was probably adopted because the convention bore some resemblance to that species of European international convention which in the language of diplomacy was called a congress.

In order to obtain a clearer view of this important Albany Congress of 1754, we must understand the events which immediately preceded it.

In 1748, in obedience to orders from England, the governors of the northern colonies met at Albany to conclude a treaty of peace with the Six-Nations. After this was accomplished, the governors, sitting in secret council, united in a complaint that their salaries were not promptly and regularly paid, but that the colonial legislatures insisted upon the right to determine, by annual appropriations, the amounts to be paid.

This petition, forwarded to the dissolute Duke of Bedford, then at the head of the colonial administration, was answered by a royal order directing the governors to demand from the colonial legislatures the payment of fixed salaries for a term of years, and threatening that if this were not done, Parliament would impose upon the colonies a direct tax for that purpose. Thus the first overt act which led to the Revolution was a demand for higher salaries; and, on the motion of the colonial governors at Albany, the British Board of Trade opened the debate in favor of parliamentary supremacy. Six years later came the reply from seven colonies through the Albany Congress of 1754.

War with France was again imminent. Her battalions had descended the Ohio, and were threatening the northern frontier. The colonial governors called upon the legislatures to send commissioners to Albany to secure the alliance of the Six-Nations against the French, and to adopt measures for the common defense.

On the 19th of June, 1754, twenty-five commissioners met at the little village of Albany, and, following the example of the governors who met there six years before, completed their treaty with the Indians, and then opened the question of a colonial union for common defense.

Foremost among the commissioners was Benjamin Franklin; and through his voice and pen the Congress and the colonies replied to the demands of England by proposing a plan of union to be founded upon the rights of the colonies as Englishmen. If his plan had been adopted, independence might have been delayed for half a century. Curiously enough, it was rejected by the colonies as having "too much of the prerogative in it," and by England as having "too much of the democratic."

But the talismanic words "Union" and "Congress" had been spoken, and from that hour were never forgotten. The argument for colonial rights had also been stated in the perfect style of Franklin, and was never to be answered.

THE CONGRESS OF 1765.

The second assembly which called itself a Congress met at New York, in 1765. The mercantile policy of England, embodied in the long series of navigation acts, had finally culminated in Lord Grenville's stamp act and the general assertion of the right of Parliament to tax the colonies in all cases whatsoever. Again Massachusetts led the movement for union and resistance. On the 6th of June, 1765, her legislature adopted a resolution, offered by James Otis, to call a congress of delegates of the thirteen colonies, "to consult together" and "consider of a united representation to implore relief." This call was answered by every colony; and on the 7th of October, 1765, twenty-seven delegates met at New York, and elected Timothy Ruggles, of Massachusetts, chairman.

There for the first time James Otis saw John Dickinson; there Gadsden and Rutledge sat beside Livingston and Dyer; there the brightest minds of America

joined in the discussion of their common danger and common rights. The session lasted eighteen days. Its deliberations were most solemn and momentous. Loyalty to the crown and a shrinking dread of opposing established authority were met by the fiery spirit which glowed in the breasts of the boldest thinkers. Amidst the doubt and hesitation of the hour, John Adams gave voice to the logic and spirit of the crisis when he said: "You have rights antecedent to all earthly governments; rights that cannot be repealed or restrained by human laws; rights derived from the great Law-giver of the universe."

Before adjourning they drafted and adopted a series of masterly addresses to the king, to the Parliament, to the people of England, and to their brethren of the colonies. They had formulated the thoughts of the people, and given voice to their aspirations for liberty. That Congress was indeed "the day-star of the Revolution;" for though most of its members were devotedly loyal to the crown, yet, as Bancroft has said, some, like James Otis, as they went away from that Congress, "seemed to hear the prophetic song of the sibyls chanting the spring-time of a new empire."

THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS OF 1774.

Nine more years of supplication and neglect, of ministerial madness and stubborn colonial resistance, bring us to the early autumn of 1774, when the Continental Congress was assembling at Philadelphia. This time, the alarm had been sounded by New York that a sister colony was being strangled by the heavy hand of a despotic ministry. The response was immediate and almost unanimous. From eleven colonies came the foremost spirits to take counsel for the common weal. From the assaulted colony came Samuel and John Adams, Cushing and Paine. They set out from Boston in August, escorted by great numbers as far as Watertown. Their journey was a solemn and triumphant march. The men of Hartford met them

with pledges to "abide by the resolves which Congress might adopt," and accompanied them to Middletown with carriages and a cavalcade. The bells of New Haven welcomed them, and Roger Sherman addressed them. After visiting the grave of the regicide Bidwell, they left New Haven to be received at New York by the "Sons of Liberty," who attended them across the Hudson. Everywhere they were exhorted to be true to the honor of England and the liberties of America.¹

With them, from New York and New England, came Jay and Livingston, Sherman and Deane, Hopkins and Duane. From the south came Washington and Henry, Randolph and Lee, Gadsden and Rutledge, and many other names now familiar; in all fifty-five men, sent by eleven colonies.

On Monday, the 5th of September, 1774, they met at Smith's Tavern, in Philadelphia, and proceeded in a body to the Hall of the Carpenters. With what dignity and solemnity they began their work! Choosing for president Peyton Randolph, of Virginia, and for secretary the gentle and learned Charles Thomson, the translator of the Septuagint and the Greek Testament, they formally declared themselves "the Congress," and their chairman "the President." And how soon the spirit of union, in the presence of a common danger, began to melt down the sharp differences of individual opinion!

The first psalm and prayer to which that Congress listened sounded like a chapter of history and prophecy combined. The psalm was not selected for the occasion, but was a part of the regular Episcopal service for that day, the 7th of the month: "Plead thou my cause, O Lord, with them that strive with me, and fight thou against them that fight against me. Lay hand upon the shield and buckler, and stand up to help me. Bring forth the spear, and stop the way against them that persecute me. Let them be turned back and brought to confusion that imagine mischief for me. Let them be as the dust

before the wind, and let the angel of the Lord scatter them." When the minister had ended the formal service, the spirit of the occasion burst forth from his lips in these memorable words of prayer: "Look down upon these American States who have fled to thee from the rod of the oppressor, and have thrown themselves on thy precious protection, desiring to be henceforth dependent only on thee; to thee they have appealed for the righteousness of their cause."

What would we not give for a complete record of the proceedings of that Congress! It sat with closed doors, with no reporters, and made no official record except the brief journal of motions and votes. To this journal, to private letters, and tradition, we are indebted for all we know of its proceedings.

The delegates were clothed with no legislative powers. They could only consult and recommend. But they held higher commissions than any which can be embodied in formal credentials. It was their high duty to formulate the thoughts and express the aspirations of the New World. Yet no organized body of men ever directed with more absolute sway the opinions and conduct of a nation.

As a reply to the Boston Port Bill, they requested all merchants and traders to send to Great Britain for no more goods until the sense of the Congress should be taken on the means for preserving the liberties of America. And this request was at once complied with. Knowing that the conduct of England was inspired by greed, that she had adopted the shop-keepers' policy, Congress resolved that, after a given date, the colonies would not buy from England nor sell to her merchants any commodity whatever, unless before that date the grievances of America should be redressed. And public sentiment rigidly enforced the resolution. With more distinctness and solemnity than ever before, the cause of the colonists, based on the inalienable laws of nature and the principles of the English constitution, was declared in addresses to the king, to the Parliament, and to the people of Amer-

¹ Bancroft, vol. vii., chaps. viii., ix.

ica; and, recommending that a new Congress be called the following spring, the Congress of 1774 adjourned, without day, on the 14th of October. The most striking fact connected with that Congress is that its resolutions were obeyed as though they had been clothed with all the sanctions of law. I doubt whether any law of Congress or of any state legislature has been so fully obeyed, in letter and spirit, as were the recommendations of the Continental Congress of 1774. But its action had been far from unanimous. There were strong men, like Jay, who were conservative by nature and culture, and who restrained the more fiery enthusiasm of Henry and Adams; there were timid members who shrank from a contest with the royal authority; and there were traitors to the cause, who, like Galloway, secured a seat that they might more effectively serve the king as a royal spy.

The resolves of that Congress and its address to the colonies were potent educating forces which prepared the people for a great struggle.

Franklin was in England at that time, as the agent of the colonies, and presented the petitions of Congress. Parliament answered by declaring Massachusetts in rebellion. The king replied by sending an army to Boston and by offering to protect all loyal Americans, but ordering all others to be treated as traitors and rebels.

THE CONGRESS OF THE REVOLUTION AND OF THE CONFEDERATION.

On the 10th of May, 1775, on the morning of the capture of Ticonderoga by Ethan Allen, the second Continental Congress assembled at Philadelphia. The conduct of the king and Parliament, and the events at Boston, Lexington, and Concord, had already demonstrated the impossibility of reconciliation. It is difficult to imagine a situation more perplexing and more perilous than that which confronted the fifty-four members of the Congress of 1775. Their jurisdiction and powers were vague and uncertain; they were in fact only committees from

twelve colonies, deputed to consult upon measures of conciliation, but with no means of resistance to oppression beyond the voluntary agreement to suspend importations from Great Britain. "They formed no confederacy. They were not an executive government. They were not even a legislative body. They owed the use of a hall for their sessions to the courtesy of the carpenters of the city; there was not a foot of land on which they had a right to execute their decisions, and they had not one civil officer to carry out their commands, nor the power to appoint one." They had no army, no treasury, no authority to tax, no right but to give counsel. "They represented only the unformed opinion of an unformed people."

Yet that body was to undertake the great argument of reason with the foremost statesmen of Europe, and the greater argument of war with the first military power of the world. That Congress was to consolidate the vast and varied interests of a continent, express the will and opinion of three millions of people, and, amid the wreck and chaos of ruined colonial governments, rear the solid superstructure of a great republic. Strange as it now seems to us, timidity and conservatism controlled its action for nearly a year. The tie of affection that bound the colonists to England was too strong to be rudely severed. They deluded themselves by believing that while the tory party was their enemy, England was still their friend. Though their petition had been spurned with contempt, yet they postponed the most pressing necessities of the time in order to send a second humble petition and await an answer. After all, this delay was wise: the slow process of growth was going forward and could not be hastened. It was necessary that all thoughtful men should see the hopelessness of reconciliation. It was necessary that the Dickinsons and the Jays should be satisfied. In the mean time, Congress was not idle: it was laying the foundation of the structure soon to be reared. In its proceedings, we find the origin of many customs which still prevail. On the 15th of May, 1775, it was

ordered "that this body will to-morrow resolve itself into a committee of the whole, to take into consideration the state of America." This formula, modified only by the change of a single word, still describes the act by which each branch of our Congress resolves itself into "a committee of the whole on the state of the Union."

On the 31st of May, 1775, on motion of Dr. Franklin, a committee was appointed to provide for "establishing post for conveying letters and intelligence through the continent." Franklin was made chairman of the committee, and thus became, in fact, the first postmaster-general of the United States.

By resolution of June 14, 1775, Washington was made the chairman of our first committee on military affairs.

On the 27th of May, 1775, it was resolved that Mr. Washington, Mr. Schuyler, Mr. Mifflin, Mr. Deane, and Mr. Samuel Adams be a committee to consider of ways and means to supply these colonies with ammunition and military stores. Thus Washington was the chairman of our first committee of ways and means.

While Congress was waiting for the king's answer to its second petition, Franklin revived the "plan of union" which he had suggested twenty-one years before, at the Albany Congress, and which finally, with a few changes, became the Articles of Confederation.

It was not until the spring of 1776 that the action of the British government destroyed all hopes of reconciliation; and when, at last, the great declaration was adopted, both the colonies and the Congress saw that their only safety lay in the boldest measures. By the Declaration of Independence, the sovereignty of the colonies was withdrawn from the British crown and lodged in the Continental Congress. No one of the colonies was ever independent or sovereign. No one colony declared itself independent of Great Britain; nor was the declaration made by all the colonies together as *colonies*.¹ It was made in

the name and by the authority of the good people of the colonies as one nation. By that act they created not independent States, but an independent nation, and named it "The United States of America;" and, by the consent of the people, the sovereignty of the new nation was lodged in the Continental Congress. This is true, not only in point of law, but as a historical fact. The Congress became the only legislative, executive, and judicial power of the nation; the army became the army of the Continental Congress. One of its regiments, which was recruited from the nation generally, was called "Congress's Own," as a sort of reply to the "King's Own," a royal regiment stationed at Boston. Officers were commissioned by Congress, and were sworn to obey its orders. The president of Congress was the chief executive officer of the nation. The chairmen of committees were heads of the executive departments. A committee sat as judges in admiralty and prize cases. The power of Congress was unlimited by any law or regulation, except the consent of the people themselves.

On the first day of March, 1781, the Articles of Confederation, drafted by Congress, became the law of the land. But the functions of Congress were so slightly changed that we may say, with almost literal truth, that the Continental Congress which met on the 10th of May, 1775, continued unchanged in its character, and held an almost continuous session for thirteen years.

"History knows few bodies so remarkable. The Long Parliament of Charles I. and the French National Assembly of the last century are alone to be compared with it." Strange as it may appear, the acts of the Continental Congress which finally brought most disaster to the people were those which gave to Congress its chief power. With no authority to levy direct taxes, Congress had but one resource for raising revenue: forced loans, in the form of bills of credit. And, so long as the Continental money maintained a reasonable share of credit, Congress was powerful. It was able to pay its army, its officers, and its agents, and

¹ Von Holst's Constitutional History of the United States, page 6.

thus to tide over the most difficult period of the Revolution.

Great and conspicuous as were the services of the Continental Congress, it did not escape the fate which has pursued its successors. Jealousy of its power was manifested in a thousand ways; and the epithet "King Cong" was the by-word of reproach during the latter half of the war. The people could not hear with patience that the members of Congress were living in comfort while the soldiers were starving and freezing at Valley Forge. They accused Congress of weakness, indecision, and delay; of withholding its full confidence from Washington; and finally of plotting to supersede him by assigning an ambitious rival to his place. It is no doubt true that some intriguing members favored this disgraceful and treacherous design; but they would not have been representative men if all had been patriots and sages.

The Continental Congress was a migratory body, compelled sometimes to retire before the advance of the British army, and sometimes to escape the violence of the mob who assaulted its doors and demanded appropriations. Beginning its session in Philadelphia, it took refuge in Baltimore before the end of 1776. Later, it returned to Philadelphia; went thence to Lancaster; thence to York; then again to Philadelphia; thence, in succession, to Princeton, to Annapolis, and to Trenton; and finally terminated its career in the city of New York.

The estimation in which that Congress was held is the best gauge by which to judge of the strength and weakness of our government under the confederation. While the inspiration of the war fired the hearts of the people, Congress was powerful; but when the victory was won, and the long arrears of debts and claims came up for payment, the power of Congress began to wane. Smitten with the curse of poverty and the greater curse of depreciated paper money, loaded with debts they could not pay, living as "pensioners on the bounty of France, insulted and scouted at by the

public creditors, unable to fulfill the treaties they had made, bearded and encroached upon by the state authorities, finally begging for additional authority which the States refused to grant, thrown more and more into the shade by the very contrast of former power, the Continental Congress sank fast into decrepitude and contempt."¹

During the last three or four years of its existence, few men of first-class abilities were willing to serve as members; it was difficult to secure the attendance of those who were elected; and when a quorum was obtained, it was impossible, under the articles of confederation, to accomplish any worthy work. Even after the adoption of the new constitution, the old Congress was so feeble that for many months it was doubtful whether it had enough vitality left to pass the necessary ordinance appointing the day for the presidential election and the day for putting the new government in motion.

With a narrowness and selfishness almost incredible, the old Congress wrangled and debated and disagreed for weeks and months before they could determine where the new government should find its temporary seat.

It is sad to reflect that a body whose early record was so glorious should be doomed to drag out a feeble existence for many months, and expire at last without a sign, with not even the power to announce its own dissolution.

I have always regarded our national constitution as the most remarkable achievement in the history of legislation. As the weakness of the old confederation became more apparent, the power of the separate States became greater, and the difficulties of union were correspondingly increased. It needed all the appreciation of common danger, springing from such popular tumults as Shay's Rebellion, all the foreign complications that grew out of the weakness of the confederation, and, finally, all the authority of the fathers of the Revolution, with Washington at their head, to frame the constitution and to secure its adoption.

¹ Hildreth, vol. iii., page 547.

We are apt to forget how near our government was brought to the verge of chaos, and to forget by how small a vote the constitution was adopted in many of the States. Only in Delaware, New Jersey, and Georgia was the vote unanimous. Even Massachusetts gave it but a majority of nineteen out of a vote of three hundred and fifty-six. In Virginia it received but ten majority, in New Hampshire eleven, and in Pennsylvania twenty-three. These votes disclose the strength of the political parties, federal and anti-federal, to which the constitution gave birth. This brings us to

THE CONGRESS OF THE CONSTITUTION,

which began its first session at New York on the 4th of March, 1789.

Fears were entertained that some of the States might neglect or refuse to elect senators and representatives. Three States had hitherto refused to adopt the constitution. More than a month passed before a quorum of the senate and house appeared in New York; but on the 6th of April, 1789, a quorum of both houses met in joint session and witnessed the opening and counting of the votes for president and vice-president by John Langdon. Having dispatched the venerable Charles Thomson, late secretary of the old Congress, to Mount Vernon to inform Washington of his election, the new Congress addressed itself to the great work required by the constitution. The three sessions of the first Congress lasted in the aggregate five hundred and nineteen days, exceeding by more than fifty days the sessions of any subsequent Congress. It was the high duty of this body to interpret the powers conferred upon it by the constitution, and to put in motion not only the machinery of the senate and house, but the more complex machinery of the executive and judicial departments.

It is worth while to observe with what largeness of comprehension and minuteness of detail the members of that Congress studied the problems before them. While Washington was making his way from Mount Vernon to New York, they

were determining with what ceremonials he should be received, and with what formalities the intercourse between the president and the Congress should be conducted. A joint committee of both houses met him on the Jersey shore, in a richly furnished barge, and, landing at the Battery, escorted him to the residence which Congress had prepared and furnished for his reception. Then came the question of the title by which he should be addressed. The senate insisted that "a decent respect for the opinion and practice of civilized nations required a special title," and proposed that the president should be addressed as "his highness, the president of the United States of America, and protector of their liberties." At the earnest remonstrance of the more republican house, the senate gave way, and finally agreed that he should be addressed simply as "the president of the United States."

It was determined that the president should, in person, deliver his "annual speech," as it was then called, to the two houses in joint session; and that each house should adopt an address in reply, to be delivered to the president at his official residence.

These formalities were manifestly borrowed from the practice of the British Parliament, and were maintained until near the close of Jefferson's administration.

Communications from the executive departments were also to be made to the two houses by the heads of those departments in person. This custom was unfortunately swept away by the republican reaction which set in a few years later.

Among questions of ceremony were also the rules by which the president should regulate his social relations to citizens. Washington addressed a long letter of inquiry to John Adams, and to several other leading statesmen of that time, asking their advice on this subject. The inquiry resulted in the conclusion that the president should be under no obligation to make or return any social call; but regular days were appointed,

on which the president should hold levees and thus maintain social intercourse with his fellow-citizens. At these assemblages the president and Mrs. Washington occupied an elevated dais, and introductory ceremonies of obeisance and salutation were carefully prescribed.

Not less curious, as indicating the spirit of that time, were the formalities of intercourse between the two branches of Congress. When a communication was sent from one house to the other, the messenger was required to make his obeisance as he entered the bar, a second as he delivered his message to the presiding officer, a third after its delivery, and a final obeisance as he retired from the hall. It was much debated whether the members of each house should remain standing while a communication was being delivered from the other. These formalities were subsequently much abridged, though traces of them still remain.

In adopting its rules of procedure, the house provided, among other things, that the sergeant-at-arms should procure a proper symbol of his office, of such form and device as the speaker should direct, to be placed *on* the table during the sitting of the house, but *under* the table when the house is in committee of the whole; said symbol to be borne by the sergeant-at-arms when executing the commands of the house during its sitting. This symbol, now called the speaker's mace, modeled after the Roman *fascies*, is a bundle of ebony rods, fastened with silver bands, having at its top a silver globe surmounted by a silver eagle. In the red-republican period of Jefferson's administration, an attempt was made to banish the mace; and a zealous economist in the House of Representatives proposed to melt down and coin its silver, and convert the proceeds into the treasury. The motion failed, however, and the mace still holds its place at the right hand of the speaker, when the house is in session.

The house conducted its proceedings with open doors; but the senate, following the example of the Continental Congress, held all sessions in secret until

near the end of the second Congress. Since then, its doors have been closed during executive sessions only.

It is greatly to the credit of the eminent men who sat in the first Congress that they deliberated long and carefully before they completed any work of legislation. They had been in session four months when their first bill, "relating to the time and manner of administering certain oaths," became a law. Then followed in quick succession the great statutes of the session: to provide a revenue to fill the empty treasury of the nation; to create the department of the treasury, the department of foreign affairs, the department of war; to create an army; to regulate commerce; to establish the government of our vast territory; and, that monument of juridical learning, the act to establish the judiciary of the United States.

I must not omit from this summary the ninth statute in the order of time, the "act for the establishment and support of light-houses, beacons, buoys, and public piers." As an example of broad-minded statesmanship on the subject, that statute stands alone in the legislative history of the last century. Everywhere else the commerce of the ocean was annoyed and obstructed by unjust and vexatious light-house charges. But our first Congress, in a brief statute of four sections, provided "that from the 15th day of August, 1789, all the light-houses, beacons, buoys, and public piers of the United States shall be maintained at the expense of the national treasury." From that date the lights of our coast have shone free as the sunlight for all the ships of the world.

Great as were the merits of that first Congress, it was not free from many of the blemishes which have clouded the fame of its successors. It dampens not a little our enthusiasm for the "superior virtues of the fathers" to learn that Hamilton's monument of statesmanship, the funding bill, which gave life to the public credit and saved from dishonor the war debts of the States, was for a time hopelessly defeated by the votes of one section of the Union, and was car-

ried at last by a legislative bargain, which in the mildest slang of our day would be called a "log-rolling job." The bill fixing the permanent seat of the government on the banks of the Potomac was the argument which turned the scale and carried the funding bill. The bargain carried them both through. Nor were demagogues of the smaller type unknown among our fathers. For example, when a joint resolution was pending in the house of the first Congress to supply each member at the public expense with copies of all the newspapers published in New York, an amendment was offered to restrict the supply to one paper for each member, the preamble declaring that this appropriation was made "because newspapers, being highly beneficial in disseminating useful knowledge, are deserving of public encouragement by Congress." That is, the appropriation was not to be made for the benefit of members, but to aid and encourage the press! The proprietors of our great dailies would smile at this patriotic regard for their prosperity. It is scarcely necessary to add that the original resolution passed without the amendment.

Whatever opinions we may now entertain of the federalists as a party, it is unquestionably true that we are indebted to them for the strong points of the constitution, and for the stable government they founded and strengthened during the administrations of Washington and Adams. Hardly a month passed, during that period, in which threats of disunion were not made with more or less vehemence and emphasis. But the foundations of national union and prosperity had been so wisely and deeply laid that succeeding revolutions of public opinion failed to destroy them.

With the administration of Jefferson came the reaction against the formal customs and stately manners of the founders. That skillful and accomplished leader of men, who had planted the germ of secession in the resolutions of 1798, brought to his administration the aid of those simple, democratic manners which were so effectual in deepening

the false impression that the preceding administration had sought to establish a monarchy.

In delivering his inaugural, Jefferson appeared before Congress in the plainest attire. Discarding the plush breeches, silk stockings, and silver knee-buckles, he wore plain pantaloons; and his republican admirers noted the fact that no aristocratic shoe-buckles covered his instep, but his plain American shoes were fastened with honest leather strings. The carriage and footmen, with outriders in livery, disappeared; and the spectacle of the president on horseback was hailed as the certain sign of republican equality. These changes were noted by his admirers as striking proofs of his democratic spirit; but they did not escape the equally extravagant and absurd criticism of his enemies. Mr. Goodrich has preserved an anecdote which illustrates the absurdity of both parties. Near the close of Jefferson's term, the congressional caucus had named Mr. Madison for the president. The leading barber of Washington (who was of course a federalist), while shaving a federalist senator, vehemently burst out in this strain: "Surely this country is doomed to disgrace and shame. What presidents we might have, sir! Just look at Daggett, of Connecticut, and Stockton, of New Jersey! What queues they have got, sir,—as big as your wrist, and powdered every day, sir, like real gentlemen as they are. Such men, sir, would confer dignity upon the chief magistracy; but this little Jim Madison, with a queue no bigger than a pipe-stem! Sir, it is enough to make a man forswear his country!"

Many customs of that early time have been preserved to our own day. In the crypt constructed under the dome of the Capitol, as the resting-place for the remains of Washington, a guard was stationed, and a light was kept burning for more than half a century. Indeed, the office of keeper of the crypt was not abolished until after the late war.

For the convenience of one of the early speakers of the house, an urn filled with snuff was fastened to the speaker's desk; and until last year, I have never known

it to be empty during the sessions of the house.

The administration of Madison, notwithstanding the gloomy prediction of the federalist barber, restored some of the earlier customs. It had been hinted that a carriage was more necessary to him than to the widower Jefferson. Assisted by his beautiful and accomplished wife, he resumed the presidential levees; and many society people regretted that the elevated dais was not restored, to aid in setting off the small stature of Mr. Madison.

The limits of this article will not allow me to notice the changes of manners and methods in Congress since the administration of the elder Adams. Such a review would bring before us many striking characters and many stirring scenes. We should find the rage of party spirit pursuing Washington to his voluntary retreat at Mount Vernon at the close of his term, and denouncing him as the corrupt and wicked destroyer of his country. We should find the same spirit publicly denouncing a chief-justice of the United States as a "driveler and a fool," and impeaching, at the bar of the senate, an eminent associate justice of the supreme court for having manfully and courageously discharged the high duties of his office in defiance of the party passions of the hour. We should see the pure and patriotic Oliver Wolcott, the secretary of the treasury, falsely charged, by a committee of Congress, with corruption in office and with the monstrous crime of having set on fire the public buildings for the purpose of destroying the evidences of his guilt. We should see the two houses in joint session witnessing the opening of the returns of the electoral colleges and the declaration of a tie vote between Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr; and then in the midst of the fiercest excitement we should see the House of Representatives in continuous session for eight days, several members in the last stages of illness being brought in on beds and attended by their wives, while the balloting went on which resulted in Jefferson's election. And we should witness a similar scene, twenty-

four years later, when the election of the younger Adams, by the house, avenged in part the wrong of his father.

In the long line of those who have occupied seats in Congress, we should see, here and there, rising above the undistinguished mass, the figures of those great men whose lives and labors have made their country illustrious, and whose influence upon its destiny will be felt for ages to come. We should see that group of great statesmen whom the last war with England brought to public notice, among whom were Ames and Randolph, Clay and Webster, Calhoun and Benton, Wright and Prentiss, making their era famous by their statesmanship, and creating and destroying political parties by their fierce antagonisms. We should see the folly and barbarism of the so-called code of honor destroying noble men in the fatal meadow of Bladensburg. We should see the spirit of liberty awakening the conscience of the nation to the sin and danger of slavery, whose advocates had inherited and kept alive the old anarchic spirit of disunion. We should trace the progress of that great struggle from the days when John Quincy Adams stood in the House of Representatives, like a lion at bay, defending the sacred right of petition; when, after his death, Joshua R. Giddings continued the good fight, standing at his post for twenty years, his white locks, like the plume of Henry of Navarre, always showing where the battle for freedom raged most fiercely; when his small band in Congress, reinforced by Hale and Sumner, Wade and Chase, Lovejoy and Stevens, continued the struggle amid the most turbulent scenes; when daggers were brandished and pistols were drawn in the halls of Congress; and later, when, one by one, the senators and representatives of eleven States, breathing defiance and uttering maledictions upon the Union, resigned their seats and left the Capitol to take up arms against their country. We should see the Congress of a people long unused to war, when confronted by a supreme danger, raising, equipping, and supporting an army greater than all the armies of Napoleon and Wellington combined;

meeting the most difficult questions of international and constitutional law; and, by new forms of taxation, raising a revenue which, in one year of the war, amounted to more than all the national taxes collected during the first half century of the government. We should see them so amending the constitution as to strengthen the safeguards of the Union and insure universal liberty and universal suffrage, and restoring to their places in the Union the eleven States whose governments, founded on secession, fell into instant ruin when the Rebellion collapsed; and we should see them, even when the danger of destruction seemed greatest, voting the largest sum of money ever appropriated by one act, to unite the East and the West, the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts, by a material bond of social, commercial, and political union.

In this review we should see courage and cowardice, patriotism and selfishness, far-sighted wisdom and short-sighted folly joining in a struggle always desperate and sometimes doubtful; and yet, out of all this turmoil and fierce strife we should see the Union slowly but surely rising, with greater strength and brighter lustre, to a higher place among the nations.

Congress has always been and must always be the theatre of contending opinions; the forum where the opposing forces of political philosophy meet to measure their strength; where the public good must meet the assaults of local and sectional interests; in a word, the appointed place where the nation seeks to utter its thought and register its will.

CONGRESS AND THE EXECUTIVE.

This brings me to consider the present relations of Congress to the other great departments of the government, and to the people. The limits of this article will permit no more than a glance at a few principal heads of inquiry.

In the main, the balance of powers so admirably adjusted and distributed among the three great departments of the government have been safely preserved. It was the purpose of our fa-

thers to lodge absolute power nowhere; to leave each department independent within its own sphere; yet, in every case, responsible for the exercise of its discretion. But some dangerous innovations have been made.

And first, the appointing power of the president has been seriously encroached upon by Congress, or rather by the members of Congress. Curiously enough, this encroachment originated in the act of the chief executive himself. The fierce popular hatred of the federal party, which resulted in the elevation of Jefferson to the presidency, led that officer to set the first example of removing men from office on account of political opinions. For political causes alone he removed a considerable number of officers who had recently been appointed by President Adams, and thus set the pernicious example. His immediate successors made only a few removals for political reasons. But Jackson made his political opponents who were in office feel the full weight of his executive hand. From that time forward, the civil offices of the government became the prizes for which political parties strove; and, twenty-five years ago, the corrupting doctrine that "to the victors belong the spoils" was shamelessly announced as an article of political faith and practice. It is hardly possible to state with adequate force the noxious influence of this doctrine. It was bad enough when the federal officers numbered no more than eight or ten thousand; but now, when the growth of the country, and the great increase in the number of public offices, occasioned by the late war, have swelled the civil list to more than eighty thousand, and to the ordinary motives for political strife this vast patronage is offered as a reward to the victorious party, the magnitude of the evil can hardly be measured. The public mind has, by degrees, drifted into an acceptance of this doctrine; and thus an election has become a fierce, selfish struggle between the "ins" and the "outs," the one striving to keep and the other to gain the prize of office. It is not possible for any president to select, with any degree of intelligence, so vast an army of

office-holders without the aid of men who are acquainted with the people of the various sections of the country. And thus it has become the habit of presidents to make most of their appointments on the recommendation of members of Congress. During the last twenty-five years, it has been understood, by the Congress and the people, that offices are to be obtained by the aid of senators and representatives, who thus become the dispensers, sometimes the brokers of patronage. The members of state legislatures who choose a senator, and the district electors who choose a representative, look to the man of their choice for appointments to office. Thus, from the president downward, through all the grades of official authority, to the electors themselves, civil office becomes a vast corrupting power, to be used in running the machine of party politics.

This evil has been greatly aggravated by the passage of the Tenure of Office Act, of 1867, whose object was to restrain President Johnson from making removals for political cause. But it has virtually resulted in the usurpation, by the senate, of a large share of the appointing power. The president can remove no officer without the consent of the senate; and such consent is not often given, unless the appointment of the successor nominated to fill the proposed vacancy is agreeable to the senator in whose State the appointee resides. Thus, it has happened that a policy, inaugurated by an early president, has resulted in seriously crippling the just powers of the executive, and has placed in the hands of senators and representatives a power most corrupting and dangerous.

Not the least serious evil resulting from this invasion of the executive functions by members of Congress is the fact that it greatly impairs their own usefulness as legislators. One third of the working hours of senators and representatives is hardly sufficient to meet the demands made upon them in reference to appointments to office. The spirit of that clause of the constitution which shields them from arrest "during their attendance on the session of their respective houses,

and in going to and from the same," should also shield them from being arrested from their legislative work, morning, noon, and night, by office-seekers. To sum up in a word: the present system invades the independence of the executive, and makes him less responsible for the character of his appointments; it impairs the efficiency of the legislator by diverting him from his proper sphere of duty, and involving him in the intrigues of aspirants for office; it degrades the civil service itself by destroying the personal independence of those who are appointed; it repels from the service those high and manly qualities which are so necessary to a pure and efficient administration; and finally, it debauches the public mind by holding up public office as the reward of mere party zeal.

To reform this service is one of the highest and most imperative duties of statesmanship. This reform cannot be accomplished without a complete divorce between Congress and the executive in the matter of appointments. It will be a proud day when an administration senator or representative, who is in good standing in his party, can say as Thomas Hughes said, during his recent visit to this country, that though he was on the most intimate terms with the members of his own administration, yet it was not in his power to secure the removal of the humblest clerk in the civil service of his government.

This is not the occasion to discuss the recent enlargement of the jurisdiction of Congress in reference to the election of a president and vice-president by the States. But it cannot be denied that the electoral bill has spread a wide and dangerous field for congressional action. Unless the boundaries of its power shall be restricted by a new amendment of the constitution, we have seen the last of our elections of president on the old plan. The power to decide who has been elected may be so used as to exceed the power of electing.

I have long believed that the official relations between the executive and Congress should be more open and direct. They are now conducted by correspond-

ence with the presiding officers of the two houses, by consultation with committees, or by private interviews with individual members. This frequently leads to misunderstandings and may lead to corrupt combinations. It would be far better for both departments if the members of the cabinet were permitted to sit in Congress and participate in the debates on measures relating to their several departments, — but, of course, without a vote. This would tend to secure the ablest men for the chief executive offices; it would bring the policy of the administration into the fullest publicity by giving both parties ample opportunity for criticism and defense.

CONGRESS OVERBURDENED.

As a result of the great growth of the country and of the new legislation arising from the late war, Congress is greatly overloaded with work. It is safe to say that the business which now annually claims the attention of Congress is tenfold more complex and burdensome than it was forty years ago. For example: the twelve annual appropriation bills, with their numerous details, now consume two thirds of each short session of the house. Forty years ago, when the appropriations were made more in block, one week was sufficient for the work. The vast extent of our country, the increasing number of States and Territories, the legislation necessary to regulate our mineral lands, to manage our complex systems of internal revenue, banking, currency, and expenditure, have so increased the work of Congress that no one man can ever read the bills and the official reports relating to current legislation; much less can he qualify himself for intelligent action upon them. As a necessary consequence, the real work of legislation is done by the committees; and their work must be accepted or rejected without full knowledge of its merits. This fact alone renders leadership in Congress, in the old sense of the word, impossible. For many years we have had the leadership of committees and chairmen of committees; but no one

man can any more be the leader of all the legislation of the senate or of the house than one lawyer or one physician can now be foremost in all the departments of law or medicine. The evils of loose legislation resulting from this situation must increase rather than diminish, until a remedy is provided.

John Stuart Mill held that a numerous popular assembly is radically unfit to *make good laws*, but is the best possible means of *getting good laws made*. He suggested, as a permanent part of the constitution of a free country, a legislative commission, composed of a few trained men, to draft such laws as the legislature, by general resolutions, shall direct, which draft shall be adopted by the legislature, without change, or returned to the commission to be amended.¹

Whatever may be thought of Mr. Mill's suggestion, it is clear that some plan must be adopted to relieve Congress from the infinite details of legislation, and to preserve harmony and coherence in our laws.

Another change observable in Congress, as well as in the legislatures of other countries, is the decline of oratory. The press is rendering the orator obsolete. Statistics now furnish the materials upon which the legislator depends; and a column of figures will often demolish a dozen pages of eloquent rhetoric.

Just now, too, the day of sentimental politics is passing away, and the work of Congress is more nearly allied to the business interests of the country and to "the dismal science," as political economy is called by the "practical men" of our time.

CONGRESS AND THE PEOPLE.

The legislation of Congress comes much nearer to the daily life of the people than ever before. Twenty years ago, the presence of the national government was not felt by one citizen in a hundred. Except in paying his postage and receiving his mail, the citizen of the interior rarely came in contact with the national authority. Now, he meets it in a thou-

¹ Mill's Autobiography, pp. 26-45.

sand ways. Formerly the legislation of Congress referred chiefly to our foreign relations, to indirect taxes, to the government of the army, the navy, and the Territories. Now a vote in Congress may, any day, seriously derange the business affairs of every citizen.

And this leads me to say that now, more than ever before, the people are responsible for the character of their Congress. If that body be ignorant, reckless, and corrupt, it is because the people tolerate ignorance, recklessness, and corruption. If it be intelligent, brave, and pure, it is because the people demand those high qualities to represent them in the national legislature. Congress lives in the blaze of "that fierce light which beats against the throne." The telegraph and the press will to-morrow morning announce at a million breakfast tables what has been said and done in Congress to-day. Now, as always, Congress represents the prevailing opinions and political aspirations of the people. The wildest delusions of paper money, the crudest theories of taxation, the passions and prejudices that find expression in the senate and house, were first believed and discussed at the firesides of the people, on the corners of the streets, and in the caucuses and conventions of political parties.

The most alarming feature of our situation is the fact that so many citizens of high character and solid judgment pay but little attention to the sources of political power, to the selection of those who shall make their laws. The clergy, the faculties of colleges, and many of the leading business men of the community never attend the township caucus, the city primaries, or the county convention; but they allow the less intelligent and the more selfish and corrupt members of the community to make the slates and "run the machine" of politics. They wait until the machine has done its work, and then, in surprise and horror at the igno-

rance and corruption in public office, sigh for the return of that mythical period called the "better and purer days of the republic." It is precisely this neglect of the first steps in our political processes that has made possible the worst evils of our system. Corrupt and incompetent presidents, judges, and legislators can be removed, but when the fountains of political power are corrupted, when voters themselves become venal and elections fraudulent, there is no remedy except by awakening the public conscience and bringing to bear upon the subject the power of public opinion and the penalties of the law. The practice of buying and selling votes at our popular elections has already gained a foot-hold, though it has not gone as far as in England.

It is mentioned in the recent biography of Lord Macaulay, as a boast, that his three elections to the House of Commons cost him but ten thousand dollars. A hundred years ago, bribery of electors was far more prevalent and shameless in England than it now is.

There have always been, and always will be, bad men in all human pursuits. There was a Judas in the college of the apostles, an Arnold in the army of the Revolution, a Burr in our early politics; and they have had successors in all departments of modern life. But it is demonstrable, as a matter of history, that on the whole the standard of public and private morals is higher in the United States at the present time than ever before; that men in public and private stations are held to a more rigid accountability, and that the average moral tone of Congress is higher to-day than at any previous period of our history.¹ It is certainly true that our late war disturbed the established order of society, awakened a reckless spirit of adventure and speculation, and greatly multiplied the opportunities and increased the temptations to evil. The disorganization of the Southern States and the temporary

there was in the sixteen years which covered the administration of Washington, the administration of John Adams, and the first term of Jefferson." This assertion is maintained by numerous citations of unquestioned facts in the speech.

¹ On this point I beg to refer the reader to a speech delivered by Hon. George F. Hoar, in the House of Representatives, August 9, 1876, in which that distinguished gentleman said: "I believe there is absolutely less of corruption, less of maladministration, and less of vice and evil in public life than

anchisement of its leading citizens drew a portion of their representation in Congress, for a short time, into the hands of political adventurers, many of whom used their brief hold on power for personal ends, and thus brought disgrace upon the national legislature. And it is also true that the enlarged sphere of legislation so mingled public duties and private interests that it was not easy to draw the line between them. From that cause also the reputation, and in some cases the character, of public men suffered eclipse. But the earnestness and vigor with which wrong-doing is everywhere punished is a strong guaranty of the purity of those who may hold posts of authority and honor. Indeed, there is now danger in the opposite direction, namely, that criticism may degenerate into mere slander, and put an end to its power for good by being used as the means to assassinate the reputation and destroy the usefulness of honorable men. It is as much the duty of all good men to protect and defend the reputation of worthy public servants as to detect and punish public rascals.

In a word, our national safety demands that the fountains of political power shall be made pure by intelligence, and kept pure by vigilance; that the best citizens shall take heed to the selection and election of the worthiest and most intelligent among them to hold seats in the national legislature; and that when the choice has been made, the continuance of their representative shall depend upon his faithfulness, his ability, and his willingness to work.

CONGRESS AND CULTURE.

In Congress, as everywhere else, careful study — thorough, earnest work — is the only sure passport to usefulness and

distinction. From its first meeting in 1774 to its last in 1788, three hundred and fifty-four men sat in the Continental Congress. Of these, one hundred and eighteen — one third of the whole number — were college graduates. That third embraced much the largest number of those whose names have come down to us as the great founders of the republic. Since the adoption of the constitution of 1787, six thousand two hundred and eighteen men have held seats in Congress; and among them all, thorough culture and earnest, arduous work have been the leading characteristics of those whose service has been most useful and whose fame has been most enduring. Galloway wrote of Samuel Adams: "He drinks little, eats temperately, thinks much, and is most indefatigable in the pursuit of his objects." This description can still be fittingly applied to all men who deserve and achieve success anywhere, but especially in public life. As a recent writer has said, in discussing the effect of Prussian culture, so we may say of culture in Congress: "The lesson is, that whether you want him for war or peace, there is no way in which you can get so much out of a man as by training, not in pieces, but the whole of him; and that the trained men, other things being equal, are pretty sure, in the long run, to be masters of the world."

Congress must always be the exponent of the political character and culture of the people; and if the next centennial does not find us a great nation, with a great and worthy Congress, it will be because those who represent the enterprise, the culture, and the morality of the nation do not aid in controlling the political forces which are employed to select the men who shall occupy the great places of trust and power.

James A. Garfield.

FREEDOM WHEELER'S CONTROVERSY WITH PROVIDENCE.

A STORY OF OLD NEW ENGLAND.

I.

AUNT HULDY and Aunt Hanner sat in the kitchen: Aunt Huldah bolt upright in a straight-backed wooden chair, big silver-bowed spectacles astride her high nose, sewing carpet rags with such energy that her eyes snapped, and her brown, wrinkled fingers flew back and forth like the spokes of a rapid wheel; Aunt Hannah in a low, creaky old rocker, knitting diligently but placidly, and rocking gently; you could almost hear her purr, and you wanted to stroke her; but Aunt Huldah! — an electric machine could not be less desirable to handle than she, or a chestnut bur pricklier.

The back-log simmered and sputtered, the hickory sticks in front shot up bright, soft flames, and through the two low, green-paned windows the pallid sun of February sent in a pleasant shining on to the clean kitchen floor. Cooking-stoves were not made then, nor Merrimac calicoes: the two old women had stuff petticoats and homespun short gowns, clean mob-caps over their decent gray hair, and big blue check aprons; hair dye, wigs, flowered chintz, and other fineries had not reached the lonely farms of Dorset in those days. "Spinsters" was not a mere name; the big wool-wheel stood in one corner of the kitchen, and a little flax-wheel by the window; in summer both would be moved to the great garret, where it was cool and out of the way.

"Curus, ain't it?" said Aunt Huldah. "Freedom never come home before, latter 'n nine o'clock bell, and he was mortal mighty then; kep' his tongue between his teeth same way he did to breakfast this mornin'. There's suthin' a-goin' on, Hanner, you may depend on 't."

"Mebbe he needs some wormwood tea," said Aunt Hannah, who like Miss

Hannah More thought the only two evils in the world were sin and bile, and charitably preferred to lay things first to the physical disorder.

"I du b'lieve, Hanner, you think 'riginal sin is nothin' but a bad stomick."

"Ef 'tain't 'riginal sin, it's actual transgression pretty often, Huldy," returned the placid old lady with a gentle cackle. The Assembly's Catechism had been ground into them both, as any old-fashioned New Englander will observe, and they quoted its forms of speech as Boston people do Emerson's essays, by "an automatic action of the unconscious nervous centres."

The door opened and Freedom walked in, scraping his boots upon the husk mat, as a man will who has lived all his days with two old maids, but nevertheless spreading abroad in that clean kitchen an odor of the barn that spoke of "chores," yet did not disturb the accustomed nostrils of his aunts. He was a middle-sized, rather "stocky" man, with a round head well covered with tight-curling short hair, that revenged itself for being cut too short to curl by standing on end toward every point of the compass. You could not call him a common-looking man; something in his keen blue eye, abrupt nose, steady mouth, and square chin always made a stranger look at him twice. Rugged sense, but more rugged obstinacy, shrewdness, keen perception tempered somewhat by a certain kindliness that he himself felt to be his weak spot, all these were to be read in Freedom Wheeler's well-bronzed face, sturdy figure, positive speech, and blunt manner.

He strode up to the fire-place, sat down in an arm-chair rudely shaped out of wood by his own hands, and plunged, after his fashion, at once into the middle of things.

"Aunt Huldah and Aunt Hanner, I'm a-goin' to git married." The domestic bomb-shell burst in silence. Aunt Hannah dropped a stitch and could n't see to pick it up for at least a minute. Aunt Huldah's scissors snipped at the rags with a vicious snap, as if they were responsible agents and she would end their proceedings then and there; presently she said, "Well, I am beat!" to which rather doubtful utterance Freedom made no reply, and the scissors snipped harder yet.

Aunt Hannah recovered herself first: "Well, I'm real glad on 't!" purred she; it was her part to do the few amenities of the family.

"I dono whether I be or not, till I hear who 'tis," dryly answered Aunt Huldah, who was obviously near akin to Freedom.

"It's Lowly Mallory," said the short-spoken nephew, who by this time was whittling busily at a peg for his ox-yoke.

"Du tell!" said Aunt Hannah in her lingering, deliberate tones, the words running into each other as she spoke. "She's jest 's clever 's the day is long; you've done a good thing, Freedom, 's sure 's you live."

"He might ha' done wuss, that's a fact." And with this approval Freedom seemed satisfied, for he brushed his chips into the fire, ran his fingers through his already upright hair, eyed his peg with the keen aspect of a critic in pegs, and went off to the barn; he knew instinctively that his aunts must have a chance to talk the matter over.

"This is the beaterree!" exclaimed Aunt Huldah as the door shut after him. "Lowly Mallory, of all creturs! Freedom's as masterful as though he was the Lord above, by natur, and ef he gets a leetle softly cretur like that, without no more grit 'n a November chicken, he'll ride right over everything, and she won't darst to peep nor mutter a mite. Good land!"

"Well, well," murmured Aunt Hannah, "she is a kind o' feeble piece, but she's real clever; an' I dono but what it's as good as he could do; ef she was

like to him, hard-headed 'n' sot in her way, I tell ye, Huldah, the fur 'd fly mightily, and it's putty bad to have fight to home, when there 's a fam'ly to fetch up."

"Well, you be forecastin' I must say, Hanner; but mabbe you're abaout right. Besides, I've obsarved that folks will marry to suit themselves, not other people; an' mabbe it's the best way, seein' it's their own loss or likin' more 'n anybody else's."

"But, Huldah, 'pears as if you'd forgot one thing: I expect we'd better be a-movin' out into the old house ef there 's goin' to be more folks here."

"Well, I declare! I never thought on 't. 'Tis best, I guess. I wonder ef Freedom's got the idee!"

"I dono; but that had n't oughter make no difference; there never was a house big enough for two families, an' ef we go before we're obleeged to, it's a sight better 'n stayin' till we be."

"That's so, Hanner; you allers was a master-hand for takin' things right end foremost. I'll sort out our linen right off, 'nd set by our furnitoor into the back chamber. I guess the old house 'll want a leetle paintin' an' scrapin'. It's dreadful lucky Amasy Flint's folks moved to Noppit last week; seems as though there was a Providence about it."

"I should n't wonder ef Freedom had give 'em a sort o' hint to go, Huldah."

"Well, you do beat all! I presume likely he did."

And Aunt Huldah picked up the rags at her feet, piled them into a splint basket, hung the shears on a steel chain by her side, and lifting her tall, gaunt figure from the chair betook herself upstairs. But Aunt Hannah kept on knitting; she was the thinker and Huldah the doer of the family; now her thoughts ran before her to the coming change, and she sighed, for she knew her nephew thoroughly, and she pitied the gentle, sweet nature that was to come in contact with his.

Dear Aunt Hannah! She had never had any romance in her own life; she did not know anything about love ex-

cept as the placid and quite clear-eyed affection she felt for Freedom, who was her only near relation, and she saw little Lowly Mallory's future on its hardest side. But she could not help it, and her nature was one that never frets against a difficulty, any more than the green turf beats against the rock to whose edge it clings.

So the slow, sad New England spring, with storm and tempest, drifting snows and beating rains, worked its reluctant way into May; and when the lilacs were full of purple and white plumes, delicate as cut coral sprays and luscious with satiating odor, and the heavy-headed daffodils thrust golden locks upward from the sward, Aunt Huldah and Aunt Hannah moved their wool-wheel and their flax-wheel, the four stiff-backed chairs, the settle and big red chest, the high four-post bedstead, and the two rush-bottomed rockers that had been Grandsir Wheeler's, back into the small red house for which these furnishings had been purchased sixty years before, laid the rag carpet that Aunt Huldah had sewed and dyed and woven on the "settin'-room" floor, and with a barrel of potatoes and a keg of salt pork went to housekeeping.

There was some home-made linen belonging to them, and a few cups and dishes; also a feather-bed and a pair of blankets. Freedom kept them supplied with what necessities they wanted, and though he was called "dreadful near" in the town, he was not an unjust man; his two aunts had taken him in charge, an orphan at six, and been faithful and kind to him all his days; and he could do no less than care for them now. Beside, they owned half the farm; and though one was fifty-six and the other fifty-eight, there was much hard work left in them yet. Aunt Huldah was a skillful tailoress, in demand for miles about, and Aunt Hannah was the best sick-nurse in the county. They would not suffer, and, truth to tell, they rather enjoyed the independence of their own house, for Freedom and Aunt Huldah were chips of the same block, and only Aunt Hannah's constant quiet restraint

and peace-making kept the family tolerably harmonious. And in the farmhouse a new reign began, — the reign of Queen Log!

Lowly Mallory was a fragile, slender, delicate girl, with sweet gray eyes and plenty of brown hair; pale as a spring anemone, with just such faint pinkness in her lips and on her high cheek-bones as tints that pensile, egg-shaped bud when its

"Small flower layeth
Its fairy gem beneath some giant tree"

on the first warm days of May. She had already the line of care that marks New England women across the forehead like a mark of Cain, the signal of a life in which work has murdered health and joy and freedom; for Lowly was the oldest of ten children, and her mother was bedridden. Lovina was eighteen, now, and could take her place, and Lowly loved Freedom with the reticent, unemonstrative affection of her race and land; moreover, she was glad of change, of rest. Rest! — much of that awaited her! Freedom's first step after the decorous wedding and home-coming was to buy ten cows — he had two already — and two dozen new milk-pans.

"I calkerlate we can sell a good lot of butter 'n' cheese down to Dartford, Lowly," he said, on introducing her to the new dairy he had fitted up at one end of the woodshed; and if the gentle creature's heart sank within her at the prospect, she did not say so, and Freedom never asked how she liked it. He was "masterful" indeed, and having picked out Lowly from all the other Dorset girls because she was a still and hard-working maiden, and would neither rebel against or criticise his edicts, he took it for granted things would go on as he wished.

Poor little Lowly! Her simple, tender heart went out to her husband like a vine feeling after a trellis, and even when she found it was only a boulder that chilled and repelled her slight ardors and timid caresses, she did still what the vine does, flung herself across and along the granite faces of the rock, and turned her trembling blossoms sunward, where life and light were free and sure.

Aunt Huldah and Aunt Hannah soon grew to be her ministering angels, and if they differed from the gold-haired, pink-enamelled, straight-nosed creations of Fra Angelico, and would have figured ill, in their short gowns and mob-caps, bowing before an ideal Madonna, Lowly wanted no better tendance and providing than they gave her when in due season there appeared in the farm-house a red and roaring baby, evidently patterned after his father, morally as well as physically; the white down on his raw pink head twisting into tight kinks, and his stubby fists set in as firm a grasp as ever Freedom's big brown paws were. Lowly was a happy little woman: she had loved children always, and here was one all her own. Two weeks were dreamed away in rest and rapture, then Freedom began to bustle and fret and growl about the neglected dairy, and the rusty pork, and the hens that wanted care.

"Don't ye s'pose she'll git 'raound next week, Aunt Huldah? Things is gittin dredful behindhand!" Freedom had left the bedroom door open on purpose. Aunt Huldah got up and shut it with a slam, while he went on: "Them hens had oughter be set, 'n' I never git time to be a half a day prowlin' araound after 'em; they've stole their nests, I expect, the hull tribe; 'nd Hepsy don't make butter to compare along-side o' Lowly's; then there's that 'ere pork a-gittin rusty, 'n' Aunt Hanner, she's over to Mallory's nussin Loviny, so's 't I can't call on you, 'n' it doos seem 's though two weeks was a plenty for well folks to lie in bed!"

Here Aunt Huldah exploded: "Freedom Wheeler, you hain't got a mite o' compassion into ye! Lowly ain't over 'n' above powerful, any way; she'll break clear down ef she ain't real keerful; mabbe I ain't" —

The shutting of the back door stopped her tirade; while she hunted in a table drawer for her thimble, Freedom had coolly walked off; he did not choose to argue the subject, but next day Lowly got up and was dressed; there were two lines across the sad, low forehead now,

but she went about her work in silence; there is a type of feminine character that can endure to the edge of death and endure silently, and that character was eminently hers.

"Good little feller, so he was, as ever was; there, there, there! should be cuddled up good 'n' warm; so he should!" Aunt Hannah purred to the small boy a month after, seeing him for the first time, as she had been taking care of Lovina Mallory through a low fever when he was born.

"What be ye a-goin' to call him, Freedom?"

"I calkerlate he'll be baptized Shearjashub. There's allus ben a Shearjashub 'nd a Freedom amongst our folks; I've heered Grandsir Wheeler tell on 't more 'n forty times, how the' was them two names away back as fur as there's grave-stones to tell on 't down to Litchfield meetin'-house, 'nd back o' that in the old grave-yard to Har'ford. I expect this here feller 'll be called Shearjashub 'nd the next one Freedom; that's the way they've allus run."

"For the land's sakes!" sputtered Aunt Huldah. "I was in hopes you had n't got that notion inter your head! Why can't ye call the child some kind o' pooty scripser name, like David, or Samwell, or Eber, 'nd not set him a-goin' with a kite's tail like that tied on to him?"

"I guess what's ben good 'nough for our folks time out o' mind 'll be good 'nough for him," stiffly answered Freedom; and Aunt Huldah, with inward rage, accepted the situation, and went out to the barn to help Lowly set some refractory hens, where she found the poor little woman, with suspiciously red eyes, counting eggs on a corner of the hay-mow.

"Hanner's come, Lowly," said she; "so she's got baby, 'nd I come out to give ye a lift about them hens. I've ben a-dealin' with Freedom about that there child's name, but you might jest as well talk to White Rock; I will say for 't he's the sottest man I ever see! I b'lieve he'd set to to fight his own way out with the Lord above, if he hed to!"

Lowly gave a little plaintive smile, but, after the manner of her sex, took her husband's part: "Well, you see, Aunt Huldah, it's kind o' nateral he should want to foller his folks's ways. I don't say but what I did want to call baby Eddard, for my little brother that died. I set great store by Eddy," — here Lowly's checked apron wiped a certain mist from her patient eyes, — "and 't would ha' been my mind to call him for Eddy; but Freedom don't feel to, and you know scripter says wives must be subject to husbands."

"Hm!" sniffed Aunt Huldah, who was lost to the strong-minded party of her sex by being born before its creation. "Scripter has a good deal to answer for!" with which enigmatical and shocking remark she turned and pounced upon the nearest hen. Poor old hen! she evidently represented a suffering and abject sex to Aunt Huldah, and exasperated her accordingly. Do I not know? Have not I, weakly and meekly protesting against their ways and works, also been hustled and hustled by the Right Women (?), even as this squawking, cawking, yellow biddy was pluffed and cuffed and shaken up by Aunt Huldah and plunged at last, in spite of nips and pecks and screams, into the depths of a barrel, the head wedged on above her, and the unwilling matron condemned to solitary confinement, with hard labor, on thirteen eggs!

So Freedom had his way, of course; and Lowly went on, with the addition of a big naughty baby to take care of, waking before light to get her "chores" out of the way, prepare breakfast, skim cream, strain new-milk and set it, scald pans, churn, work and put down butter, feed pigs and hens, bake, wash, iron, scrub, mend, make, nurse baby, fetch wood from the shed and water from the well; a delicate, bending, youthful figure, with hands already knotted and shoulders bowed by hard work; her sole variety of a week-day being when one kind of pie gave place to another, or when the long winter evenings, with dim light of tallow candles, made her spinning shorter and her sewing longer.

For Sundays were scarce a rest: breakfast was as early, milk as abundant, on that day as any other; and then there was a five-mile ride to meeting, for which ample lunch must be prepared, since they stayed at noon; there was baby to dress and her own Sunday clothes to put on, in which stiff and unaccustomed finery she sat four mortal hours, with but the brief interval of nooning, on a hard and comfortless seat; and then home again to get the real dinner of the day, to feed her pigs and hens, to get the clamorous baby quiet; this was hardly rest! And summer, that brings to overstrained nerves and exhausted muscles the healing of sun, sweet winds, fresh air, and the literal "balm of a thousand flowers," only heralded to her the advent of six strong hungry men at haying, shearing, and reaping time, with extra meals, increased washing, and, of course, double fatigue. Yet this is the life that was once the doom of all New England farmers' wives; the life that sent them to early graves, to mad-houses, to suicide; the life that is so beautiful in the poet's numbers, so terrible in its stony, bloomless, oppressive reality. It would have been hard to tell if Lowly was glad or sorry when on a soft day in June Aunt Hannah, this time at home, was hurriedly called from the red house to officiate as doctor and nurse both, at the arrival of another baby. This time Freedom growled and scowled by himself in the kitchen instead of condescending to look at and approve the child; for it was a girl!

Aunt Hannah chuckled in her sleeve. Freedom had intimated quite frankly that this child was to be called after himself, nothing doubting but that another boy was at hand; and great was his silent rage at the disappointment.

"Imperdent, ain't it?" queried Aunt Huldah, who sat by the kitchen fire stirring a mess of Indian-meal porridge. "To think it darst to be a girl when ye was so sot on its turnin' out a boy! Seems as though Providence got the upper hand on ye, Freedom, arter all!"

But Freedom never gave retort to Aunt Huldah: he had been brought up

in certain superstitions, quite obsolete now, about respecting his elders, and though the spirit was wanting sometimes, the letter of the law had observance; he could rage at Aunt Huldah privately, but before her he held his tongue; it was his wife who suffered as the sinner should for disturbing his plans in this manner; he snubbed her, he despised the baby, and forthwith bought two more cows with the grim remark, "Ef I've got to fetch up a pack o' girls, I guess I'd better scratch around 'n' make a leetle more money!"

But if the new baby was an eye-sore to Freedom, she was a delight to Lowly. All the more because her father ignored and seemed to dislike her, the affluent mother heart flowed out upon her. She was a cooing, clinging, lovely little creature, and when, worn out with her day's work, Lowly had at last coaxed her cross teething boy to sleep, and she sat down in the old creaky rocker to nurse and tend her baby, the purest joy that earth knows stole over her like the tranquil breath of heaven: the touch of tiny fingers on her breast, the warm shining head against her heart, the vague baby smile and wandering eyes that neither the wistfulness of doubt, the darkness of grief, nor the fire of passion clouded as yet; the inarticulate murmurs of satisfaction, the pressure of the little helpless form upon her lap, the silent, ardent tenderness that awoke and burned in her own heart for this precious creature, all made for the weary woman a daily oasis of peace and beauty that perhaps saved her brain from that common insanity we call nervousness, and her body from utter exhaustion; for happiness is a medicine of God's own sending; no quack has ever pretended to dispense its potent and beneficent cordial, and the true, honest physician, he whose very profession is the nearest approach to that of the Saviour and Healer of men, knows well that one drop of the only elixir he cannot bring outweighs all he can. Shearjashub grew up to the height of three years and the baby toddled about and chattered like a merry chipping-bird, when one Fast Day morning Lowly

stayed at home from meeting with a sinking heart, and Aunt Hannah was sent for again. Freedom went off to hear the usual sermon, on a pretense of taking Shearjashub out of the way, he being irrepressible except by his father, whom alone he feared. Mother and aunts the youngster manfully defied and scorned, but the very sound of his father's steps reduced him to silence; shingles were not out of fashion then as a means of discipline, and the hot tingle of the application dwelt vividly in the boy's mind ever since he had been "tuned mightily," as his father phrased it, for disobedience and obstinacy, Aunt Huldah's comment at the first punishment being, "Hemlock all three on 'em, man an' boy an' shingle; it's tough to tell which 'll beat!"

Little Love stayed at home with old Hepsy and prattled all day long in the kitchen; Lowly could not spare the sweet voice from her hearing, and she had need of all its comfort, for when Freedom came home from Dorset Centre a great girl baby lay by Lowly in the bed, and if its welcome from the mother had been bitter tears whose traces still shone on her wan face, from the father came far bitterer words, curses in all but the wording, for Freedom was a "professor" and profanity was a sin. Mint and anise and cumin he tithed scrupulously, but mercy and judgment fled from him and hid their shamefaced heads. Aunt Huldah and Aunt Hannah made their tansy pudding that day after the custom of their forefathers, and ate it with unflinching countenances, but Lowly fasted in her secret soul; and since her husband grimly remarked, "'T ain't nothin' to me what ye call her, gals ain't worth namin' anyhow!" the new baby was baptized Marah, and behaved herself neither with the uproarious misconduct of Shearjashub nor the gentle sweetness of Love, but quite in defiance of her name was the merriest, maddest little grig that could be, afraid of nothing and nobody, but as submissive to Lovey as a lamb could be, and full of fight when Shearjashub intruded himself on her domains. For this baby was a sturdy rosy girl of three before the fourth appeared. Lowly by

this time had fallen into a listless carelessness toward her husband that was simply the want of all spring in a long down-trodden heart. Lovey alone could stir her to tears or smiles. Marah tired and tormented her with her restless and overflowing vitality, though she loved her dearly; and her boy was big enough now to cling a little to "mother," and reward her for her faithful patience and care; but Lovey was the darling of her secret heart, and being now five years old the little maid waited on mother like a cherub on a saint, ran of errands, wound yarn, and did many a slight task in the kitchen that saved Lowly's bent and weary fingers.

It was with an impotent rage beyond speech that Freedom took the birth of another daughter; a frail, tiny creature, trembling and weak as a new-born lamb in a snow-drift, but for that very reason rousing afresh in Lowly's breast the eternal floods of mother-love, the only love that never fails among all earthly passions, the only patience that is never weary, the sole true and abiding trust for the helpless creatures who come into life as waifs from the great misty ocean, to find a shelter or a grave. Lowly was not only a mother according to the flesh, — for there are those whose maternity goes no further, and there are childless women who have the motherliness that could suffice for a countless brood, — but she had too the real heart; she clung to her weakling with a fervor and assertion that disgusted Freedom and astounded Aunt Huldah, who, like the old Scotch woman, sniffed at the idea of children in heaven: "No, no! a hantle o' weans there! an' me that could never abide bairns anywhere! I'll no believe it."

"It doos beat all, Hanner, to see her take to that skinny, miser'ble little crittur! The others was kind o' likely, all on 'em, but this is the dreadfulest weakly, peeked thing I ever see. I should think she'd be sick on 't!"

"I expect mothers — any way them that 's real motherly, Huld — thinks the most of them that needs it the most. I've seen women with children quite a spell now, bein' out nussin' 'round, an' I

allers notice that the sickly ones gets the most lovin' an' cuddlin'. I s'pose it's the same kind o' feelin' the Lord hez for sinners; they want him a sight more 'n the righteous do."

"Why, Hanner Wheeler, what be you a-thinkin' of! Where 's your catechis'? Ain't all men by nater under the wrath an cuss o' God 'cause they be fallen sinners? and here you be a-makin' out he likes 'em better 'n good folks."

"Well, Huld, I warn't a-thinkin' of catechism, I was a-thinkin' about what it sez in the Bible."

Here the new baby cried, and Aunt Huldah, confounded but unconvinced, gave a loud sniff and carried off Shearjashub and Marah to the red house, where their fights and roars and general insubordination soon restored her faith in the catechism.

Lowly got up very slowly from little Phœbe's birth, and Freedom grumbled loud and long over the expense of keeping Hepsy a month in the kitchen, but his wife did not care now: a dumb and sudden endurance possessed her; she prayed night and morning with a certain monomaniac persistence that she and Lovey and the baby might die, but she did her work just as faithfully and silently as ever, and stole away at night to lie down on the little cot bed in the back chamber by Lovey and Marah, her hot cheek against the cool soft face of her darling, and the little hand hid deep in her bosom, for an hour of rest and sad peace.

Freedom, meanwhile, worked all day on the farm, and carried Shearjashub, whose oppressive name had lapsed into Bub, into wood and field with him; taught him to drive the oxen, to hunt hens' nests in the barn on the highest mow, to climb trees, in short to risk his neck however he could, "to make a man of him;" and the boy learned among other manly ways a sublime contempt for "gals," and a use of all the forcible words permitted to masculine tongues. But Shearjashub's sceptre was about to tremble; little Phœbe had lingered in this world through a year of fluttering life when another baby was announced, but this time

it was a boy!—small even to Phœbe's first size, pallid, lifeless almost, but still a boy.

"By Jinks!" exclaimed Freedom, his hard face glowing with pleasure; "I told ye so, Aunt Huldah! there's bound to be a Freedom Wheeler in this house whether or no!"

"Hm!" said Aunt Huldah, "you call to mind old Hepsy Tinker, don't ye? she that was a-goin' to Har'ford a Tuesday, Providence permittin', an' Wednesday whether or no. Mabbe ye'll live to wish ye had n't fit with the Lord's will the way ye hev."

"I've got a boy, anyhow," was the grim exultant answer. "And he'll be Freedom Wheeler afore night, for I'm a-goin' to fetch the parson right off."

Strenuously did Parson Pitcher object to private baptism; but he was an old man now, and Freedom threatened that he would go to Hartford and fetch the Episcopal minister, if Parson Pitcher refused, and the old doctor knew he was quite sure to keep to his word; so, with a groan at the stiff-necked brother, he got out his cloak and hat and rode home with victorious Freedom to the farm-house. Here the punch-bowl was made ready on a stand in the parlor, and a fire kindled on the hearth, for it was a chilly April day, and from the open door into Lowly's bedroom the wailing day-old baby was brought and given into its father's arms, a mere scrid and atom of humanity, but a boy!

The rite was over, the long prayer said, and Freedom strode into the chamber to lay his namesake beside its mother; but as he stooped, the child quivered suddenly all over, gasped, opened its half-shut eyes glazed with a fatal film, and then closed the pallid violet-shadowed lids forever.

The next entry in the family Bible was,—

"Freedom: born April 11th: died same day."

"Well, he hain't got nobody but the Lord to querrel with this bout!" snapped Aunt Huldah. "He's had his way, 'nd now see what come on 't!"

Lowly got up again after the fashion

of her kind, without a murmur: she felt her baby's death, she mourned her loss, she was sorry for Freedom. She had loved him once, dearly; and if she had known it Freedom loved her as much as he could anything but himself, but it was not his way to show affection, even to his boy; as much of it as ever came to the surface was a rough caress offered now and then to Lowly, a usage that had died out, and died with no mourning on either side. But as there is a brief sweet season oftentimes, in our bitter climate, that comes upon the sour and angry November weather like a respite of execution, a few soft, misty, pensively sweet days, when the sun is red and warm in the heavens, the dead leaves give out their tender and melancholy odor, and the lingering birds twitter in the pine boughs as if they remembered spring, so there came to Lowly a late and last gleam of tranquil pleasure.

Aunt Huldah brought it about, for her tongue never failed her for fear; she caught Freedom by himself one day, looking like an ill-used bull-dog, all alone in the barn, setting some new rake-teeth.

"I've hed it on my mind quite a spell, Freedom," began the valorous old woman, "to tell ye that ef ye expect Lowly is ever a-goin' to hev a rousin' hearty child ag'in, you'll hev to cosset her up some. She ain't like our folks."

"That's pretty trew, Aunt Huldah," was the bitter interruption.

"She ain't a nether millstone, thet's a fact," answered Aunt Huldah, with vigor. "Nor she ain't bend leather by a good sight; she's one o' the weakly, meekly sort, 'nd you can't make a whistle out o' a pig's tail, I've heerd father say, 'nd you no need to try; no more can ye make a stubbid, gritty cretur out o' Lowly; she's good as gold, but she's one o' them that hankers arter pleasantness, an' lovin', an' sich; they're vittles an' drink to her, I tell ye. You an' I can live on pork an' cabbage, and sass each other continuoal, without turnin' a hair, but Lowly won't stan' it; 'nd ef ye expect this next baby to git along, I tell ye it's got to be easy goin' with her. You want to keep your fight with the

Lord up, I s'pose; you 're sot on hevin' another Freedom Wheeler?"

"I be," was the curt response. But though Aunt Huldah turned her back upon him without further encouragement, and marched through the ranks of "garden-sass" back to the house, her apron over her head and her nose high in air, like one who snuffeth the battle from afar, her pungent words fell not to the ground. Freedom perceived the truth of what she said, and his uneasy conscience goaded him considerably as to past opportunities; but he was an honest man, and when he saw a thing was to be done, he did it. Next day he brought Lowly a new rocking-chair from the Centre; he modified his manners daily. He helped her lift the heavy milk-pails, he kept her wood-pile by the shed door well heaped, and was even known to swing the heavy dinner pot off the crane, if it was full and weighty.

"For the land sakes!" exclaimed Aunt Hannah. "What's a-comin' to Freedom? He does act half-way decent, Huldah."

Aunt Huldah shook her cap ruffle up and down, and looked sagacious as an ancient owl. "That's me! I gin it to him, I tell ye, Hanner! Lowly wants cossetin' 'nd handlin' tender-like, or we 'll be havin' more dyin' babies 'round. I upan' told him so Wednesday mornin', out in the barn, 's true 's I'm alive."

"I'm glad on 't! I'm real glad on 't!" exclaimed Aunt Hannah. "You done right, Huldah; but massy to me! how darst ye?"

"Ho!" sniffed Aunt Huldah, "ef you think I'm afeard o' Freedom, you're clean mistook. I've spanked him too often, 'n' I wish to goodness I'd ha' spanked him a heap more; he'd ha' ben a heap the better for 't. You reklect I had the tunin' of him, Hanner? You was allus a nussin' mother; Freedom come to us jest as she got bedrid. Land! what a besom he was! his folks never tuned him, nor never took him to do, a mite. I hed it all to do, 'nd my mind misgives me now I did n't half do it; 'jest as the twig is bent the tree's inclined,' ye know it says in the speller."

"But, Huldah, 't ain't so easy bending a white-oak staddle; 'specially ef it's got a six years' growth."

"Well, I got the hang of him, anyhow, 'nd he 'll hear to me most allus, whether he performs accordin' or not."

"Mabbe it's too late, though, now, Huldah."

"Law, don't ye croak, Hanner; the little cretur 'll hev a pleasant spell anyhow for a while."

And so she did. Lowly's ready heart responded to sunshine as a rain-drenched bird will, preening its feathers, shaking its weary wings, welcoming the warm gladness with faint chirps and tiny brightening eyes, and then — taking flight!

A long and peaceful winter passed away, and in early May another boy was born; alas, it was another waxen, delicate creature. The old parson was brought in haste to baptize it; the pallid mother grew more white all through the ceremony, but nobody noticed her; she took the child in her arms with a wan smile and tried to call it by name; "Free—" was all she said; her arms closed about it with a quick shudder and stringent grasp, her lips parted wide; Lowly and her baby were both "free," for its last breath fluttered upward with its mother's; and in the family Bible there was another record:—

"Lowly Wheeler, died May 3d.

"Freedom Wheeler, born May 3d, died same day."

"Well," said Aunt Huldah, as they came back to the ghastly quiet of the shut and silent house, after laying Lowly and her boy under the ragged turf of Dorset grave-yard, "I guess Freedom 'll give up his wrastle with Providence, now, sence the Lord's took wife 'nd baby 'nd all."

"I don't feel sure of that!" answered Aunt Hannah, for once sarcastic.

II.

Aunt Huldah and Aunt Hannah took Love and Phæbe over to the red house to live with them, for they found a little

note in Lowly's Bible requesting them to take charge of these two, and their father did not object. Phoebe was a baby still; hopelessly feeble, she could not stand alone, though she was more than two years old, and Love was devoted to her. Bub and Marah could "fend for themselves," and the old woman who came, as usual, in Lowly's frequent absences from the kitchen, had promised to stay all summer. But before the summer was over Phoebe faded away like a tiny snow-wreath in the sun, and made a third little grave at her mother's feet; and Lovey grieved for her so bitterly that Aunt Hannah insisted she should stay with them still, and made her father promise she should be their little girl always; certain forebodings of their own as to the future prompting them to secure her a peaceful home while they lived.

As for Freedom, if he mourned Lowly it was with no soft or sentimental grief, but with a certain resentful aching in his heart, and a defiant aspect of soul toward the divine will that had overset his intentions and desires, — a feeling that deepened into savage determination, for this man was made of no yielding stuff. Obstinacy stood him in stead of patience, an active instead of a passive trait, and in less than six months after Lowly's death he was "published," according to the custom of those days; the first intimation his aunts or his children had of the impending crisis being this announcement from the pulpit by Parson Pitcher, that "Freedom Wheeler, of this town, and Melinda Bassett, of Hartland, intend marriage."

Aunt Huldah looked at Aunt Hannah from under her poke-bonnet with the look of an enraged hen; her cap-frill trembled with indignation, and Lovey shrank up closer to Aunt Hannah than before, for she saw two tears rise to her kind old eyes as they met Huldah's, and she loved Aunt Hannah with all her gentle little soul. As for Freedom he sat bolt upright and perfectly unmoved.

"Set his face as a flint!" raged Aunt Huldah as soon as she got out of church, and went to take her "noon-spell" in the

grave-yard, where the basket of doughnuts, cheese, pie, cake, and early apples was usually unpacked on the stone-wall, on pleasant Sundays, and the aunts sitting on a tombstone and the children on the grass ate their lunch. To-day Lovey and Marah were left on the stone to eat their fill. Bub had gone to the spring for water, and Freedom nobody knew where, while the aunts withdrew to "talk it over."

"Yis," repeated Aunt Huldah, "set his face like a flint! I tell ye he hain't got no more feelin' than a cherub on a tombstone, Hanner! She ain't cold in her grave afore he's off to Hartland buyin' calves. Calves! I guess likely, comin' home jest as plausible as a passnip: 'I shan't make no butter this year, so I bought a lot o' calves to raise.' Ho! heifer calves every one on 'em, mind ye. Ef we had n't ha' ben a pair o' fools we should ha' mistrusted suthin. Ef that gal's Abigail Bassett's darter, things 'll fly, I tell ye." And here Aunt Huldah blew a long breath out, as if her steam was at high pressure and could not help opening a valve for relief, and wise Aunt Hannah seized the chance to speak.

"Well, Huldah, I declare I'm beat, myself; but we can't help it. I must say I looked forrard to the time when he would do it, but I did n't reelly expect it jest yet. We've got Lovey, any way; and ef Melindy ain't a pootty capable woman she'll hev her hands full with Bub and Marah."

"Thet's a fact," returned Aunt Huldah, whose inmost soul rejoiced at the prospect of Bub's contumaciousness under new rule, for he was not a small boy any more, and shingles were in vain; though he still made a certain outward show of obedience. Marah, too, was well calculated to be a thorn in the flesh of any meek step-mother, with her high spirits, untamed temper, and utter willfulness; and Aunt Huldah, whose soul was sore, — not because of Freedom's marriage, for she recognized its necessity, but because of its indecent haste, which not only seemed an insult to gentle Lowly, whom Aunt Huldah had loved dearly, but a matter of talk to all the

town where the Wheelers had been "respectit like the law" for many a long year, — Aunt Huldah rejoiced in that exasperated soul of hers at a prospect of torment to the woman who stepped into Lowly's place quite unconscious of any evil design or desire on the part of her new relatives.

But it was no meek step-mother whom Freedom brought home from a very informal wedding, in his old wagon, some three weeks after. Melinda Bassett was quite capable of holding her own, even with Aunt Huldah; a strapping, buxom, rosy-faced girl, with abundant rough dark hair and a pair of bright, quick dark eyes, an arm of might in the dairy, and a power of work and management that would have furnished forth at least five feeble pieces like Lowly. Freedom soon found he had inaugurated Queen Stork. Bub was set to rights as to his clothes, and "pitched into," as he sulkily expressed it, in a way that gave him a new and unwilling respect for the other sex; and Marah entered at once into an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the new "mammy," for Melinda was pleasant and cheerful when things went right, and generally meant they should go right. She was fond of children, too, when they were "pretty behaved," and Marah was bright enough to find out, with the rapid perception of a keen-witted child, that it was much better for her to *be* pretty behaved than otherwise.

But Freedom! — it was new times to him to have his orders unheeded and his ways derided; he had been lord and master in his house a long time, but here was a capable, plucky, courageous, and cheery creature who made no bones of turning him out of her dominions when he interfered, or ordering her own ways without his help at all.

"Land of Goshen!" said Melinda to the wondering Aunt Hannah. "Do you s'pose I'm goin' to hev a man tewin' round in my way all the time, jest cos he's my husband? I guess not. I know how to 'tend to my business, and I expect to 'tend right up to it; moreover I expect he'll tend to his'n. When I get

a holt of his plow, or fodder his team, or do his choppin', 'll be time enough for him to tell me how to work butter 'n' scald pans. I ain't nobody's fool, I tell ye, Aunt Hanner."

"I'm glad on 't, — I'm dredful glad on 't!" growled Aunt Huldah, when she heard of this manifesto.

"That 's the talk; she'll straighten him out, I'll bet ye! Ef poor Lowly 'd had that spunk she might ha' been livin' to-day. But I guess she's better off," suddenly wound up Aunt Huldah, remembering her catechism, no doubt, as she walked off muttering, "Are at their death made perfect in holiness, and do immediately pass into glory," — an assurance that has upheld many a tried and weary soul more conversant with the language of the Assembly of Divines than that of their Lord and Head; for in those old days this formula of the faith was ground into every infant memory, though the tender gospel words were comparatively unknown.

So the first year of the new reign passed on, and in the next February Freedom was mastered by a more stringent power than Melinda, for he fell ill of old-fashioned typhus fever, a malign evil that lights down here and there in lonely New England farm-houses, utterly regardless of time or place; and in a week this strong man was helpless, muttering delirious speech, struggling for life with the fire that filled his veins and consumed his flesh. Aunt Hannah came to his aid, and the scarce neighbors did what they could for him; brother farmers snored away the night in a chair beside his bed, and said they had "sot up with Freedom Wheeler last night," — ministrations worse than useless, but yet repeated as a sort of needful observance; and at the end of the first week Aunt Hannah was called away to the "up-chamber" room, where Melinda slept now, and a big boy was introduced into the Wheeler family; while Moll Thunder, an old woman skilled in "yarbs," as most of her race are, — for she was a half-breed Indian, — was sent for from Wingfield, and took command of the fever-patient, who raged and raved at

his will, dosed with all manner of teas, choked with lukewarm porridge, smothered in blankets, bled twice a week, and kept as hot, as feeble, and as dirty as the old practice of medicine required, till disease became a mere question of "the survival of the fittest;" our grandfathers and grandmothers are vaunted to this day as a healthy, hard working race, because the weakly share of each generation was neatly eliminated according to law.

But if Freedom was helpless and wandering, Melinda was not; a week was all she spared to the rites and rights of the occasion: and when she first appeared in the kitchen, defying and horrifying Aunt Huldah, there ensued a brief and spicy conversation between the three women concerning this new baby, who lay sucking his fist in the old wooden cradle, looking round, hard and red as a Baldwin apple, and quite unconscious what a fire-brand he was about to be.

"It's real bad, ain't it?" purred Aunt Hannah, "to think Freedom should n't know nothin' about the baby? He'd be jest as tickled."

"I don't know what for," snapped Melinda. "I should think there was young uns enough 'round now, to suit him."

"But they was n't boys," answered Aunt Hannah; "Freedom is sot on havin' a boy to be called for him; there's allus ben a Freedom Wheeler amongst our folks, as well as a Shearjashub: and I never see him more pestered by a little thing than when them two babies died, both on em bein' baptized Freedom; and he's had a real controversy with Providence, Parson Pitcher sez; his mind's so sot on this business."

"Well, this little feller is n't a-goin' to be called Freedom, now, I tell ye," uttered Melinda with a look of positiveness that chilled Aunt Hannah to the heart. "He's jest as much my baby's he is his pa's, and a good sight more, I b'lieve; shan't I hev all the trouble on him? an' jest as quick as he's big enough to help instead o' hinder, won't he be snaked off inter the lots to work? I've seen men folks afore; and I tell ye,

Aunt Hanner, you give 'em an inch 'n' they take a harf a yard, certain!"

"Well, Melindy," interfered Aunt Huldah, for once in her life essaying to make peace, "Freedom's dreadful sick now; reelly he's dangerous" (this is New England vernacular for in danger); "what ef he should up 'n' die? Would n't ye feel kind o' took aback to think on 't?"

"Things is right 'n' wrong jest the same ef everybody dies; everybody doos, sooner or later; I don't see what odds that makes, Aunt Huldah. I ain't a-goin' to make no fuss about it; fust Sunday in March is sacrament day, and children is allers presented for baptism then. I'll jest fix it right, and ef his pa gits well, why there 'tis, 'nd he'll hev to git used to 't; and ef he don't, it ain't no matter, he won't never know. I guess I've got folks as well as you, and names, too: there's old Grandsir Bassett; he sot a sight by me, 'nd he was ninety years old 'n' up'ards when he died; why, he fit the British out to Ticonderogy long o' Ethan Allen! He was a dredful spry man, and had a kind o' pootty name, too; smart-soundin', and I'm a-goin' to call the boy for him. Freedom! Land o' Goshen! tain't a half a name anyhow; sounds like Fourth o' July oh-rations, 'nd Hail Columby, 'nd fire-crackers, 'nd root beer, 'nd Yankee Doodle thrown in! Now Grandsir Bassett's name was Tyagustus. That sounds well, I tell ye! kinder mighty an pompous, 's though it come out o' them columns o' long proper names to the end of the speller."

Here Melinda got out of breath, and dismayed Aunt Huldah followed Aunt Hannah, who had stolen off to Freedom's room with a certain instinct of protecting him, as a hen who sees the circling wings of a hawk in the high blue heaven runs to brood her chicks.

Moll Thunder was smoking a clay pipe up the wide chimney, and Freedom lay on the bed with half-shut eyes, drawn and red visage, parched lips, and restless tossing head, murmuring wild words: here and there calls for Lowly, a tender word for Love, whom he scarce ever no-

ticed in health, or a muttered profanity at some balky horse or stupid ox-team.

"Kinder pooty sick," grunted Moll Thunder, nodding to the visitants. "Plenty much tea-drink drown him ole debbil fever clear out 'fore long. He, he, he! Moll knows; squaw-vine, pep'mint, cohosh, fever-wort; pooty good steep." And from a pitcher of steaming herbs, rank of taste and evil of smell, she proceeded to dose her patient, — a heroic remedy that might have killed or cured but that now Aunt Hannah was no more needed up-stairs and could resume her place by Freedom; and Moll was sent home to Wingfield with a piece of pork, a bag of meal, and a jug of cider-brand, a professional fee she much preferred to money.

But even Aunt Hannah could not arrest the fever; it had its sixty days of fight and fire. While yet it raged in Freedom's gaunt frame with unrelenting fierceness, Melinda carried out her programme, and had her baby baptized Ty-agustus Bassett. Parson Pitcher came now and then to visit the sick man; but even when recovery had proceeded so far that the reverend divine thought fit to exhort and catechise his weak brother in reference to his religious experience, the old gentleman shook his head and took numerous pinches of snuff at the result.

"There seems to be a root of bitterness, — a root of bitterness remaining, Huldy. His speritooal frame is cold and hard; there is a want of tenderness, — a want of tenderness."

"He did n't never have no great," dryly remarked Aunt Huldah.

"Grace has considerable of a struggle, no doubt, with the nateral man; it is so with all of us; but after such a dispensation, an amazing dispensation, brought into the jaws of death, Huldy, where death got hold of him and destruction made him afraid, in the words of scrip-ter, I should expect, I did expect, to find him in a tender frame; but he seems to kick against the pricks, — to kick against the pricks."

"Well, Parson Pitcher, folks don't allus do jest as ye calc'late to have 'em,

here below; and grace doos have a pooty hard clinch on 't with Freedom, I'm free to confess. He's dredful sot, dredful; and I don't mind tellin' ye, seein' we're on the subject, that he's ben kinder thwarted in suthin whilst he was sick, an' he hain't but jest found it out, and it doos rile him peskily; he dono how on airth to put up with 't."

"Indeed! — indeed! Well, Huldy, the heart knoweth its own bitterness. I guess I will pray with the family now, and set my face homeward without dealing with Freedom further to-day."

"I guess I would," frankly replied Aunt Huldah. "A little hullsome lettin' alone's 's good for grown folks as 'tis for children; and after a spell he'll kinder simmer down; as Hanner sez, when ye can't fix a thing your way, you've got to swaller it some other way; but it doos choke ye awful sometimes."

There is no doubt that "Tyagustus" did choke Freedom, when he found that sonorous name tacked irremediably on to the great hearty boy he had hoped for so long, but never seen till it was six weeks old and solemnly christened after Grand-sir Bassett. A crosser and a more disagreeable man than this convalescent never made a house miserable: the aunts went delicately in bitterness of soul, after Agag's fashion; Bub fled from before the paternal countenance, and almost lived in the barn; Marah had been for two months tyrannizing over Lovey at the red house, as happy and as saucy as a bobolink on a fence post; while Melinda, quite undaunted by the humors of her lord and master, went about her work with her usual zeal and energy, scolding Bub, working the hired man up to his extremest capacity, scrubbing, chattering, and cheery; now and then stopping to feed and hug the great good-tempered baby, or fetching some savory mess to Freedom, whose growls and groans disturbed her no more than the scrawks and croaks of the gossiping old hens about the doorstep.

By June he was about again, and things had found their level. If this were not a substantially true story, I should like to branch off here from the

beaten track and reform my hero, make the gnarly oak into a fluent and facile willow-tree, and create a millennial peace and harmony in the old farm-house, just to make things pleasant for dear Aunt Hannah and gentle little Lovey; but facts are stubborn things, and if circumstances and the grace of God modify character, they do not change it; Peter and Paul were Paul and Peter still, though the end and aim of life was changed for them after conversion.

So Freedom Wheeler returned to his active life unchastened, indeed rather exasperated by his illness. The nervous irritation and general unhingeing of mind and body that follow a severe fever added, of course, to his disgust and rebellion against the state of things about him. His heart's desire had been refused him over and over, but it grew up again like a pruned shrub, the stronger and sturdier for every close cutting; and grinding his teeth against fate, — he dared not say against God, — he went his bitter way.

Melinda never feared him, but he was a terror to the children; and had there been any keen observer at hand, it would have been painful to see how "father" was a dreadful word instead of a synonym for loving protection and wise guidance. Aunt Hannah was shocked when Marah refused to say the Lord's prayer one night. "Me won't! me don't want father in heaven; fathers is awful cross; me won't say it, aunty."

"Now you jest clap down 'nd say 'Now I lay me' quick as a wink!" interposed Aunt Huldah. "Hanner, don't ye let that child talk so to ye. I'd tune her, afore I would, I tell ye."

But in the secrecy of her own apartment, Aunt Huldah explained: "You see, Hanner, I've took the measure of that young un's foot; she's pa all over; no more like Lowly 'n chalk is like cheese! Ef you'd ha' battled it out with her she'd ha' got the better of ye, 'nd more'n likely gone home an' told the hull story, and then Freedom would nigh about ha' slartered her; 'nd I don't want the leetle cretur's sperit broke. Fact is, I feel jes' so myself; he is so

all-fired ugly, seems as though I should bust, sometimes. Moreover 'nd above all, 'tain't never best to let childern git the better of ye. They don't never go back on their tracks ef they do. I put in my finger that time so's 't she should n't querrel with you, 'nd she said t'other thing jest like a cosset lamb; she was sort o' surprised into 't, ye see."

"I presume likely, I presume likely, Huld; she's a masterful piece, Marah is; I'm afeard she'll taste trouble afore she dies. Sech as she has to have a lot of discipline to fetch 'em into the kingdom."

"Don't seem to be no use to Freedom, 'flictions don't, Hanner. Sometimes, I declare for 't, I have my doubts ef he ever got religion, anyhow."

"Why, Huld; Wheeler!" Aunt Hannah's eyes glowed with mild wrath; "'nd he's ben a professor nigh on to thirty year. How can ye talk so? I'm clean overcome."

"Well, I can't help it. There's some things stand to reason, ef they be speritoal things, 'nd one on 'em is that ef a man's born again he's a new cretur. You're paowerful on Bible texts, so I won't sling no catechism at ye this time, but there is suthin somewhere, 'long in some o' the 'Pistles, about 'love, joy, peace, gentleness, goodness, meekness,' 'nd so on, for quite a spell; and if that cap fits Freedom, why I'm free to say I don't see it."

"Well, Huld; we must make allowances; ye see he's dreadful disapp'inted."

"That's so! you'd better b'lieve *he* don't say the Lord's Prayer, nò more 'n Marah; or ef he doos, it goes, 'My will be done;' he hain't learnt how to spell it t'other way." Aunt Hannah sighed; she was getting old now, and Freedom was as dear to her as an only child — wayward and willful though it be — to a loving mother; but she rested her heart on its life-long comfort, a merciful presence that was her daily strength, and hoped for the best, for some future time, even if she did not live to see it, when this stubborn heart of her boy's should become flesh, and his soul accept

a divine Master, with strong and submissive faith.

Poor Aunt Hannah! she had shed countless tears and uttered countless prayers to this end, but as yet in vain. Next year only brought fresh exasperation to Freedom in the birth of a daughter, as cross, noisy, and disagreeable as she was unwelcome. He flung out of the house and went to plowing the ten-acre lot, though the frost was only out of the surface; he broke his share, goaded his oxen till even those patient beasts rebelled, and at last left the plow in the furrow and took a last year's colt out to train. Melinda escaped a great deal through that poor colt, for what he dared not pour on her offending head in the way of reviling, he safely hurled at the wild creature he found so restive in harness; and many a kick and blow taught the brute how superior a being man is, particularly when he is out of temper!

"Keep that brat out o' my sight, Aunt Hanner," was his first greeting to the child. "Don't fetch it 'round here: it's nothin' but a noosance."

Aunt Hannah retreated in dismay, but she dared not tell Melinda, whose passion for fine-sounding names was mightily gratified at the opportunity to select a girl's appellation; before she issued from her sick room she made up her mind to call this child Chimera Una Vilda.

Dear reader, give me no credit for imagination here! These are actual names, registered on church records and tombstones; with sundry others of the like sort, such as Secretia, Luelle, Lorilla, Allaroila, Lue, Plumy, Antha, Loru-hama, Lophelia, Bethursda, and a host more. But it mattered little to Freedom; the child might have any name or no name as far as he cared; it was a naughty baby, and rent the air with cries of temper in a manner that was truly hereditary.

"I never see such a piece in all my days," sighed Aunt Hannah, whose belief in total depravity became an active principle under this dispensation. "I declare for 't, Hully, you can hear her scream way over here."

"Well, I b'lieve you, Hanner: the winders is wide open, and we ain't but jest acrost the road. I guess you could hear her a good mile; an' she keeps it up the hull endurin' time. Makes me think o' them cherubims the Rev'lations tells about, that continuoally do cry; only she ain't cryin' for praise."

"I expect she'd cry for suthin besides crossness ef she knew how her pa feels about her; it's awful, Hully, it is awful to see him look at the child once in a while."

"She knows it in her bones, I tell ye. Talk about 'riginal sin! I guess she won't want no sin more 'riginal than what's come down pootty straight from him. She's jest another of 'em, now I tell ye."

But Melinda was equal to the situation: whether she picked up the last maple twig Marah brought in from driving the cows, or pulled the stiff wooden busk from her maternal bosom, or "ketched off her shoe," or even descended upon that chubby form with her own hard hand and pungently "reversed the magnetic currents," as they say in Boston, those currents were reversed so often it might have been matter of doubt which way they originally ran after a year or two! But the old Adam was strong, and when Chimera — no chimera to them, but a dreadful reality — was sent over to stay a while at the red house, the aunts were at their wits' ends, and Lovey both tired and tormented.

This time — for Chimera's visit to the aunts was occasioned by the immediate prospect of another baby — Aunt Hannah was not able to take care of Melinda: the dear old woman was getting old; a "shockanum palsy," as Aunt Huldah called a slight paralytic stroke, had given her warning; her head shook perpetually, and her hands trembled; she could still do a little work about the house, but her whole failing body was weary with the perpetual motion, and she knew life was near its end for her. So they sent to Dorset Centre for the village nurse, a fat, good-natured creature, and one morning, early, a boy — a rosy, sturdy, big boy — appeared on the stage.

Now Freedom exulted; he strode over

to the red house to tell the news. "Fact, Aunt Hanner! I've got him now; a real stunner, too. You won't see no tricks played now, I tell ye! By jingo! I'm goin' off for Parson Pitcher quicker 'n lightnin'. I'll bet ye, Melindy won't git ahead o' me this time; that leetle feller 'll be Freedom Wheeler in two hours' time, sure 's ye live."

"Providence permitting," put in Aunt Hannah softly, as if to avert the omen of this loud and presumptuous rejoicing; but soft as the prayer was, Freedom heard it, and as he opened the door turned on his heel and answered, "Whether or no, this time."

Aunt Hannah lay back in her chair, utterly shocked; this was rank blasphemy in her ears; she did not remember the illustrative story Aunt Huldah told Freedom on a time long past about a certain old woman's intention to go to Hartford, or she might perhaps have been less horrified. Still, it was bad enough, for if the words were lightly spoken the spirit within the man accorded fully with his tone, and never was keener triumph rampant in any conqueror's heart than in this rough, self-willed farmer's as he drove his horse, full tilt, down the long hills and up the sharp ascents that lay between him and the parsonage. But Parson Pitcher had been called up higher than Freedom Wheeler's. That very morning he had fallen asleep in his bed, weak and wasted with a long influenza, and being almost ninety years old the sleep of weakness had slipped quietly into the deeper calm of death.

He had for a year past been obliged to have a colleague, so Freedom hunted the young man up at his boarding place, and took him instead; a little aggrieved, indeed, for long custom made Parson Pitcher seem the only valid authority for religious observances of this kind, and years after he ceased to preach the little children were always brought to him for baptism.

"But I s'pose one on 'em's reely as good as t'other for this puppus," hilariously remarked Freedom to the old lady who lodged the colleague, receiving a grim stare of disapproval for his answer,

as he deserved. However, there was one advantage in having Mr. Brooks instead of the parson. Freedom was but slightly acquainted with the new-comer, so he poured out all his troubles, his losses, and his present rejoicing all the way home with a frankness and fluency strange enough; for New Englanders as a race are reticent both of their affairs and their feelings, and Freedom Wheeler was more so by nature than by race. This exultation seemed to have fused his whole character for the time into glowing, outpouring fervor; a deep and ardent excitement fired his eye and loosed his tongue, and Mr. Brooks, who had a tinge of the metaphysical and inquisitive about him, was mightily interested in the man; and being, as he phrased it, a "student of character," which is, being interpreted, an impertinent soul who makes puppets of his fellows to see how their wires work and discover the thoughts of their hearts for his own theories and speculations, he gently drew out this intoxicated man, "drunken, but not with wine," as he was, with judicious suggestions and inquiries, till he knew him to the core; a knowledge of use to neither party, and to the young clergyman only another apple off the tree from which Eve plucked sin and misery, and a sour one at that.

Once more the old china punch-bowl that had been a relic in the Wheeler family beyond their record, and would have crazed a china fancier with the lust of the eye, was filled from the spring and set on the claw-footed round table in the parlor, the door left open into Melinda's room so she could see all the ceremony, the aunts and nurse assembled in solemn array (all the children being sent over to Lovey's care, at the red house), and with due propriety the new baby, squirming and kicking with great vigor in his father's arms, was baptized Freedom Wheeler.

Why is it that "the curse of a granted prayer" comes sometimes immediately? Why do we pant and thirst, and find the draught poisonous? or after long exile come home, only to find home gone? Alas! these are the conditions of human-

ity: the questions we all ask, the thwarting and despair we all endure; and also the mystery and incompleteness which tell us in hourly admonition that this life is a fragment and a beginning, and that its ends are not peace and rapture, but discipline and education. Freedom Wheeler was no apt pupil, but his sharpest lesson came to-day.

Full of exultation over fate, Melinda, and the aunts, chuckling to himself with savage satisfaction at the conscious feeling that it was no use for anybody — even the indefinite influence he dared not call God — to try to get the better of him, he strode across the room to give his boy back to Melinda, stumbled over a little stool that intruded from below the sofa, fell full length on the floor, with the child under him, and when he rose to his feet, dazed with the jar of the fall, it was but just in time to see those baby eyelids quiver once and close forever: the child was dead!

Melinda rose up in the bed with a dreadful face; shriek on shriek burst from her lips. The women crowded about Freedom and took the limp little body from his arms; he leaned against the door-way like a man in a dream; the torrents of reproach and agony that burst from Melinda's lips seemed not to enter his ears: "Now you've done it! you've killed him! you have! you have!" But why repeat the wild and bitter words of a mother bereft of her child in the first hours of its fresh, strong life? Melinda was not a cruel or ungenerous woman naturally, but now she was weak and nervous, and the shock was too much for her brain.

In this sudden stress Mr. Brooks forgot his metaphysics and fell back on the old formulas, which after all do seem to wear better than metaphysics in any real woe or want; he drew near to Freedom and put his hand on the wretched man's shoulder. "My brother," said he, gently, "this evil is from the hand of the Lord; bear it like a Christian."

"He ain't no Christian!" shouted Melinda, with accents of concentrated bitterness. "Christians ain't that sort, growlin' and scoldin' and fightin' with

the Lord that made him, cos he could n't hev his own way, and uplifted sky-high when he got it; 'nd now look to where 'tis! The hypocrite's hope is cut off, cut off! Oh, my baby! my baby! my baby!" Here she fell into piteous wailing and fainting, and Mr. Brooks led the passive, stricken man away, while Aunt Huldah dispatched Reuben Stark for the doctor, and Aunt Hannah and the nurse tried to calm and restore Melinda.

But it was idle to try to draw Freedom from his silent gloom; he would neither speak nor hear, apparently, and Mr. Brooks, seeing Reuben hitching the horse to the wagon, took his hat to leave. Aunt Huldah followed him to the door for politeness.

"Send for me when you are ready for the funeral, Miss Huldah," said he, in taking leave. "I feel deeply for you all, especially for brother Wheeler; the Lord seems to have a controversy with him indeed."

"That's so," curtly replied Aunt Huldah; "an' I don't see but what he's kep' up his end on't pooty well; but I guess he's got to let go. This makes three on 'em, and it's an old sayin', three times an' out."

A suddenly subdued smile curled the corners of Mr. Brooks' mouth for a second; poor man, he had a keen sense of the ludicrous and was minister in a country parish!

"Good day," nodded Aunt Huldah, quite unaware that she had said anything peculiar, and then she returned to Freedom; but he had gone out of the kitchen, nor did any one know where he was, till the horn called to supper, when he came in, swallowed a cup of tea, and went speechless to bed, not even asking about Melinda, whom the doctor found in the first stage of fever, and pronounced "dangerous."

But Melinda was strong and could bear a great deal yet; she was comparatively a young woman, and after a month's severe illness she began to improve daily, and in another month was like her old self again; perhaps a trifle less cheery, but still busy, vivacious, and unsparing of herself or others. But

Freedom was a changed man; the scornful and bitter words Melinda had uttered in her frantic passion burnt deep into his soul, though he gave no sign even of hearing them.

Kingsley speaks of "the still, deep-hearted Northern, whose pride breaks slowly and silently, but breaks once for all; who tells to God what he never will tell to man, and having told it is a new creature from that day forth forever;" and something after this fashion was Freedom Wheeler shaped. He had been brought up in the strictest Calvinism, had his "experience" in due form, and then united with the church; but Parson Pitcher never preached to anybody but unconverted sinners: hell fire drove him on to save from the consequences of sin; its conditions people who were once converted must look out for themselves; and Freedom's strong will, sullen temper, and undisciplined character grew up like the thorns in the parable and choked the struggling blades of grain that never reached an ear. Melinda's accusations were the first sermon that ever awoke his consciousness; he had always prided himself on his honesty, and here he saw that he had been an utter hypocrite.

With all his faults he had a simple faith in the truths of the Bible and a conscientious respect for ordinances, and now there fell upon him a deep conviction of heinous sin, a gloom, a despair that amounted almost to insanity; but he asked no counsel, he implored no divine aid; with the peculiar sophistry of religious melancholy he considered that his prayers would be an abomination to the Lord. So he kept silence, poring more and more over his Bible, appropriating its dreadful texts all to himself, and turning his eyes away from every gracious and tender promise, as one unworthy to read them.

He worked more faithfully than ever; worked from day's first dawn into the edge of darkness, as if the suffering of a worn-out body had a certain counter-irritation for the tortured mind. There are many rods of stone-wall on that old farm to-day, laid up of such great stones, made so wide and strong and close, that

the passer-by looks at it with wonder, little knowing that the dreadful struggles of a wandering and thwarted soul mark the layers of massive granite and record the exhaustion of flesh mastered by strong and strenuous spirit.

When Melinda was herself again, it was yet some time before she noticed the change in Freedom; there was a certain simple selfishness about her that made her own grief hide every other, and impelled her to try with all her might to forget her trouble, to get rid of the sharp memory that irked her soul like a rankling thorn. She hid all her baby clothes away in the garret, she sent the cradle out to the shed loft, and never opened her lips about that lost boy, whose name Aunt Huldah had recorded in the same record with the two who had preceded him, and whose little body lay under the mulleins and golden-rods, beside the others at Lowly's feet.

But as time wore on Melinda began to see that some change had passed over her husband. She had quite forgotten her own mad words, spoken in the first delirium of her anguish, and followed by the severe fever that had almost swept away life as well as memory; no remorse therefore softened her heart, but it was not needed. Though Melinda was an incisive, stirring, resolute woman, with her warm temper she had also a warm heart; she could not live in the house with a dog or a cat without feeling a certain kindly affection for the creature. Her step-children never suffered at her hands, but shared in all the care she gave her own, and loved her as well as shy, careless children of a healthy sort love anybody. She loved her husband truly. Her quick, stormy ways meant no more than the scolding of a wren; in her heart she held Freedom dear and honored, only he did not know it.

But she began now, in her anxiety about his sad and gloomy ways, to soften her manner toward him daily: she remembered the things he liked to eat and prepared them for the table; she made him a set of new shirts, and set the stitches in them with scrupulous neatness; she kept the house in trim and

pleasant order, and sat up at night to mend his working-clothes, so that they were always whole,—homely services and demonstrations, no doubt, but having as much fitness to place and person as the scenic passion of a novel in high life, or a moral drama where the repentant wife throws herself into a stern husband's arms, and with flying tresses and flowing tears vows never to vex or misunderstand his noble soul again.

Freedom's conscious controversy with his Maker still went on within him, and raged between doubt and despair; but he was human, and the gentle ray of affection that stole from Melinda's "little candle" did its work in his "naughty world." He felt a certain comfort pervading home when he came in at night, sad and weary: the children's faces were clean, the hearth washed, the fire bright; warmth and peace brooded over the old kitchen, crackled softly from the back-log, purred in the cat, sang from the kettle-nose; Melinda's shining hair was smooth, her look quiet and wistful; the table was neatly spread,—little things, surely, but life is made up of them, and hope and happiness and success.

The dark cloud in this man's soul began to lift imperceptibly; and he was called out of himself presently to stand by Aunt Hannah's bed and see her die. A second shock of paralysis suddenly prostrated her, and she was laid on the pillows speechless and senseless; twenty-four hours of anxiety and tears passed, and then she seemed to revive; she stirred her hand, her face relaxed, her eyes opened, but the exhaustion was great and she was unable to speak. Conscious and patient she endured through a few days more, and then the final message came: another paralysis, a longer silence, and those grouped about her bed in the old red house, thinking every moment to see the shadow of death fall over those beloved features, beheld with surprise the soft brown eyes open and fix upon Freedom such a look of longing, tender, piteous affection as might have broken the heart of a stone; a long, long gaze, a very passion of love, pity, and yearning, and then those eyes turned heaven-

ward, grew glorious with light and peace, and closed slowly,—closed forever.

Freedom went out and wept bitterly: he had denied his Lord, too, and it was a look that smote him to the heart, as that divine glance did Peter. But no man knew or saw it. Hidden in the barn, a dim and fragrant oratory that has seen more than one struggle of soul in the past and unknown records of New England, Freedom "gave up," and gave up finally.

He was no longer a young man, and he was not the stuff that saints are made of, but he had a stern honesty, an inward uprightness that held him to his new resolve like hooks of steel. If his temper softened a little, his obstinacy yielded here and there, his manner gave out now and then some scanty spark of affection and consideration, these were the outward signs of a mighty change within; for an old and weather-beaten tree does not bloom in its spring resurrection with the flowers and promise of a young and vigorous growth; it is much if the gnarled boughs put out their scanty share of verdure, if there is a blossom on a few branches, and shelter enough for a small bird's-nest from sun or rain. Lovey, grown by this time a tall and helpful girl, with her mother's delicate sweetness in face and figure, was first perhaps to feel this vital change in her father. Aunt Hannah's death was a woful loss to her tender, clinging nature, and she turned to him with the instinct of a child, and found a shy and silent sympathy from him that was strangely dear and sweet and bound them together as never before. Aunt Huldah, too, noticed it. "Dear me!" said she to herself, as she sat alone by the fire, knitting red stockings for Chimera, who had begun to mend her ways a little under the steady birch and shingle discipline. "Dear me, I'm real afraid Freedom ain't long for this world. He is kinder mellerin', like a stone-apple in June; it's onnatural. I expect he's struck with death, Hanner, don't you? Oh, my land; what a old fool I be! Hanner's gone, 'nd here I be a-talkin' to her jest as though"—Aunt Huldah wiped her

dimmed eyes with a red silk handkerchief, and rubbed her misty glasses before she went on, still leaving the sentence unfinished: "Mabbe it's a triumph o' grace; I s'pose grace can get the better o' Freedom: seems kinder doubtful, I must confess; but I don't see nothin' else that could fetch him, and he is a growin' soft, sure as ye live."

But Melinda, less sensitive or perceptive, perceived only that her efforts had "kinder sorter slicked him down," as she said.

It was reserved for the birth of another child to demonstrate how Freedom had laid down his arms and gone over to the king at last. Yes, two years after Aunt Hannah's death another fine and hearty boy entered the family, but not this time with such acclaim and welcome as the last. Melinda, weak and happy, grew gentler than ever before, between present bliss and future fear, and Freedom, hiding his face in his hard brown hands, thanked God with shame and trembling for this undeserved mercy; and even while he shuddered, naturally enough, at the possibilities the past recalled, he could say humbly and fervently, "Thy will be done."

Nobody spoke of sending for the minister now, nor was even a name for baby suggested till two months after, when Melinda said to Freedom one night when the children were all in bed, and they

sat alone by the fire waiting for the last brand to fall in two before it could be raked up, "Next Sunday but one is sacrament Sunday, Freedom. It's good weather now; had n't the little feller better be presented fur baptism?"

"I guess so," answered he.

"What do ye calkerlate to call him?" asked Melinda, shyly, after a pause.

"Thet's for you to say, Melinda; I wish ye to do jest as ye're a mind to," he said, gently, with a stifled sigh.

"That's easy settled then," she replied, a pretty smile about her red lips, and laying her hand on her husband's knee; "I don't want to call him nothin' more nor less than Freedom."

He put his hand on hers for a moment, looked the other way, and then got up and went out silently.

So one bright June day baby was taken to the meeting-house and received his name, and was duly recorded in the family Bible, but with no ominous monosyllable added to his birth-date; and Aunt Huldah, as she went out of church, said to Mr. Brooks, by no means inaudibly, "I guess Freedom's gin up his controversy finally; he did keep up his end on't quite a spell, but he's gin up for good now, I expect."

"Yes," answered the young parson, with a smile of mingled feeling and reverence. "The Lord was in the still small voice."

Rose Terry Cooke.

FIREFLIES.

I SAW, one sultry night, above a swamp,
The darkness throbbing with their golden pomp!
And long my dazzled sight did they entrance
With the bright chaos of their dizzy dance.

Quicker than yellow leaves, when gales despoil,
Quivered the brilliance of their mute turmoil,
Within whose light was intricately blent
Perpetual rise, perpetual descent,

As though their scintillant flickerings had met
 In the vague meshes of some airy net!
 And now mysteriously I seemed to guess,
 While watching their tumultuous loveliness,
 What fervor of deep passion strangely thrives
 In the warm richness of these tropic lives,
 Whose wings can never tremble but they show
 The hearts of living fire that beat below!

Edgar Fawcett.

PAIGE'S HISTORY OF CAMBRIDGE.¹

If we New Englanders admire ourselves in a representative way for the slow and painful displacement of nature, — for our cities, towns, inclosures, and all that belongs to our rectilinear life, — what shall we say of the man who by one touch of his art sweeps away the whole incumbrance in a moment; who, in our Cambridge of to-day, makes the pine to soar again in the market-place, the dandelion to pave the dusty Main Street with gold, the wolf to utter his hungry howl where now is the almshouse, the wild pigeon to coo love and peace at the Divinity School, and the 'possum to play his innocent tricks at the City Hall? The antiquarian does all this, and without cost or damage but to himself. He finds us blinking at an uncertain future or weary with a commonplace present, and promises to show us the past, where we may walk leisurely among toiling activities, undisturbed among tumults, unharmed amid dangers, lighted by a sun that does not scorch at noonday and a moon that will not harm us if we catch a nap under its rays. Thereupon he wrestles single-handed with the great destroyer in cobwebbed garrets or gloomy rooms of registry, or creeping among graves makes even death tributary to his work. Now he wiles an expiring tradition from the lips of dotage, and now in libraries

discovers a golden link of history embedded in the flinty contents of some aged folio. At night his incoherent treasures are orderly strung together, or, as the case may be, forged and welded, until appears the symmetrical chain of facts which we call history.

The town of Cambridge claims a prominent place in colonial history for its early settlement, its proposed purpose as a place of refuge and defense, its college, its synod of 1637, and for its military position, and its attendant facts, in 1775. For its personal and municipal merits, we have the record before us.

But to the old inhabitant, — to him who remembers Cambridge as a loose combination of three communities not far past the village condition, — all that carries him back to and beyond his early recollections is the essence, the quintessence, of local history. The description of old localities is to him a living picture; the old bounds are restored instantly to his vision as he reads; he hears the tinkle of the cowbells in the common pasture. And in his delight at the remoter history he incidentally exercises a just criticism. It is there that we find what is most precious, because most obscure, and most perishable. It is there that we most need an able and learned inquirer to rescue, select, and arrange.

At the outset of Dr. Paige's present work we discover a strong tendency to

¹ *History of Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1630-1877.* With a Genealogical Register. By *LUCIUS R. PAIGE.* Boston: H. O. Houghton & Co. 1877.

compression. The first chapter is quite a model in this respect. In five pages it gives us the settlement of "Newetowne," the arrangement of its boundaries, its enlargement by grants from the General Court until it reached from the most northerly part of Charles River (including the present Dedham and Newton) to the most southerly part of Merrimack River, a length of thirty-five miles, and the successive separation from the parent town of the present Billerica, Newton, Lexington, Arlington, and Brighton (District). The struggle attending each dismemberment is related afterward in its proper place. A map accompanies this chapter, on which appears "the *smallest* of her daughters, Cambridge."

The second chapter gives us the particulars of the first settlement of the town, which may be considered established in 1631. Newtown was designed for the citadel of the new colony, perhaps for its capital. The site was selected, "as a fit place for a fortified town," in 1630, and the fortifications, which were a "pallysadoe"—with such unsparring force did our ancestors spell the word—and ditch, were apparently completed in 1632. If the founding of Rome should occur to the reader, he need not repel it too readily as an exaggeration. None among the historical bases on which has grown an empire of forty million sovereigns, who have lately proved their power of self-control, need defer too humbly to the city that governed the world, but could not govern itself. It is probable that no Remus could have slighted our pallysadoe; if he had, our Romulus would have given him half a day in the stocks or a fine of five shillings.

The colonists at Charlestown and Boston were open to attack by sea. "Wherefore they rather made choice to enter further among the Indians than hazard the fury of malignant adversaries, who in a rage might pursue them." They intended to remove their "ordnance and munition" to Newtown, and make it a place of arms and a refuge for all in case of need. A few leading men began the settlement of the town in 1631. Mr.

Hooker's or the Braintree company removed hither in 1632 from Mount Wollaston by order of the General Court. These mostly removed again to Connecticut in 1635, and Mr. Shepard's company, newly arrived, took their place. The order of the General Court for erecting the pallysadoe is of February 3, 1631-32: "that there should be threescore pounds levied out of the several plantations in this patent;" and among the assessments is three pounds to be paid by "the New Towne" itself. Before the arrival of Mr. Hooker's company "an order was adopted by the inhabitants in regard to the paling around the common lands." The course of this primitive inclosure is given by Dr. Paige in a note, and the division of the paling, or fence, among the proprietors, for the purpose of repairs, gives us a list of the townsmen at that time.

Coming to "the division of lands and the establishment of highways," our author proceeds vigorously with the restoration of the primitive Newtown, giving us names of streets and fields whose antique flavor has been preserved by disuse. In some four compact pages he enables the reader to follow intelligently the tracks of the earliest fathers of our town. He may come from "West End Field" down the "highway to the Fresh Pond," and, entering the pallysadoe at some point which he must find for himself, take the "path from Charlestown to Watertown," visit "Graves his Neck," where, falling into the "highway to the common pales," he will soon reach "Field Lane," and come by "Braintree Street" to our modern Harvard Square. This route will show him our ancestors at work in the "Old Field" and on "Smallot-Hill," astonished at the perspiratory power which our sun develops, and fast parting with their English complexions. Such a perambulation will be a good test of the reader's retrospective qualities. If when he arrives at the present Dana Hill he beholds a certain glorious vision (which we shall not describe for him), if passing along Braintree Street he has a glimpse of the good Dunster in Cow Lane ruminating on infant baptism,

or again, in Crooked Street, of Shepard wrestling in spirit with Antinomianism, and if he applies for a cup of small beer at good "Sister Bradishes" on the corner, before he awakes to modern realism, then he is free of the guild. Let him wander as he will, and ever enlarge the bounds of his existence by annexing the domain of the past. But for others, incompetent because insincere, reckless improvers, bark-stained arboricides, frivolous seekers of the new and contemners of the long-established, — may all the nightmare shapes that can haunt such twilight ground unite their terrors to repel such from the past, and keep them at home in the present.

The first act of the town on record is the agreement of March 29, 1632, to pale in the neck. The next, of December 24, 1632, is an agreement made by a general consent for a monthly meeting, namely, "that every person undersubscribed shall [meet] every first Monday in every month within [the] meeting-house, in the afternoon within half [an hour] after the ringing of the bell;" with a penalty for absence or quitting without leave of xiid. The first act bears the aspect of a neighborly agreement; the second is a spontaneous growth of democratic government in its first stage of self-construction. The town found occasion to exercise its powers quite freely. "At the first meeting held in pursuance of this 'agreement' several municipal arrangements were made to secure the beauty and safety of the town." The first orders waver between the language of authority and of compact.

January 7, 1632-33. "It is *ordered* that no person whatever [shall set] up any house in the bounds of this town [without] leave from the major part. Further, it is *agreed*, by a joint consent, [that the] town shall not be enlarged until all [the vacant] places be filled with houses. Further, it is *agreed* that all the houses [within] the bounds of the town shall be covered [with] slate or board, and not with thatch. Further, it is *ordered* that all [the houses shall] range even and stand just six [feet on each man's] own ground from the street."

These four provisions for character, compactness, incombustibility, and seemliness are unobjectionable testimony of the settlers in their own favor. With reference to the fourth article, it may be mentioned that some forty years since it was found that many of the successors of the settlers had taken six (or more) feet from the public ways, we must hope with a pious desire to bring their houses within the letter of this old ordinance.

An order of January 5, 1634, provides that every inhabitant in the town shall keep the street clear from wood and all other things against his own grounds. Such an ordinance, even at this day, would occasionally cause small items of personal property to disappear from the streets cared for by the successors of these thrifty self-governors. It is to be noticed that this provision was made while the pallysadoe yet "secured all their weaker cattle from the wild beasts."

Five men were shortly after chosen to compile a miniature Domesday Book, that is, to make a complete survey of all lands and buildings of every free inhabitant, and to enter the same in a book "fairly written in words at length and not in figures, and shall deliver a transcript thereof into the court . . . and the same so entered and recorded shall be a sufficient assurance to every such free inhabitant . . . of such estate of inheritance, or as they shall have," etc. This commencement of a registry system shows a fixed purpose to leave the land on which they had so lately settled themselves "for an inheritance for their children after them forever," with the most effectual possible provision against uncertainty and fraud. It was at the same date that our town passed from the purely democratic to the representative form of self-government. February 3, 1634-35. "At a general meeting of the whole town, it was agreed upon by a joint consent that seven men should be chosen to do the whole business of the town, and so to continue until the first Monday in November next, and until new be chosen in their room. So there was then elected," etc. Montesquieu's fa-

mous aphorism that power is constantly stealing from the many to the few is here disarmed of its force by the voluntary surrender of power as the first step toward rational self-government.

In 1635 and 1636 Mr. Hooker with the greater part of his company migrated, as before mentioned, from Newtown to Connecticut. "Their possessions in New Town were purchased by Mr. Shepard and his friends, who opportunely arrived in the autumn of 1635 and the following spring and summer."

As we advance through Mr. Paige's book we find a multitude of apt and quaint particulars. No one with a spark of the antiquarian's slow fire or village patriot's zeal can read this without becoming antedated: for our own part we have become quite recolonized, and now and then fancy we hear wolves.

Alluding to the recent displacement and renewal of inhabitants our author says: "With a change of inhabitants came a change of customs. Some of the common planting fields became private property. Thus the Old Field, containing about sixty-three acres, was divided. . . . Small-lot-Hill, in like manner, passed into fewer hands. Farms were granted to such as desired, both on the south side of the river and in the territory now embraced in Arlington and Lexington. Much the larger portion of the inhabitants continued to reside in the 'town' and West End, very few venturing beyond the line of Sparks, Wyeth, and Garden streets." The town here specified consisted of the compact squares with which we are familiar at this day, where the people, girded with their pallsadæ and well-neighbored, slept, as the French say, on both ears, — that is, turned themselves for their equinoctial nap with a sense of security denied to the outlying settler.

We have to remember that the peaceable disposition of the natives was not ascertained, as at a later day. At that time, too, surrounded by strangeness and novelties, the settler might be justified in supposing that, beside bears and wolves, nondescript monsters of any imaginable pattern might lurk even so near as Kid-

der's Swamp. How is it, then, with our oppidan people in the town? Shall they venture, may be, to the extreme line of safety at Linnæan Street in search of their kine? — they who sleep on both ears, are but semi-pastoral, and who consider it an exploit to go after sundown as far as the present Stoughton Hall? Let our chronicler answer: "February, 1635-36. Agreed with Mr. Chapline that his man shall keep the goats, and to have three half pence a week for one goat." "March 1, 1635-36. Agreed with Richard Rice to keep 100 cows for the space of three months . . . and is to have ten pounds paid him within ten days after the ships be come in, or in June. . . . Also he is to fetch the cows into the town every morning out of the common, half an hour after the sun is up, at the farthest, and to bring them into the town half an hour before the sun goeth down, and to pay *iiid.* a cow for every night he leaveth out any." The clause "after the ships be come in," so poetically introduced into this pastoral contract, makes us glance seaward toward the old country.

The alewife fishery is provided for with the same care that we have found in everything else. The town promises John Clark, who contracts with them to carry on this fishery, "to make good all those fish that he shall be damaged by the Indians, that is, shall himself deliver unto them, being appointed before by the townsmen how many he shall deliver." The Indians appear but little in our town records; and it is interesting to find them here receiving, apparently as eleemosynary dependents, a share of the products of their late possessions.

It is about this time that enterprise begins to look at the broad marsh and promising upland over the river, and it is clear that a public conveyance across is needed. Accordingly we find the seasonable order passed . . . "that there shall be a sufficient bridge made down to low water mark on this side the river, and a broad ladder [set up] on the farther side the river, for convenience of landing." "Mr. Joseph Cooke" is to "keep the ferry," and have a penny

over, and a half-penny on lecture days. In the novelty of the thing we seem to hear the voices of young maidens crying, "Oh, Goodman Cooke, have a care!" "Prithee, Keren Happuch, sit thee still!" "Oh, Solomon, I am so glad thou camest; it was a sweet providence!" And our retrospective vision being attracted thither, we observe that at landing Solomon pays Mr. Cooke two pennies, although his fare is but one. This ferry was at the foot of Dunster Street, where is now the college wharf; and the traces of the highway on the other side of the river, mentioned in a note, are, we think, still visible.

It may be well to finish here with the ferry. The town agreed, November 10, 1656, to pay 200*l.* towards the building of a bridge over Charles River, "but the work was too great to be accomplished at once." Three years afterward the vote was reaffirmed. "The structure was probably completed before March 23, 1662-63, when it was ordered 'that the bridge be laid in oil and lead [that is, painted] provided that it exceed not 40*l.* charge to the town.'" The cost of maintaining this bridge was very great for the times, and was a consideration in the resistance which Cambridge made on various occasions to the creation of new towns out of her territory. It is very strange that no other bridge should have been built for one hundred and twenty-three years. The heavy taxation arising from Indian wars, Phips's and Walker's expeditions, the French and Indian wars of the last century, and the Revolutionary War, must explain it.

An order of April 4, 1636, "that whosoever finds a cock, hen, or turkey in a garden," etc., and providing a mullet of threepence or, in case of refusal, death to the trespasser, indicates the rapid advance of the settlers in the comforts of the Old World.

On the 23d, it was "agreed with Andrew Warner to fetch home the alewives from the weir . . . and to have power to take any man to help him, he paying of him for his work." This power of impressment granted in the same year to Andrew Warner shows that our fathers

knew when to supersede speculative liberty for practical reasons.

About this time William Reskie is appointed to make a pound. This once important institution of our town was the prison for bovine and other animal trespassers, there to be held as security for damage done until delivered in due course of law. There the trespasser assuaged his wrath by depositing the unconscious wrong-doer, and thence the owner, equally wroth, plucked him forth by replevin; after which followed lively litigation. None can tell the animosities that clustered about the village pound.

On October 3, 1636, it was "agreed with Mr. Cooke to take up all the stubs that are within the bounds of the town, that is, within the town gates." Our people of the town were tired of stumbling at evening over the "stubs," with shocks suggestive of sudden Indian assault; and we thus learn the date when the forest disappeared from our central thoroughfares. A note informs us that the "town gates" inclosed but a small space in the immediate neighborhood of the town. So long after this as 1651-52, William Manning is to come with his building as far as "the great pine stump," but this was on the border of the river, near the ferry way.

We note the increasing sense of security by a grant of January 14, 1638-39, to Joseph Cooke, of "the hill by his house which hath hitherto been preserved for a place to build a fort on for defense," reserving a right, however, in case of need.

The provision of January 14, 1638-39, against swine, "at a general meeting of the townsmen, with a general consent of the inhabitants," was probably made under great irritation. The peremptory restrictions inserted seem to be spoken through closed teeth, yet the tone is calm and even Christian: the two *brethren* are mentioned who are to execute the order; and after the statement of the penalty there seems something of charitable reaction, — "unless in case there should be any failing by unexpected providence . . . in that case there may be a mitigation of this fine;" then the

irritation recurs, — “otherwise to take place without all excuses, to the end that each man and this commonweal may be preserved from damage by that creature.” The term “that creature” seems to show a complete alienation of feeling from this species of property.

It appears that under an order of the General Court leaving the matter to the towns to arrange for themselves, Cambridge proprietors of swine had allowed them abroad on the common lands, each trusting to the talent of his own animals to get as much good and do as much mischief as another's; but the inequality of numbers and the aggregate power of devastation caused not only individual heart-burning but general anger and disgust. Hence the order of January 14th, probably drawn up by one who had been able to send but a small force into the field.

October 28, 1636, “The court agreed to give 400*l.* towards a school or college.” November 15, 1637. About one year after the stubs were removed from the town “the college is ordered to be at Newetown” and is there soon after. May 2, 1638, it is ordered that New-town shall henceforward be called Cambridge. December 4, 1638. The town of Cambridge was fined 10*s.* for want of a watch-house, pound, and stocks. March, 1639, Stephen Daye brought over his “printery,” as Hugh Peters styled it.

It seems that it must have been the primeval innocence of Cambridge that placed her on record as a delinquent in the matter of watch-house and stocks. If so, it may go with other testimonials to the excellent influence of Mr. Shepard. The sentence was only provisional; “time was given them to the next court,” when the town was doubtless properly supplied.

August 30, 1637, was held the famous synod at Cambridge, at which were condemned “about eighty opinions, some blasphemous, others erroneous, and all dangerous.” The colonists of 1630 came here established in a religious belief which was that of England and a large part of Protestant Europe. The gov-

erning powers became by common consent the custodians of religion. The Bible was believed to be in all its contents the word of God, and all enactments, civil and ecclesiastical, were made to accord with its spirit and sometimes with its letter. It was looked to as a guide in all matters of church or state. For this purpose interpretation was necessary, and the ministers with their learned expositions and their prayers were enabled to reach what was considered an authoritative decision. Thus our fathers in the wilderness, with Governor Winthrop for their Moses and the ministers for their prophets, conceived themselves to be under the immediate guidance of God. “After much deliberation and serious advice, *the Lord directed* the teacher, Mr. Cotton, to make clear by Scripture,” etc. (Winthrop, i. 121.) But our fathers believed that death as well as life might be found in the Scriptures. The insincere, rash, ignorant, or perverted seeker might draw from them opinions “blasphemous” or “erroneous” and therefore “dangerous.” The Bible being interdependent, as they considered, in all its parts, as all truth must be, a wrong construction of one part might corrupt and render pernicious a whole system of belief. It was the first object of government, therefore, to keep religion pure and consistent with itself, and for this purpose the labors and prayers of the ministers were in constant requisition. There was here no worldly interest to mislead, no reciprocal support of church and state; there were no endowments to distribute. The church and state were one, and one in interest with the people. The attitude, therefore, of one who published a new and adverse religious opinion was sufficiently hostile. He usurped the jurisdiction of the government, put himself in opposition to the representative sense of the people, asserted superior intelligence or peculiar enlightenment from above which was denied to his fellow Christians, and attempted to make the word of God equivocal by a double interpretation. He attacked his brethren at once in the stronghold of their faith

and in the weakest points of their (confessedly) depraved nature. To the dogmatic view of that day he was ready to sow the seeds of perdition broadcast over the land. It is hard to see how the doctrine of toleration could be applied in this state of things. On the other hand, if we look at the colonists as a sort of close corporation which had adopted a certain religious plan and were resolved to carry it out unmolested, toleration had still less claims, — a schismatic was a mere intruder. We have endeavored to state the case as it appeared to the colonists. However wise the practice of toleration might have been, the theory was in their circumstances absurd. The intolerance of Massachusetts was needed, to create the toleration of Rhode Island.

In 1656 the august name of Cromwell appears in the history of our town. He was desirous that the Massachusetts colonists should remove to Jamaica, lately conquered from the Spaniards, under his administration. Captain Gookin, of Cambridge, was his agent here to forward the project, but it appears from a letter to the Protector, given in the book, that he received little encouragement. Next, and fittingly in order, glide across the stage two figures bearing the portentous title of Regicides. They are Goffe and Whalley, seeking here congenial refuge from the restored monarchy. The visit of these two men, who had sat in judgment on a king, to the poor Elder Frost in Cambridge is a historical picture under which may be inscribed the accompanying words of Goffe in his journal: "A glorious saint makes a mean cottage a stately palace; were I to make my choice, I would rather abide with this saint in his poor cottage than with any of the princes that I know of at this day in the world." The imposing shade of Wallenstein, their contemporary, with its ruined ambition and gloomy wrath, is dwarfed beside these figures of men who had helped make a new political era.

The experience of Cambridge under the government of Andros is well and concisely told by Dr. Paige. We can

imagine the effect upon our ancestors of the "warrant sent up from Boston to Cambridge on the Sabbath-day morning by a boat, which was an unusual thing in that place, to see the Sabbath-day so profaned, and a warrant posted on the meeting-house to give notice." We can sympathize with the pleasure of our townsmen when Sir Edmund was committed, without a warrant, on the 18th of April, 1689. In the declaration accompanying his seizure, the following allusion to James the Second's policy is interesting: "Lest ere we are aware, we find (what we may fear, being on all sides in danger) ourselves to be by them given away to a foreign power, before such orders can reach us." It might have made a serious break in our colonial history, if a French squadron had appeared in our waters, to take possession under a grant from James.

After an account of our pauper establishments comes the history of our houses of entertainment. Here a faint hum of conviviality comes up from the past, but divested by time of all immoral influence. Deacon Thomas Chesholm, afterward steward of Harvard College, was the first person licensed "to keep a house of intertainment at Newe Towne," September 8, 1636. He was also one of the first to wield the solemn spigot of that day, being licensed "to draw wine at Cambridge," May 13, 1640, which he did with due regard to his own and the town's character.

In the chapter on Heresy and Witchcraft our excellent Dunster appears, firm in his protest against infant baptism, while in another chapter he is naively amiable in his testimony to the good character and "comfortable pennyworths" of Sister Bradish! Next after Dunster comes the scarred figure of his kinsman, Benanuell Bower, as conscientious as he but less wise, whose poor poetry hinders sympathy by suggesting self-conceit. The case of Gibson v. Holman, in the same chapter, discloses incomparably the imbecility and danger of the witchcraft notion. The rooster there mentioned, who pursued a solitary path in life, appears a dignified character beside the

featherless simpletons who would implicate him in the supposed witchcraft.

We can notice but a few items in the early military history of Cambridge. On the 11th of January, 1675-76, "the committee of militia of Charlestown, Cambridge, and Watertown were "ordered and required to impress such armor, breasts, backs, and head-pieces, . . . as you can find in your respective towns," etc. The inevitable contest with the Indians had come, and our armor which had so long "lain by the wall" was to be opposed to their blankets, poor fellows.

The vigilant preparation of our ancestors for defense is shown by a previous entry of June, 1659: "William Kerley, aged about seventy-six years, is released from all ordinary trainings, paying five shillings per annum to the use of the military company in the town where he dwelleth." A pension of five shillings per mensem for past service would seem more to the point. "In 1689 the term of service had been shortened."

The martial enthusiasm of Samuel Green, "the veteran printer," attracts our attention. He "was sergeant in the expedition against Gorton in 1643," was promoted ensign in 1660 at the age of forty-five, and captain in 1689 at the age of seventy-four, and if he could have lived and continued to be promoted would have been a general at the time of our Revolution, at the age of one hundred and sixty. "He took such great delight in the military exercise that the arrival of their training days would always raise his joy and spirit; and when he was grown so aged that he could not walk, he would be carried out in his chair into the field, to view and order his company."

After bringing our civil history through the Revolution, Dr. Paige maps out the pre-revolutionary ownership of the lands east and north of the present Dana Street, then about to be brought into the range of settlement. He gives a very interesting account of the speculative period in which the three great bridges were built, when Cambridge Port and Lechmere's Point (now East Cambridge)

were settled, and the war of roads was waged between Andrew Craigie and Royal Makepeace and their respective followers.

We have not attempted the analysis which such a work deserves, but have only selected a few specimens to show its richness in points of interest. We follow the author with zeal in all the divisions of his subject until his antiquarian lamp begins to pale in the light of modern day, and after that with no diminished estimate of his work. He has restored for us the Newtown of 1631, and by his selection and arrangement of facts has made a picturesque narrative, while he has shown us the method and vigor of its early growth. We find in him no irrelevancy or waste of words. In particular we find none of the extravagant panegyric which is apt to infest local histories. On the contrary, he bestows a slight passing censure on the admirable Winthrop, and gives Oakes a hint of the historian's retributive function. All excellence of character is duly recognized. In his judicial and narrative capacity he is fair, decided, concise. The size of the book indicates the limit to which the author felt himself confined. One should be aware of the immense collection of facts which Dr. Paige's industry amassed, to appreciate properly the judgment and taste which has eliminated from it the present history.

Two plans of Cambridge, in 1635 and in 1750; an outline map of the same as bounded from 1644 to 1655; a plan of the Phips farm in 1759, which comprised a large part of the present Cambridgeport and East Cambridge; a ground-plan of the meeting-house of 1756, which designates the original occupancy of the pews; lists of the inhabitants at various periods, of persons and estates, of officers of the various church organizations, and of officers and soldiers at different periods, and others, deserve mention as aids to interest and as evidence of thorough work.

Arriving at the end of the history, we pass out through the long lines of family groups in the Genealogical Register, which is itself a history.

NIGHTWATCHES.

WHILE the slow clock, as they were miser's gold,
 Counts and recounts the mornward steps of Time,
 The darkness thrills with conscience of each crime
 By Death committed, daily grown more bold;
 Once more the list of all my wrongs is told,
 And ghostly hands stretch to me from my prime
 Helpless farewells, as from an alien clime;
 For each new loss redoubles all the old:
 This morn 't was May; the blossoms were astir
 With southern wind; but now the boughs are bent
 With snow instead of birds, and all things freeze:
 How much of all my past is dumb with her,
 And of my future, too, for with her went
 Half of that world I ever cared to please!

James Russell Lowell.

May 13, 1877.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

How can so large a thing as commerce be thought in danger of injury from the keeping sacred of a few square feet of land covered by the Old South house of prayer, which after all is on the outskirts of the chief commercial part of Boston? Yet I have heard intelligent men with gentle hearts, men particularly fond of associations connected with special places and things in private life, who argue that the interests of American progress demand the removal of this national relic. On the other hand, the movement for preserving the church has found some of its most effectual and ardent support from men engaged in this same commerce, the interests of which are said to be hostile to it. The truth is, the complexion of American opinion is very much mottled on the question whether we ought to preserve an edifice which is the birthplace of so many noble memories. We are not used to passing upon points like this; and only a certain proportion of our people appear

to have been educated liberally enough to meet the emergency. With all the prosaic keenness rightly attributed to us as a nation, we have a great deal of sentiment in some directions, and in others are even open to the charge of sentimentality. My own observation leads me to think we have more sentiment than the English. Yet, curiously enough, we do not understand how to apply it to a simple problem like that of preserving the Old South meeting-house. One cause, perhaps, is the general neglect of American history in our schools and colleges. Another is that so few of our traditions centre upon or are embodied in buildings. At any rate, it is certain that the apathy which now delays the rescue of the Old South is distributed through all classes of society. I myself know of individuals of old family, and wealthy, who — perhaps to ward off the reproach of being unrepublican — express the most rabid iconoclasm; others, of historic name and descent,

who content themselves with excusing their indifference on the ground that the subject has been too long before the public and excites *ennui*. Again, through all classes are scattered the enthusiasts, side by side with the skeptics. One banker, perhaps, out of fifty cultivated, rich, and intelligent bankers will give a respectable sum, say five hundred dollars. Only one church in Boston, I believe, has made an appreciable contribution. Certain of the poor farming towns painfully collect a score or two of dollars, while flourishing cities around them absolutely do not yield a cent. Professor William Everett, lecturing in the Old South course, on Friends of America in 1764, alluded with enthusiasm to the fact that Pittsfield had been named after William Pitt, Lord Chatham. The allusion was an unconscious satire, for Pittsfield not only has done nothing to show herself a "friend of America" in the Old South matter, but has not so much as returned an answer of any sort to a single one of the many appeals from the preservation committee. Throughout the States outside of Massachusetts there is the same alternate indifference or earnestness in the cause. Much of it arises from ignorance; many cases have come to light where well-informed and educated persons have confessed that they knew nothing about the Old South. The barbarous Turkish government, against which we are now deploying our rhetoric, is so far in advance of popular sentiment here that it bought a part of the hill of Hissarlik and turned it over to Herr Schliemann for his excavations. European powers pursue a similar policy. Holland and Denmark have secured the preservation of their megalithic monuments through government; in Italy all historic remains are taken under a law of eminent domain; France has a monument commission, which is provided with two hundred thousand dollars a year; and in England there is now a bill before Parliament for putting the ancient British stones, mounds, etc., in charge of a commission. These are all cases where the interest is merely archæologic and scientific. There is no large national

idea or inspiration involved, as in the case of the Old South. It is not the custom with us to rely on government in such emergencies. A single family, modestly withholding its name, has promised one hundred thousand dollars, or one fourth of the whole price for the Old South land. It seems strange that out of forty million people there are not enough who will share expenses, to make up the other three quarters. My view is not colored by anything but cordial sympathy, for I have no connection with the enterprise. But I entirely agree to the sentiment of Mr. Wirt Dexter, of Chicago, who—in sending a substantial sum to the committee—said of the Old South: "It happens to be in Boston, but it is the meeting-house of the whole country."

—Is it not remarkable that, among the countless articles written upon Daniel Deronda, none has yet touched upon a very striking coincidence between its most exciting chapter and a scene in Paul Heyse's charming little story of *Die Einsamen*? And this, too, when in both England and America German literature is so familiar to all, either in the original or through translations. I presume, of course, that Heyse has been published in English; but, having at hand only the original, I venture to do my best for those curious in coincidences. Other than a coincidence it cannot be. George Eliot should rise, both mentally and morally, high above any suspicion of conveyance.

Tommaso, a fisherman, had gone out, some years before, in a boat with a friend, and returned alone. He is now, for the first time, confessing the facts:—

"No, I told no lie. His feet got entangled in the net, and he was drawn overboard. I did not upset the boat. But that was not all. I was still sitting in the stern after he had gone down. My limbs were ice, my eyes stared at the whirlpool at my side which had just closed over his head. I saw the bubbles rise as if to call to me that he was still breathing below! And now, now one of his hands rose above the waves and struggled after the firm grasp of his

friend. It was but a boat's length from me. I saw a silver ring upon his finger, gleaming in the sun. I had but to stretch out an oar, and he was saved, Lucia. Did I wish *not* to save him? Did I desire it in spite of myself? Did I not hold an oar upon my knees? and it was but a turn of my arm, and the hand with the ring would have clung to it!

"But there was a demon in my breast that numbed every fibre and froze every drop of my blood. As if stricken with palsy, I sat motionless. I grew dizzy, and tried to cry out. My eyes were fixed upon the hand. It sank slowly: now the water reached the ring, — now the tips of the fingers, — and now all was gone!

"Then, and not till then, hell set me free. I cried like a madman. I sprang overboard. The boat upset, and I dived below. Once more to the surface, and again below. I could not find him, — no, although a hundred times I had brought coins from the bottom of the sea. I swam back to my boat, despair in my heart."

— I feel somewhat doubtful about the propriety of presenting in this department anything on a subject so far removed from the questions usually discussed here as that of municipal junketing; but nowhere else, probably, could I obtain readers who, as Matthew Arnold says, will "let their consciousness play freely around the subject," who will bow to the teachings of history and defer to the traditions of race, and who, although belonging to that much-appealed-to class, the tax-payers, will not allow any considerations as to the amount of their tax-bills to interfere with a custom sanctified by immemorial usage.

The recent performance of a Boston alderman who devoured seventeen dollars' worth of food at one sitting has been very harshly commented upon by the newspapers. No voice has been raised in defense of that alderman. The alderman himself has disdained to justify the deed. A man cast in the antique mold of greatness, a man who, in these degenerate days, possesses the capacity for eating and drinking which marked

the Grecian hero of Homer's time, can well afford to await the viadication of impartial history. I cannot undertake to do him and his aldermanic brothers full justice, but I can at least call attention to influences of history and tradition under which they act, and say something in justification of a much-misunderstood class of officials.

This habit of eating and drinking in connection with the transaction of the public business is as old as the oldest Athenian traditions. Professor Wilson, commenting on the entertainment which Achilles prepared for the embassy, described in the ninth book of the *Iliad*, says: —

"In nothing was the constitution of the heroes more enviable than its native power — of eating at all times and without a moment's warning. Never does a meal to any distinguished individual come amiss. Their stomachs were as heroic as their hearts, their bowels magnanimous. It cannot have been forgotten by the reader, who hangs with a watering mouth over the description of this entertainment, that about two hours before these three heroes, Ulysses, Ajax, and old Phœnix, had made an enormous supper in the pavilion of Agamemnon. But their walk

'Along the margin of the sounding deep'
had reawakened their slumbering appetite."

In addition to the immense banquets in which all the Athenian citizens participated, a "spread" was prepared every day for a certain number of men chosen for the purpose. These men were required to eat together, in the name of the city, within the inclosure of the Prytaneum, in the presence of the sacred fire and the protecting gods. "The citizens who sat at the sacred table," says M. de Coulanges, in *La Cité Antique*, "were clothed for the time with a sacerdotal character; they were called *parasites*."

As early as the time of Tacitus, the Teutonic tribes from which we sprang had their sacrificial feasts after they had transacted the political business for which they were called together. Then each

householder was obliged to provide his share of the feast. How natural it is, therefore, that when the plan was adopted of having the business done by representatives instead of the whole people, the representatives should continue the custom of feasting, and should deem it a sacred duty to try to eat and drink as much as the householders had been called upon to provide, when the business was transacted in general meeting. When we look at it in that way, and reflect that this custom has been handed down from the caldorman of the Teutonic village community to the aldermen who now frequent the Parker House, the action of that Boston alderman who has been held up to the execration of the tax-payers appears in a very different light from that in which it has heretofore been seen. That man was simply obeying an impulse transmitted to him from his ancestor who presided over the assemblies on the banks of the Elbe some sixteen or seventeen centuries ago. Doubtless Darwin could describe how there comes to be a selection of the fittest for such work. In Greece and Rome the gods were believed to have a hand in it. Clearly, there's a divinity in these latter days that directs our votes for men of an unbounded stomach. Nature appears to have provided every alderman with a capacity for taking in and digesting seventeen dollars' worth of food at a time. Every one has heard of the wonderful feats performed by aldermen in the way of eating and drinking, but who ever heard of an alderman having an indigestion, or being troubled with loss of appetite? History does not record a single instance. Let us, then, recognize the fact that these men are set apart for the performance of a sacred duty, and let us not waste our time or hurt their feelings by saying unpleasant things when called upon to minister to such heroic appetites. As the low-browed villain of the play says of the disposition among gentlemen to keep their word, "It's a sort of a religion with them fellers."

— I was disposed at first to find fault with the close of *The American*. I had

of course a certain sense of personal grief and disappointment for Newman's sake — though, indeed, every reader of Mr. James must be more or less accustomed to these disappointments, for none of his stories end "happily;" "they never get each other;" all his heroes are left in the end with their dearest desires unsatisfied, and with scarcely even a glimmer of hope for the remote future. Moreover, I felt that the thoroughly American idea of social equality which Newman so happily typifies — to the extent, indeed, of an absolute lack of capacity to comprehend why he should not be considered as good as any one else under the sun — ought to triumph over the antiquated and crumbling institutions and prejudices of Europe, and also that such triumph would be more consistent with Newman's individual character than the defeat to which we see him submitting. But on second consideration, indeed even while we peruse the last chapters of *The American*, the irresistible conviction forces itself upon us that in this very defeat and apparent inconsistency, in the failure to seize the golden fruits of victory when they already seem within his grasp, in the patience, hesitation, and indecision that in a nature so prompt, active, and energetic as Newman's appear almost inexplicable, we have one of the finest strokes and subtlest touches among the many with which Mr. James has delighted us in his stories; while the psychological portrait, as it were, of Newman's peculiar frame of mind, the indefinable moods and almost imperceptible steps by which he is brought to recede more and more, and gradually forego all his advantages, until "the bottom suddenly falls out of his revenge," is as admirable as anything I am acquainted with in modern literature. The very love, too, which being, so to speak, in a measure premeditated and "got up" by a third party stands for a time in some danger of being looked upon as a half imaginary sentiment, so far from suffering by it, receives through this very renunciation of Newman's, and all the subtle motives that enter into it, not only a certain tragic sanction, but assumes all the large pro-

portions of a true and profound passion. Fancy for a moment it had been otherwise, — that Newman had allowed his great bomb to burst, and compelled the Bellegardes by moral brute force, if I may so express it, to accede to his wishes, — how commonplace, nay coarse, would have been the *dénoûment* compared to the conclusion which Mr. James's artistic sense has really given us, and which cannot, I am sure, be unsatisfactory to any one save novel-readers whose taste has been corrupted by a low class of literature. Newman would in that case have triumphantly carried off Madame de Cintré, but we should have cared very little more about him; while now this same Newman, deceived, defeated, crushed, and heart-broken, if you will, retires from the scene of action bearing with him not only our profoundest respect, but also our warmest love and sympathy.

— I am one of the faithful few whose zeal for Mr. Fechter's great interpretation of Hamlet has survived from the first time I saw it; and I felt a personal grief, almost, at the thinness of the house which greeted it at the Boston Theatre this spring. But Mr. Fechter himself was not dashed by his cold welcome. To my thinking he never played so well, with such luminous insight into the involved and sombre creation of the poet, and I felt more than ever before that this living, breathing, impassioned presence was the true Dane of Shakespeare. It was a curious triumph over inherent faults that seem rather to have grown than diminished in Mr. Fechter. His English is worse than ever it was; there were points of it so deliciously bad that I took leave to enjoy them amidst my admiration for his high effects, from which they did not detract. To hear him say, "Frile-tee, thy name is — wumman," was alone a delight almost sufficient for the evening. Yet, his impersonation of the character was so deep and vivid that the accent of his English was a matter of no moment; I felt that it was better to have the mispronunciation of that rich, tender, sympathetic voice, which with the incomparable ac-

tion made Hamlet a real man, than the best accent that left him a metaphysical abstraction. I am not at all of those who think Fechter's forte is in melodrama. I have seen him in Monte Cristo, and know how good he can be in melodrama, — he was the very life in that disguise of the abbé, — but he is greatest in his greatest part, Hamlet; and beside him I think we have seen no other tragedian so great except Salvini. Both are of the Latin school of acting, which is never approached in excellence on our stage, except by some specialist like Jefferson or Sothorn, whose work in its narrow way is, of course, perfect.

Their way is probably for us the only way out of the thoroughly bad old ideal of the English theatre. Now and then one sees this still in all its original badness, — for example, Mrs. Lander's Hester Prynne. There was a beautiful and sublime tragedy, in which the subordinate persons all bore their parts uncommonly well, quite ruined by the teeth-setting-on-edge falseness of the leading lady's art. It was an interesting anomaly. The drama was a great surprise to me. I had not thought that the playwright's skill could give so much of the darkling and elusive life of the terrible romance; and yet there on the stage, before one's face and eyes, was almost all that one could recall of the Scarlet Letter. Mrs. Lander's clear understanding of the romance, her sympathy with the author's idea, was evidently what vitalized the whole performance; undoubtedly she perfectly conceived of Hester Prynne's character; and yet her *school* was so bad that her own acting was what destroyed the effect of the piece. It was as sad a thing of its kind as one might see.

— A revered bibliophile, who knows the literary chart from the Ægean Sea to Sandy Bar, counseled me to read Anastasius, if for no other reason, for the light it would indirectly shed upon the Eastern Question. "Here," he said, "is one of the great books of the world, more neglected even than Clarissa Harlowe or Tom Jones." Yes, and open to the same ethical criticism, but none

the less a marvel of erudition, eloquence, and profound insight into human character. The diverse and absorbing interest of Anastasius begins with the authorship. Thomas Hope had a hobby which he rode well and so furiously that the Edinburgh Review critics covered him with ridicule. But without his hobby we never should have had Anastasius: the two are related as the gold from the steep mountain side to the inspired pack-mule. His mania was architecture, and at eighteen, finding that he was master of himself and a large fortune, he set out from London to gratify his taste, and traveled for eight years in Europe, Asia, and Africa. Returning to London in 1796, he embodied his advanced ideas in the interior of a mansion which outrivaled anything in England for novelty and good taste. He published a book on furniture and decorations, revolutionized the public taste, and became the fashion of the hour. He was the first to recognize Thorwaldsen's genius; printed elaborate books on ancient and modern costume, and in 1810 had a quarrel with the French portrait-painter, Dubost, which made a pretty scandal. Hope had married the very beautiful daughter of Lord Decies, and their home was the resort of literary and social celebrities. Lord Byron speaks of a flirtation he had "at a rout at Mrs. Hope's." Dubost, thinking an affront had been put upon him concerning an art commission, painted a caricature portrait of Mr. and Mrs. Hope and exhibited it over the title of *Beauty and the Beast*. Hope was probably absorbed in developing the warlike spirit of Anastasius. A fiery son of Lord Decies took up his sister's cause, ran his cane through the portrait, and brought Dubost into public ridicule. Willis's story of *Beauty and the Beast* is possibly based on this episode.

Twenty-three years after Hope's return from the East (1819) was published anonymously *Anastasius*; or, *Memoirs of a Greek*, written at the Close of the Eighteenth Century. The book made a profound sensation, and in the gossip over the authorship Thomas Hope was placed above suspicion. Lord Byron

was singled out as the only living writer equal to the performance, which is said to have flattered the poet's pride. At least he was somewhat taciturn. Replying, from Ravenna, September 28, 1820, to Mr. Murray, who had sought apparently once before for an opinion, Byron laconically writes, "I thought *Anastasius* excellent; did I not say so?" The Edinburgh Review reserved its opinion till the authorship was no longer a secret, and in 1821 affected great surprise that Thomas Hope, "the man of chairs and tables, the gentleman of sphinxes, the *Œdipus* of coal-boxes," had hidden all his eloquence and poetry till *Anastasius*, which was criticised for its great length; and what seems singularly absurd, Mr. Hope was told to avoid in the future any attempt at humor, while De Quincey says that Hope's wit would lead one to presume him an opium eater if he had not erred in describing the effects of opium. The Review could not say enough in praise of Hope's style, affirming that his descriptions were worthy of Tacitus, that he had displayed a depth of feeling and vigor of imagination which Lord Byron could not excel, and that Anastasius placed Hope "at once in the highest list of eloquent writers and superior men."

Hope disowned his hero for a model, certain, perhaps, that while the reader condemned the loose principles of this "*Oriental Gil Blas*," the insinuating Anastasius would ingratiate himself with the public by his few good qualities, quick-wittedness, charming affectation, and popular heroism, and excite something like pity for his merited misfortunes. Intended for the priesthood, Anastasius ran away from the man "who had the honor of being his father" and became an adventurer: by turns a soldier of fortune, beggar, quack doctor, high official in Egypt, merchant pilgrim or freebooter in Asia. His fortunes vary like the wind, and in keeping with his character his soul is stained with human blood. An intrigue with a rich Jewess compelled him to turn Mussulman to save his life. The pitiful story of Euphrosyne and numerous descrip-

tions, as of the plague and of Welid's trust in Providence, are done with consummate power. The narrative of Suleiman, who in the beautiful slave purchased for his harem made a timely discovery of a sister, suggests Pelagia in Charles Kingsley's *Hypatia*. The moral of Anastasius is good in its ultimate teachings, though while the hero touchingly speaks of the death of his son and groans with final remorse, one cannot but feel that the graceless scamp is taking a secret delight in his recollections. In language notable for acute characterization and bold imagery the author presents a faithful picture of Turkish history and civilization, interweaving its weeds and flowers, its hates and loves, its license and fanaticism. Anastasius sparkles with the peculiar humor of the autobiographical style. We judge the Greek with leniency equal to his candor, receive his sorrows with a sort of pity, and cry, "Oh, you affected rascal!" when he drops burning tears into his own bleeding wounds, which sometimes almost look as if he had gashed himself to gain the exaltation of a hero.

— One of the most obvious signs of erroneous culture is the inclination to regard conversation as a game in which conundrums are asked and the truly cultivated alone are able to give the right answers. The effort is made not so much to acquire the ability to form opinions for one's self as to get at second or third hand the right opinions; one learns not how to think but what to think. The consequence is that we have about us a tiresome similarity of æsthetical belief, on one side of which, it is generally held, lies barbarism, and on the other heresy or bold eccentricity. People spend their time in proving their own and in testing their acquaintance's claims to being considered cultivated, and when all the passports have been examined and found satisfactory, calm self-congratulation is the only result. Unanimity is delightful, and there is seldom too much agreement between different human beings, but at times it seems as if strife were better than the monotonous similarity of people of pseudo-culture. So far as nothing more

than social enjoyment is concerned but little need be said. Those who have much to do with society learn to endure the complacent calm of culture or its temperate glow with perfect patience, and there is no need of discussing the influences that combine to make dinner parties dull. But, looking at the question more seriously, it is impossible not to mourn the misdirected effort, the ineffectual energy put into the abandonment of originality and the imitation of some popular ideal — into the desire of becoming one of a thousand who bandy about the generally accepted æsthetic truths.

It has become fashionable to be cultivated, and hence comes the din of culture that forever fills our ears; yet the harm coming from its commonness is not merely the social blight it causes, but the fact that it gives rise to mistaken notions about what culture is. Encouragement is given to the notion that culture need be but skin-deep; that it is an accomplishment like dancing or wood-carving and not the serious education of a good part of the mind. It is really a development of what runs great risk of being neglected; it is the rounding of the whole man; by it life is breathed into what would otherwise be unused members, the individuality is enlarged and strengthened by forming new sympathies and by acquiring new means of enjoyment. This enjoyment must certainly lie in real appreciation of what is good and admirable, and not in the consciousness of the speaker that he, or it may be she, is uttering the opinion with which every one will soon be agreeing. To take an example, the exchange of enthusiastic comments on the profundity of certain forms of musical expression is but a frigid pleasure in comparison with real enjoyment of the music; not that the two are incongruous, but sometimes perhaps the rapture is expressed more strongly than it is felt. An ardent heart will not rest satisfied with the knowledge that the Belvedere Apollo and the Laocoön are fine statues, but that in the present century excessive admiration of them is a mark of faulty training; nor yet be contented with pitying refer

ence to Sir Walter Scott as a harmless, kindly old man with a craze for writing unreadable novels. The aim of education and culture is not to get facility in the utterance of such ready-made opinions, nor yet to nourish unseemly pride in such cheap methods of imposing upon the ignorant, but in the place of all this pretense to put the genuine expression of opinions which shall be felt and not learned by rote. Culture is not a code of mental etiquette which smothers all original feeling beneath a superficial array of accomplishments. So long as this mistaken view is held, independence of thought becomes a flaw like color-blindness; worse than this, all chance is lost of strengthening the mind by the natural and healthy process of getting rid of old errors. In the place of normal growth the victim of faulty cultivation has thrust upon him a succession of formulas, and he learns early to comply with the demands of his special coterie. The precocious wisdom of the young is far from being the only result; the old become precocious, overwise, and impatient of anything but the results of study. Various forms of affectation assert themselves; innocent people who are really anxious to do better are led astray to join the band which considers itself alone wise and of good repute.

—Miss Jewett's *Deephaven* sketches are remarkable in a good many ways, but most of all, it seems to me, for the perfect *justesse*, as the French have it, of their Yankee dialect. Many a literary crime has been committed in the name of that mode of speech. It is sometimes employed at a venture, but in perfect good faith, by those with whom it is really a purely theoretic *façon de parler*, and in whose hands it becomes the strangest possible farrago of insane spelling and impossible abbreviations. There is a good instance of this in Jean Ingelow's *Fated to be Free*, where her young American, Gifford Crayshaw, is evidently drawn with the most amiable feelings towards the United States. He is a youth of wit and spirit who is enjoying the advantages of an English public school, and who cherishes as an accom-

plishment and frequently displays to his school fellows a nasal lingo which he calls his "Yankee," — the like of which was never heard this side the Gulf Stream. But more frequently and less excusably the speech of rustic New England is misrepresented by those who have had ample opportunity to know what it really is, and who seem to distort and vulgarize it from a kind of snobbish desire to enhance the effect of their own "culchur." Here, however, comes a refined and unpretending young author who is content to listen gently, respectfully, and sympathetically, and to set down what she hears; and her modesty results in perfect art. The "captains" of *Deephaven* do not talk like Matthew Arnold, still less like Dr. Johnson, but they do talk a good deal like Chaucer, as their attentive interlocutor observes. I think it is somewhere in the *Modern Painters* that Ruskin points out the difference between a veritable dialect, like broad Scotch, and the speech which is merely slipshod and degenerate, like Mrs. Gamp's "Who deniges of it?" The former, he says, is never vulgar; the latter, always so. Now the Yankee speech of *Deephaven* has 'the dignity of a genuine dialect. It is more or less coarse according to the nature of the person employing it, and so are the phrases of the drawing-room, but it is not always ridiculous nor essentially low. It is fit to describe the gravest facts of life, and capable of the utmost pathos. Its archaisms are especially pathetic, witnessing, as they do, to the long poverty and isolation of the speakers. In this matter of dialogue, and in some others, *Deephaven* is a striking instance of the exquisite excellence which may be imparted to literary work by qualities which are chiefly moral: by delicacy of feeling, ready sympathy, and an entire absence of anxiety about one's own appearance or a straining after effect. It is—O rarest of all charms in print!—a *thorough-bred* book; and if it comes to be widely known and loved, I shall take it as a better proof than any which the newspapers have offered that the "era of good feeling" is indeed begun.

—Have you ever thought of how at one point, and only one, the poet falls short of the painter or pencil-sketcher, namely, in representing or rather presenting the infinite beauties of still or comparatively still water? I have often tried to produce in verse the effect of a transparent pool rimmed with flags and tall, aquatic grass, and dotted over with lily pads, but have never reached a measure of success that would warrant printing the result. Bird-song, leaf-rustle, and even the perfumes of flowers slip easily into verse. The aerial effects so charmingly handled by landscape painters are quite as successfully caught by the poets, whilst the sublime features of mountain scenery have been sung in verse as expressive as the rills and torrents themselves. But even Tennyson, who wrote *The Brook*, fails to depict still water. William Morris, where in his *Riding Together* he speaks of “the bubble-making bream,” though it is running water he is describing, gives us a delicate hint of what he might do were he to try his hand on sketching an eddy where, in May and June, the perch and bream have their sandy nests; but those liquid shadows and inverted spears of light, those nameless blendings of gloom and sheen, the duplicate moon and stars, the hush, the coolness visible, the conscious slumber hovering everywhere, — these are not to be fully gathered into a poem as an artist would put them into a sketch. I first became fully aware of this on Okechobee, that mysterious Floridian lake. I tried for days together, while sailing on its still, shallow bosom, to hit upon some method of phrasing applicable to the expression of its weird blending of vines above and shadow vines below, vast reaches of sleeping water, islands of lettuce and lily pads, masses of fierce-flowered air-plants, and wild tangles of gourd and elder-bush. The following sonnet is the meagre result, given as a “clinger” to my theory:—

Thy shadowy margin, O still, tropic Lake,
Is like a thought that hovers in the brain
Beyond the reach of phrase to make it plain,
Divinely sweet for its dim mystery's sake.
The real and ideal matched so well
In yonder palm-trees and their ghosts below

Have but a doubtful line between to tell
That from a common root they do not grow!
The delicate shifting shades that cloud the sheen
Of water too harmonious to flow
Flit over tufts of flags and willows green
Which never have felt the gentlest summer swell.

O Lake! thy beauty inexpressible is
Except by some song-wrought antholysis!

—What an unsatisfactory book is *Madcap Violet*! We read on and read on, hoping for some scene or person which may interest us, when behold! the book comes to an end, and there is nothing. Could two more uninteresting heroes have been selected from the world of men? One is dull and commonplace, and the other a vague, rambling sort of fellow without even sense enough to hold on to poor Violet when she has come to him, as it were, with all her love in her hand! Certainly the fine lines that separate a fool and a philosopher have not been distinctly enough drawn in the description of James Drummond, although the author, evidently, has given all the careful work of the book to that portraiture. Yet, with all the detail, we do not grasp the man, cannot understand him from first to last, or take him in as a reality. His eccentricities one might pardon, and even be interested in, if they were the outer fringes of a strong character; but when we look, there seems to be nothing of him but eccentricity. Violet herself has but little power over us. Who cares much about her, one way or the other, at any time? I venture to say that not one tear has been shed over her fate.

As there is no interesting person in this novel, we turn to the plot; unfortunately there is none. The school-girl freaks that begin the book are not entertaining. Why was the heroine sent vaguely off to Canada for so long a time? It does not represent anything either to us or to her, and it spoils the continuity of the interest we ought to feel in her. The yachting through the Northern waters, too, and the dialect parts, which gave such a flavor to *The Princess of Thule*, are not well managed. They should have been either more of a feature, or less. If the description was intended as a vivid local background, there is not enough of it; if it was mere-

ly incidental, — an episode, — there is too much. I will add a final comment: nothing will ever make a *woman* reader of this novel believe that a girl so beautiful and brilliant as Violet North could have gone through those young years with literally no lovers, admirers, or even friends save these two men. It is impossible. Any girl of one half — one quarter — of her beauty and attractive powers will tell you so. Admirers spring up on all sides as a fair girl moves onward through her spring and early summer; they are like the sands of the sea. Let Mr. Black win the confidence of a flesh-and-blood Violet, and she will soon teach him the truth.

— I am sorry to see in the papers this rumor, that Tennyson is "engaged upon another historical drama." I have thus far held out against the undermining influence of Queen Mary and Harold; but as those assaults shook me more or less, I fear the next may wholly overthrow my loyalty to the sovereign laureate, — a result more injurious to me than to him, you will say. That is precisely why I dread it. Tennyson can joyously go on nailing dramas together as long as he lives; but I, unfortunately, shall not be able to read them. But while yet my faith endures, let me say that I like Harold better than Queen Mary. In Queen Mary, as we are led along "the corridors of time," Mr. Tennyson insists upon our looking in at all the doors that can be made to open out of the main passage. But in Harold our eyes are kept much more certainly upon one great figure. However ill this may affect the shape and life of the drama, it undoubtedly makes the reading more definitely impressive. I seem to find the character of Harold outlined on these pages in dark heavy strokes, like the lines of lead which circumscribe some knightly figure in a rich mediæval window of stained glass. Looking at the book as a work of dramatic art, however, I own that the fact of falsehood and the idea of retribution are rubbed into one's consciousness too persistently. As Titus Andronicus is a mere continuous gash of tragedy, so Harold strikes me as a rather

monotonous reproving shake of the head over the mistakenness of lying. This is all I have to say, except that I do not pretend on the whole to consider Tennyson at all a successful dramatist; and I do not believe that any one in his inmost and secret soul *can* consider him so. At the best, his dramatic style is what a friend of mine — with entire want of reverence but a good deal of truth — calls "shaky Shakespearian."

— I have been amused at a recent critical discovery in regard to Hawthorne. A reverend gentleman lecturing before the Christian Union, in Boston, pointed out that "the revolting story which Hawthorne has wrought out in his *Scarlet Letter* is without even the shadow of a foundation in fact. It was all conjured up from his own distempered and nightmare brain." Yet, notwithstanding that the romance had "no shadow of a foundation in fact," the same authority assures us that Dimmesdale is by various particulars given in the story "identified" as "the Rev. John Cotton, as revered and holy a man as ever lived." This is attributing to Hawthorne a skill which no one has before suspected in him. It must require a singular dexterity to write a romance without foundation in fact, yet at the same time to base that romance, beyond dispute, upon so solid a fact as the Rev. John Cotton. Some of us — speculating perhaps too boldly — have thought that the eminent writer *did* found his fiction upon the curious fact of human fallibility, the fact that there have been sinners in the most sacred callings, and the fact that the inhabitants of Massachusetts *circa* 1649 belonged to the mundane race, and not to any of the heavenly orders. They were therefore subject to study and interpretation as human beings. Under this view I had taken the *Scarlet Letter* to be simply an artistic invention based upon a chosen period of human history and chosen phases of character, precisely as many romances, novels, dramas, and poems have been founded upon this and other periods. I, for my part, reading the book as a boy, accepted it in that way, without for a moment ar-

guing that it presumed any actual person or very probable crime among the Pilgrims. I have since found that there is more historic plausibility as to that than I could then know; but still I regard the romance as an ideal projection, and not an historic hint. Hawthorne, I think, meant to show what might be the result of sin under certain circumstances which are suggestive to any deep student of human nature, and circumstances the like of which he could not have found anywhere else. At least he was thoroughly familiar with these; and according to a law of artistic growth the time, place, and scenery which suggested the story were inseparable from it; therefore these circumstances formed the only suitable basis for his creation. As to historic probability, there was quite justification enough. This is shown by laws and occurrences not long after the date at which the romance is placed. The critic in reply to citation of one of these laws against adultery, in 1694, alludes to its having been made half a century later than the date of the story, and so dismisses it. What would he say to the law of 1658, only nine years later, and enacted in Plymouth, the centre of undegenerated separatism? Perhaps those were the critical nine years in which human character underwent a total revolution in the Massachusetts territory. If we only *could* gain this critic's level, what immense discoveries might be made! Wherever in literature any allusion is made to specified places and times, we should secure a totally new interpretation by merely applying this ingenious canon, namely, That fiction is libel upon every one whom the fiction-writer carefully avoids indicating. As romancers will thus be found to have maligned men who lived long before them, perhaps we shall discover that poets and playwrights have also represented persons as yet unborn. For instance, there is Shakespeare's "Sir Nathaniel, a curate," who thought he knew what literature was, — and did n't.

— A contributor in your May number has, I see, touched upon a matter which is likely sometime to become one

of general grievance, namely, the inconsistency of characters in fiction; and, indeed, if the fashion continues to grow, as it bids fair to do, even with the best of novelists, it is quite natural to question, Where is it likely to stop? Is it not that we have all been assuming to like realism, naturalism, etc.? And now, when writers are about ready to give it us with a vengeance, we try to protest against it, ward off or modify it, much the same as we would act with a friend who, at our own solicitation, laid bare certain failings which had always lurked at the bottom of our own consciousness.

I cannot, however, agree with your contributor in wondering why the author of Mercy Philbrick made her a widow! What other condition so fit for so susceptible and chameleon-hued a young woman? Supposing a young maiden so unconventional were introduced to us at the start, how might we not have trembled for her future! But as a widow we felt she ought to know how to adjust herself to each situation, how to balance feeling with circumstance; and so she very consistently did. It was, also, no less than an intuition of genius in the author to have made Mercy a woman of genius. If only a pretty little creature with pleading eyes, it would have been harder to forgive her her many loves; but a genius, many-sided, ever changing and shifting from old ideals into new, even when feminine, may lay claim to masculine prerogatives and question the natural right to plurality in love! How could a creature with such all-pervading gifts let herself be absorbed in the life of any one commonplace individual? However, poor Mercy, with her gushing spontaneity and puritanical relapses, must have led a very trying sort of life — pity it was so long, and that we were allowed to see the end: it is almost enough to make the average young woman act upon the average principle and accept the first eligible man that offers!

There is no use in sighing over lost ideals, though. The chivalric man and patient *one-idea* woman of fiction are as completely gone from our view as are

some other old-time beliefs. We live in a scientific age, and our novelists are bound to deal with us scientifically, after their different fashions. We may oppose their facts or their way of putting them forth better than we can deny them; and we are forced back into the trenches of old beliefs to cry out with the theologians, What can you give us in lieu of our faith? The universe is pitiless against man, urges the scientist. The will of man is as nothing against the world, in the shape of established institutions, tacitly admit the novelists. This being so, thinks the impressionable reader, what is there to urge me to exertion? why not drift?

To look from Mercy Philbrick to work of quite a different calibre, here has Mr. Henry James, Jr., just given us in *The American* one of the best written stories of the present generation, and for what purpose? Why, presumably, to show how a good fellow, — a little "set up," perhaps, owing, no doubt, to his previous unbroken luck, — who keeps our sympathy all along, is finally balked of his honest-hearted desire by agencies so impalpable that you can't actually give them an intelligible name; just as it is in real life, and with the same intangible diabolical persistency!

— I know of two or three people, — and perhaps there are many more, — who when they read the remarks, in a late Contributors' Club, about books with a *cult* must immediately have sent up a silent ascription out of loyal souls to Thomas Thyrnau, otherwise known as the Citizen of Prague. The book is rather old for a novel, having been published, I believe, in the late thirties or early forties of this century; and the present writer inherited his religious convictions about it, but was confirmed, so to speak, at so early an age that it invariably surprises him when new converts find it antiquated. It was first introduced to English readers by Mary Howitt, but the knowing young people of the present generation may read it in German if they like, — and fine, rich, involved, long-winded German it is, which will give them some trouble and repay

it. It is the work of a woman, and is, perhaps, the greatest work in that line which any woman ever did before the days of *Scenes from Clerical Life*. In one respect, indeed, it surpasses every novel of George Eliot's except *Silas Marner*; and that is the elegance of its construction, the beauty, consistency, and perfect finish of its plot. There seems some danger that novel-writing will subside into the power of making single sketches, of which the minutest details are finished with a kind of lazy delicacy and fidelity. These carefully gotten-up people "compose" with great difficulty. At best they will but group into a motionless tableau. But the people in the worshipful story herein celebrated are there to *act*, not to *look*, and act they do, with unflinching spirit and noble effect. They don't disdain to look splendid, either, but that is a secondary consideration. The story involves important political events and interests, and these are handled with an easy intelligence, as remote as possible from the labored and somewhat too conspicuous erudition even of that great book, *Romola*. There is great variety and delicacy of characterization, beginning with that of the hero, who is a man of seventy and justifies the well-worn motto from *Hamlet*, "We shall not look upon his like again." The noble romanticism which marked the literature of fifty years ago had hardly begun to wane when this stately yet fascinating chronicle was written. The sunset splendors of that period shone, as we all know, shortly afterward, in 1848; but the personages of this drama move and speak in an atmosphere of generous illusions, which exaggerates their own proportions a trifle, may be, but gives a singularly soft and gracious unity to the scene.

Sainte-Beuve says somewhere that there are modest books which one likes to have flower periodically in the memory, like the lilacs and the hawthorn. How many times the return of spring has sent the present panegyrist back to his Bohemian muttons he would be quite ashamed to confess, amid the press, not to say crush, of solid reading in which

we live. But it need detract from nobody's dignity to taste that spring lamb once, — to essay it, and then see if he does not want more.

— There was a great deal in the exhibition at the New York Academy of Design that interested me exceedingly. To the intricate study of Duveneck, in whose favor very much has been said of late, an excellent opportunity was afforded, and I think the more one studies him the more one is impressed with the real genius of the man. His Turkish Page¹ had a prominent position in the south room, where it is said the best paintings are usually hung, and I found in the northwest room — a small and rather cramped sub-gallery — a painting by W. M. Chase, of St. Louis, the subject of which is essentially the same as in Duveneck's. It is called Unexpected Intrusion, and must have attracted very much attention, although it was hung too high to be seen to advantage.

The two pictures were painted in the same studio, under Bonnat, and are representatives of the best work that the artists were capable of. Duveneck's has been on exhibition in a number of galleries, and has become popular, while Chase's was, as I understand, exhibited now for the first time. Naturally the two paintings are brought into comparison, in which it is quite plain that Duveneck is the loser. Not only has Chase surpassed him in the manner in which he has painted his picture, but he has improved on the composition, in one important respect at least. By leaving out the urn, which Duveneck has painted so excellently that it detracts from the *ensemble*, Chase has added very much to the general effect; and in leaving out all accessories that were not absolutely necessary, he is to be credited with a boldness such as is not too often seen, and is always commendable. He was trying in this picture to paint a homely boy so true to life in every respect that people would be compelled to admire his work, and he has made the boy much more the central figure than has Duveneck, who, through his urn, seeks to gain

¹ See Art in The Atlantic for May

in the estimation of the observer enough to compensate for loss occasioned by the choice of a disagreeable subject. The pose of the boy is the same in both cases, but Duveneck's urchin has the advantage in point of beauty. For a background Chase has a different rug of darker color, which assists considerably in bringing the boy forward. In a general way, the two pictures are painted in the same style. Both are strong in color, free in handling, and, to a large extent, accurate in drawing. But wherever they differ, on a scale of genuine merit, the balance is in favor of Chase, who has painted his with more delicacy and, largely speaking, with more accuracy. Duveneck has used the same free, swinging style throughout. There is no difference between the texture of the flesh and the plush covering, or the dish and parrot. With Chase it is very different. He has varied his texture in each case and with great care. Besides, he has been very much more subtle. The plush looks tangible; the rug, against which the boy is leaning, is real drapery, capable of being folded, and has not the hard, immobile appearance which characterizes Duveneck's. It has been very properly said that with Duveneck, the parrot, the dish, and urn were mere excuses for the boy. Chase, on the other hand, by the attention he has paid to texture and by using more care has made everything in the picture of actual value. If he has failed anywhere, in the comparison, it is in the drawing and painting of the boy's feet, to which he probably paid too much attention. He is entitled to more than ordinary credit for his success, because Duveneck has come to be regarded by many artists as almost invulnerable. Where he has failed here, Chase has succeeded; and whenever Chase has faltered, Duveneck has not been, as a rule, more resolute.

It is through his portrait of Mr. Charles Dudley Warner that the latter in a measure redeems himself and adds to his reputation. It is remarkable for the strength and vigor with which it has been painted. The face is not an easy one to deal with, but the artist has put it on canvas

with such a charming sense of freedom in handling and decision in color that one admires it as a work of art without regard to how great its excellence may be as a likeness. At the same time I hesitate to pronounce it a complete success, for I remember certain studies of heads which the artist has sent to this country from time to time. By their merit I was led to expect somewhat more in his portraits than I find in this one. There is something about it not entirely satisfactory. It may be in the modeling of the face, which he has hardly carried far enough.

Mr. F. D. Millet's portrait of Mark Twain, which with his Mr. Adams was hung up almost out of sight in this exhibition, has much to recommend it, and, as compared with any other portrait the artist has painted in this country, it is probably the best. The pose which he has given Mr. Clemens is striking and original, and carries with it difficulties which a less confident artist would have sought to avoid. He has caught a difficult expression exactly, and in delineating it he has not failed to keep all the character in the face. The modeling is excellent, although perhaps more labored than need be; and the flesh color has been painted in a free and bold style, such as can be safely adopted only when the artist is familiar with the face before him. The color is strong throughout, but better in the hand, which has fallen to the lap and rests against a dark background, than in the face. The hand is remarkably well drawn, and as a piece of flesh color is superior to anything else I have seen for some time. It was probably painted more freely than the face, — which has the look of having been worked over too much, — and for that reason is better done. The portrait is thoroughly unconventional and original in many qualities.

The prominent fact of the exhibition was the success of the younger artists. It is only in their work that one could find any appreciable progress. The older and more firmly established artists seem to have contented themselves with presenting such paintings as would be the

most likely to keep up their reputations, and have simply shown us that they can still paint in their old style. But Shir-law, Millet, Wyatt, Eaton, Miss Lea, Waterman, and the sculptor, O'Donovan, are all working, with others, in a new vein. They have one determination in common — to represent everything as far as possible just as they see it, without inventing excuses to apologize for the roughnesses which they find in Nature herself. I remember distinctly a study of a Peasant Girl of Brittany (301), by Julian A. Weir. It is a plain, unattractive face, but the study is full of sentiment and good feeling, without ornamental accessories. The artist must have known that only those who are more or less intimately acquainted with art would even stop to look at it, and that the public would pass it by; but he was doubtless consoled by knowing also that his study would be appreciated and admired by artists.

The best thing in landscapes, by the way, was a medium-sized painting by Waterman, of Boston. It is called July, and is an out-door study of a hay field on a hot, sultry day, when there is evidently just enough strength in the puffs of wind to blow the hay about. The white clouds overhead give the impression that a storm is expected, though not immediately. I am sure there are not a dozen artists in this country who could have painted in that blue sky. It is a most difficult contrast of color successfully done. Prominent among the other good landscapists was R. C. Minor, of New York, who is certainly one of the best in the city. He is an earnest worker and a careful student of nature. His best pictures are low in tone and as full of poetry as can be, but always painted with a delicacy and refinement that are charming. They are unlike any other landscapes that I found in the collection, with a decided leaning toward the Dutch.

—I like critics, especially musical critics. Audacity in any form always has a certain charm. A man who will go to a concert or opera at eight p. m., stay there until ten or half past eleven, and then

evolve from his own brain (and the programme) half a column of infallibility for the next morning's newspaper before he goes to bed is certainly an object for admiring wonder. But why, oh why, should he, living as he does in an English-speaking community, not write English? Is the English language insufficient for him to disguise his thought in? No one can fairly quarrel with him for using the technical terms of the art he is writing about, if he uses them rightly. No one objects to a carpenter's talking about his handsaw, instead of calling that serviceable implement "a small, thin trapezoid of steel, serrated on its longest side, fixed to a wooden handle by one end, and used for dividing pieces of wood in a direction perpendicular to the grain." Time is precious. Let the musical critic launch forth about *adagios*, *tessitura*, *climaxes*, *double-stopping*, *martellatos*, *staccatos*, etc., as much as he pleases. These are his technical terms; he must call a spade a spade, — no, that smacks rather of Swinburne and rehabilitation of the flesh; say, at least, a handsaw a handsaw. But, apart from unavoidable technicalities, why should he not write English? Here is what I complain of: "Signor Smascini gave a fine rendition of" — no matter what. *Rendition!* Rendition to whom? Did the artist surrender the piece to some one else, or, perhaps, give it back with thanks to the composer? No, he performed it himself. I find the word *artiste* to be much in favor. Is the English word *artist* so inexpressive that we must fly to the French one? But after long observation I find that *artiste* (as also *pianiste*) is

applied solely to performers of the fair sex. There may be an implied compliment in this, for French is known to be a specially graceful language; or can it be that critics imagine that the final *e* is a feminine termination? "Herr Bang-itoff showed some fine traits of pianism." Pianism! Here we have a full-fledged new word. If it means anything, it should, by analogy, mean a system of philosophy or æsthetics based upon or founded by the piano-forte, like anthropomorphism, platonism, fetichism, Wagnerism, or any other *ism*. Did the Herr worship the piano-forte? If he did, it did not look much like it, for he treated it with great apparent severity. Would not "piano-forte playing" do as well? As for *violinity*, it has been found too sublime for common use, and even a critic's daring often recoils before the employment of so superb a word. So much can be done with superlatives, misplaced metaphors, fine zoölogical allusions, and the like, that it hardly seems worth while to write unnecessarily bad English. A Western critic once wrote that "Miss Nilsson sang as if she had a nightingale in her throat." Now that is good straightforward English, besides being poetic, and to a certain extent Shakespearian. To be sure, one may, not unreasonably, be in doubt as to how a person would sing under such circumstances. I by no means ask critics to write intelligibly; that would be going too far; but it would be gratifying to find them couching their unintelligibility in language that one can at least read without the aid of a polyglot slang dictionary.

RECENT LITERATURE.

It is perfectly manifest that *The American*¹ takes a place in advance of Roderick Hudson; it has the same sort of merits and the same sort of faults, yet on the whole it must be rated as more successful than Mr. James's former effort. Precisely why it deserves this distinction may not be a thing fully explainable; but there are at least three points that support the claim: the characters are better chosen, the hero and heroine and Madame de Bellegarde having far more intrinsic interest than any corresponding persons in Roderick Hudson; the movement, the grouping, and final disposition of all the persons contain more of that symbolic quality essential to the best artistic successes; and lastly, the author's treatment has gained perceptibly in approaching nearer to an air of simple human fellowship. It would be hard, among recent novels, at least, to find a more acute or vigorous full-length portrait than that of Christopher Newman, in the first pages of this book. We will transfer only this description of Newman's countenance: "It had that typical vagueness which is not vacuity, that blankness which is not simplicity, that look of being committed to nothing in particular, of standing in an attitude of general hospitality to the chances of life, of being very much at one's own disposal, so characteristic of many American faces." This is one out of a hundred similar bits of vivid picturing woven into Mr. James's pages with a lavish hand. It is a little too long for the point involved; and in general Mr. James begins to show as a distinct trait of style a fluency which tends at times to the verbose; but we cite it as recalling the perfect clearness, combined with ease, which the author commands at will. This "touch" of his stands him in good stead for familiarizing the reader with a situation and a scenery rather unusual. The scheme of bringing a keen, hardy, broad-hearted but intensely commercial American into contact with a French family of the old *régime* is, so far as we know, entirely new; and Mr. James has carried it out with a brilliancy and a nice application of details that make his novel delightful to a refined taste. He is untiring in accumulating the details

requisite for illustrating the diversities of these alien elements, and the contrast between the healthy, sagacious Newman and the thoroughly Parisian Valentin de Bellegarde, in their respective dealings with Mademoiselle Nioche, is very effectually enforced. There is something very neat, too, in the distribution of destinies as the story comes to a close. Yet we are bound to take some serious exceptions. The episode of young Babcock, the feebly æsthetic Unitarian, is expanded beyond all proportion. We cannot at all countenance Mr. James's optimistic estimate of young Valentin, whom he expressly calls "the best fellow in the world," and otherwise gilds beyond his deserving; and the fate which overtakes the persons whose side the reader is compelled to favor is to our thinking not a fair reward for one's sympathy. A more mature consideration might very possibly have shown Mr. James that Madame de Cintré, Newman, and their pathetic auxiliary, Mrs. Bread, were by no means forced by their circumstances to the wretched condition he assigns them. Merely as a question of artistic obligation, it seems to us that having introduced the element of intrigue, in Newman's discovery of the paper criminating old Madame de Bellegarde, Mr. James should have treated this element more consistently. One may disdain incident of that sort, but the appetite which it excites for some striking and dramatic result is a perfectly lawful one. The plot having been turned into the channel of intrigue, therefore, our æsthetic sense is not satisfied by the event here led up to. Mr. James pleads indirectly for a judgment that this issue was made inevitable by the character of Newman. It was his "fundamental good-nature," we are told, which caused him to refrain from publishing the Bellegarde secret to the *beau monde*; and on this good-nature the Bellegardes relied. Perhaps we ought to accept this reasoning, but it seems to us that good-nature is a meagre excuse for a man so profoundly in love as Newman with Madame de Cintré. So insufficient is it that the course which he takes in destroying his paper makes his passion appear suddenly and totally to evaporate, notwithstanding Mr. James's careful portrayal of his despondent and blighted after-years. We may admit

¹ *The American*. By HENRY JAMES, JR. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1877

that Newman could not have disgraced the family and then married Madame de Cintré as a daughter of that family; the attitude of triumph would have been too petty, even if practicable. But is it any more dignified for him to exult in having at least given Madame de Bellegarde a terrible scare? Another defect is that this French noble family are far from likely to have had the faintest conception of that American good-nature on which Mr. James hints that they relied. The logic of fiction is not that of philosophy, and this story might have had a different ending without defeating consistency. Nevertheless it is good as it stands. It is an impressive composition, and will repay a second reading. That it so naturally raises the question just discussed is a fact in proof of its force; and even if one should be seriously dissatisfied with the termination, it is worth considering whether the catastrophe was not essential in order to show how venomous and fatal is the power belonging to aristocracy when it has been warped by age, avarice, and falsehood.

— We have not much doubt that Julian Hawthorne is the author of *A Modern Mephistopheles*,¹ and the belief should be understood as implying a compliment to his powers, for the book is certainly a remarkable one and instinct with ability. The parallel with Goethe's *Faust* which its title at once challenges is not very close or continuous, but it is as much so as it need be. Indeed the author, whoever he or she, male or female, may be, has managed this variation on the master's theme with much good sense. We do not think Helwyze, who takes the Mephistophelian part, is supplied with a sufficient motive. He is, to be sure, created in a vacuum from which all real human nature has been previously withdrawn, and cannot, therefore, be expected to have very rational motives. With this we have no quarrel; but even after making such allowance, we fancy that he begins operations too much as if he were moved by a crank. Still, when once he has started on his career of inhuman mischief, he works with entire consistency, and his relations with the other characters, Olivia, Canaris, and Gladys, are harmonious and probable. Probable, that is, when we take into account the figurative and hyperbolical atmosphere which the author has chosen. It is a question whether the *outré* effect gained by such a choice is worth while, measured

by any profound truth enforced in the present case. The whole drama seems like a movement of shadows thrown from a *portelumière* upon a curtain of rather lurid mist; and we cannot see how the heart is to be touched by it. But granting that the lesson will be ardently received by most readers, it amounts only to this, that wanton exercise of the intellect and a suppression of the better forces in the heart are very dangerous and devilish. It is not always the case that this kind of work involves high qualities of imagination; not infrequently "cold performs the effect of fire," and invention aided by talent may put on the likeness of genuine creative ability. But define and qualify as we may, it remains none the less true that there is signal force of some sort in this peculiar production. The turns in the plot, the changes, the surprises, the mystery for some time not even remotely decipherable, all this is well done. The character of Gladys is shaped with dignity and some sweetness; and the chapter in which Canaris undergoes the temptation to murder fastens one's attention with the gradual and conclusive pressure of a vise. The language is vigorous and clear, having a sculpturesque effect, and the succession of periods and paragraphs is often so admirable that many pages together seem to be set to solemn rhythm.

— With the exception of the delicately written sketch, *Is That All*, none of the *No Name* books have been so good literature as *Afterglow*,² the latest on the list; and the qualities of this story stand in an order which ought to gain it the favor of the best readers. The good writing is the first thing in it, then the character drawing, then the plot. The plot is not bad, either; the intrigue is involved, but not obscure, and there is a steady rise of interest to the climax. Its weakness lies in a certain insufficiency of motive, the results being less the necessary consequences of the situation than the evident intention of the author. One does not quite see why Allen Bishop should not have had Lily Daggett; nor why, when Captain Ritthold gets her, he should be killed in the next battle. Still less are we willing that the principal share of the small remaining happiness should fall to Lily's intriguing mother, who marries Bishop's father, a rejected lover of her youth, and passes a comfortable afterglow of the affections in his house on the Hudson; this

¹ *No Name Series. A Modern Mephistopheles.* Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1877.

² *No Name Series. Afterglow.* Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1877.

should hardly be the last end—at least in fiction—of somebody very like an adventurer. But the reader, if not thoroughly reconciled to all these arrangements, will see some advantages from them. It was well to content the elder Bishop with the possession of Mrs. Daggett, since his heart had been so long set on her, and from Allen's death comes the highest poetic effect of the book, in his union beyond this world with the lovely Ellen Lorother. This young girl, serious, beautiful, and devout, the child of American converts to the Catholic religion, who becomes a nun, is very admirably presented, with all her social circumstances. She is of an old New York family which keeps itself socially aloof from the loudness and fastness of the recent city, and has its own kindred circle, in which Allen Bishop feels lost and alien. Ellen and her people and associations are not only well sketched, but very probably done, and are a real addition to the slender stock of materials for American fiction; they are distinguished from other Americans with an almost Tourguéneffian fineness. In fact, the simple and direct narration, and the treatment of incidents and characters, in *Afterglow* more than once recall the master of modern fiction.

The scene of the story is in Dresden, and the persons are nearly all imaginary members of the American colony there. No doubt they are to be found in most American colonies abroad. It is to the praise of the author of *Afterglow* that he seems to succeed best with his Americans; his foreigners are less well done. Some of the Americans suggested, like Mrs. Barley and Mr. Droop, verge on caricatures; but Byrne, the Bishops, the Daggetts, are really characters. All four of the young girls, with their differences and their difficult gradations of difference, are especially well painted, and the dashing Miss Dartpointer is as carefully and sympathetically studied as Miss Lorother; she is perhaps the most originally managed of the four, and one is glad to be allowed to like her at last.

—Mr. Black's *Madcap Violet*¹ is certainly a readable novel, and indeed it deserves much more than this faint praise, for it is in many ways one of the best, if not the very best, of this writer's stories. It owes its great merit, for the most part, to the capital way in which the heroine is not described, but brought before the reader with all her

fascination and those qualities which in combination with unfortunate circumstances bring the book to a gloomy end. We see her first at school, the leader in every kind of mischief, and Mr. Black takes considerable pains to impress upon his readers, by the prominence he gives to her escapades, what a curious compound the girl is of willfulness, impulsiveness, and affection, while at the same time it is made clear that her education has done nothing in the way of remedying her faults. She is ill-treated at home by her step-mother, and spoiled by her father; at school she knows no authority, and is very conscious of her freedom from responsibility; and the other influences of her life, her relations to George Miller and to the Drummond family, are not of a sort certainly to repair the harm that has been done.

In writing at this date about the novel, it may be fairly taken for granted that every one has read it, and there is no need of referring vaguely to the complications of the plot from dread of disclosing it to those who do not yet know the story. Assuming this, it is fair to say that all those things which were intended in part to prepare us for an inevitably mournful end have more certainly the effect of making us fond of the heroine, so that grief, disappointment, and wrath seize upon us when the tragedy culminates in the death of the hero and the insanity of Violet herself. It was doubtless meant that the relation between Violet and Drummond should distinctly forebode some such conclusion, she being what we have described, while he, with his eccentricities and fantastic notion of what is expected of him, shows, or is designed possibly to show, that incompetence to manage his own affairs which brings them to such a gloomy end. But in fact the little misunderstanding which poisons these two lives gives the reader the impression that the one word which could not fail to set it all right would have been spoken in real life, and he is more likely to close the book with a desire to indict Mr. Black for manslaughter than with renewed amazement at the indissoluble connection between cause and effect. The mark is too shining not to arouse a wail of indignant grief from pampered novel-readers. That an author has the right to put any end to his stories which is consistent with the nature of the characters and the combination of incidents cannot be *A Princess of Thule*, etc. New York: Harper Brothers. 1877

¹ *Madcap Violet*. A Novel. By WILLIAM BLACK. Author of *The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton*,

denied, but one revolts at having such dire events spring from so trivial a cause. That is in one way too much like real life, and in the novel we want to see more clearly the work of the imagination consistently unfolded from beginning to end.

While Violet is one of the very best of Mr. Black's characters, it is hard to agree that James Drummond is drawn with equal success. We read a great many things about him, and there is no lack of talk put into his lips, but yet, in spite of that and the writer's evident admiration of him, the reader does not feel convinced that this hero of the story is a man so much as an accumulation of attractive qualities which lack not exactly coherence but possibly the core of verisimilitude which is to be found in Violet, for example. After all, this is only saying over again in longer words that Drummond does not seem like a living person, and if the reader does not notice this, his enjoyment of the book will be so much the greater. Those who feel this objection will consider him not quite so amusing as he is said to have been, and like a man whom we are told about, but do not see with our own eyes.

Even those who most detest novels which end sadly will be forced to confess that, barring the gloom of the tragedy and the silly tone of the last paragraph, which might well have been left unwritten, the book is decidedly an important one in the field of fiction. It is a good deal to be natural in describing commonplace people, but it is a good deal more to be natural in describing a girl like Madcap Violet, who is anything but commonplace.

— We have already spoken of this much-praised novel¹ of Alphonse Daudet's on the occasion of the appearance of a new edition of the original, and we see no reason for revising the opinion then expressed, that this story, clever as it is, has been very highly overrated.² The novel has been carefully written and contains many very good touches, but what injures it is the very fault which French writers are so often charging upon English writers of fiction, that is to say, the superfluous belittling of the wicked hero or heroine. In this case it is Sidonie, who is represented as not only faithless, but also vulgar in manners and dress, and wholly without one decent quality. Most of the other characters, however, are better de-

scribed. The earnestness, too, with which the whole story is told makes it undoubtedly impressive.

The translation is for the most part very good, but the perpetual use of *each* for *every* is to be condemned.

— It is a long time since Miss Dodge, better known as Gail Hamilton, last came before the public with a new book; and in resuming the volume-form of literature she is careful to respect the vested interests of established novel-writers, both by her qualifying sub-title and by her preface. In the preface she explains that her story³ was begun merely as a magazine-sketch, to illustrate the possibility of writing something interesting and effective without a tragic ending. The preface is amusing, but it endangers the attractiveness of the story, since readers, though they grumble at bad endings, are really helped on by the suspense which the prospect of tragedy excites. But, fortunately, there prevails a wholesome custom of skipping prefaces. We confess to having read the tale first, and the preface afterward; and accordingly we enjoyed them both. However, we doubt if in any case the real drift of the story shall be foreseen. There are two lovers, and one maiden, who has returned the first swain's passion and does not marry him. She marries instead Mr. Glynn, the other lover, who is a banker as well; but she does not love him. Naturally one supposes that the "first love" indicated in the title is the heroine's sentiment for the first young man; but as one reads on this becomes far from certain. It is precisely this little puzzle which Miss Dodge relies on to pique curiosity, and she has shown a good deal of skill in sustaining a situation so peculiar. Nothing but a premature resort to the last pages (a privilege belonging only to the cultured and cold reviewer) can clear up the mystery till the whole has been read. The author's other strong points lie in the frequent brightness of the conversations, and her own wit, the style of which her essays have made familiar. *First Love is Best* fully exemplifies Gail Hamilton's characteristic qualities as a keen, humorous essayist; but it also shows that she has the skill to write entertaining stories. Still, the moment we apply the higher standards of art, we shall have to register decided short-comings in this first effort of Miss Dodge's at fiction. The conversa-

¹ *Sidonie*. (Froment Jeune et Risler Aîné.) From the French of ALPHONSE DAUDET. Boston: Estes and Lauriat. 1877.

² See Atlantic Monthly for August, 1876.

³ *First Love is Best*. A Sentimental Sketch. By GAIL HAMILTON. Boston: Estes and Lauriat. 1877.

tions, though readable, and, as we have said, frequently sparkling, are often terribly discursive. There is too much like the following between the heroine and Mr. Glynn:—

“‘What is a club-supper?’

“‘Tobacco-smoke, whisky, cards, men,—which things I hate.’

“‘Why do you eat club-suppers, then?’

“‘Heaven only knows—or the other place.’

‘If it were not for the cards and the tobacco I should think the men would be nice.’

“‘The men, to be sure, I do barely tolerate.’

“‘I should think men would like to be by themselves best. Clever men, I mean. If there are women you have to be polite to them.’

“‘As if that would come hard,’” etc.

A large range of topics, treated in this commonplace tone, is brought into dialogue which appears neither to help the story nor to teach us anything about the characters. Another fault is that the writer does not connect her scenes, and passes some of the most important incidents too quickly: the heroine's engagement to Laballe is taken too much for granted.

—The first volume of *L'Art*,¹ for 1877, which was completed with the last issue for April, offers to our admiration those characteristics of richness and fineness which we have already noticed in the work. The generous plan of the publication, which not only professedly but actually deals with the art of the whole world, gives it a field practically inexhaustible, and when any one volume differs from another, it is not in abundance, but in selection. Only by comparison with those of last year could the present volume be thought less attractive; less valuable it is not, and but for its own predecessors it easily holds its vast superiority over everything of the kind that has gone before. The first number opens with a paper on that Alessandro Leopardi who made the great equestrian statue of Colleoni, in the Campo San Giovanni e Paolo, at Venice, of which a superb etching is given, with other very interesting illustrations of Leopardi's work; this paper is by Charles Yriarte, and is followed by one on Eugène Fromentin, even more attractive in the character of its illustrations.

¹ *L'Art*. Revue hebdomadaire illustrée. Paris: A. BALLUE, Éditeur. New York: J. W. Bouton. Troisième Année. Tome Ier. 1877.

² A. Racinet. *Le Costume Historique*. Cinq

Chief of these is an etching, exquisitely soft and rich, of Fromentin's picture, in the Luxembourg, of the Chasse au Faucon, and besides this there are four of the artist's *croquis* of Moorish heads and figures, with a full-page wood-engraving of his own likeness. Further on in the volume is a paper on Diaz, by the same writer,—Jean Rousseau,—who gives some interesting details of the painter's life, and whose essay is enriched with eighteen wood-engravings of characteristic pictures and studies by Diaz; his portrait on wood, and an etching, full of the depth and calm of his painting, of a Tronc d'Arbre, are the large illustrations. Articles on Camphuysen, Jacques Callot, Carle Vernet, and the sculptor, Corbet, are among other papers of similar character.

The curious and interesting series on the *Iconographie Voltairienne* is continued through three numbers; there is a paper of like interest on Rousseau at Venice; and for readers of the charming novel of Erckmann-Chatrian there is the delight of an abundantly illustrated article on the dramatization of *L'Ami Fritz*, as it was lately given at the Théâtre Français.

All artistic matters of current importance in Europe and America are treated in the editor's notes and correspondence, and there is nothing wanting to keep the reader informed of what passes in the world of art. The brief glance which we are able to give at the contents and quality of the work do it no sort of justice, and we can but send the reader to it for a fair understanding of its value.

Americans will be interested to perceive among the nine large etchings in the volume a reproduction of Daubigny's *Printemps*, from Mrs. Blodgett's collection.

—Mr. J. W. Bouton, of New York, is the American agent of M. Racinet's new work on *Historic Costume*,² of which two parts have appeared. The design of the work is to complement the study of history with illustrations of the costumes, architecture, armor, ornaments, and furniture of all peoples in all ages, which the vast researches of modern travelers and scholars, and the perfection of the different processes of artistic reproduction, enable the author to accomplish with a degree of completeness till now impossible. The two numbers already published do not clearly indicate what is to

cents Planches : trois cents en Couleurs, Or et Argent, deux cents en Camaïeu. Avec des Notices Explicatives et une Étude Historique. Paris: Librairie de Firmin-Didot & Cie. 1876.

be the final arrangement of the subjects treated, but this will doubtless be satisfactorily done in the historical study which is to conclude the work. Apparently we are to proceed in some degree chronologically and in some degree ethnologically. The first number, for example, opens with an exquisite fac-simile of Indo-Persian painting representing Zuleika, (*sic*) the wife of Potiphar, introducing Joseph to her ladies, in personal proof of his extreme good looks; these ladies are peeling oranges, in various elegant attitudes, and one of them drops her knife in amazement at Joseph's beauty; it will be imagined that the picture is valuable as a study of Indo-Persian rather than Egyptian costume and architecture. Then we have a plate of Japanese costumes; then a Roman interior; then illustrations of the dress and armor of the Middle Ages, chiefly Italian and French. There is a beautiful plate representing the espousals of Boccaccio Adunari and Lisa Ricasoli at Florence, in 1420, after a painting in the Guerrazzi gallery, which is as satisfactory as a chapter from some old chronicle. Costumes of Italian religious orders of the sixteenth century, a Dutch interior of the seventeenth, charmingly illustrative of the local life and dress, and French fashions of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries form part of the riches of the first number. An added value of the illustrations is that many of them are also portraits of interesting and famous people. Following the fourteen colored plates are ten in that improved tinted lithography which the French call *camateu*, and which here gives us innumerable objects, curious and instructive in character, — armor, ornament, table furniture, and the like.

The second part has much the same desultory order, which, however, is corrected for the reader's present enjoyment by the succinct explanations and historical notices which accompany each plate. Chief among the treasures of this fascicle is an interior of a French *château* of the twelfth century: the great hall where the noble family talked, read, ate, and slept. It is from a restoration made by M. Paul Binard, architect, who has followed M. Viollet-le-Duc in his study of the period: to look at it is to be for the moment a favored guest of the unconscious castellan. There is also an old Egyptian interior (necessarily in large degree conjectured), and then as rich a succession as in the first number of plates in colors and in

camaïeu, giving abundant illustrations of costume, fashion, and *bric-à-brac*; the most charming, of course, being the Watteauish French people of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It is interesting to note how instantly, when dress became a matter of taste, the French genius shone superior.

We have not spoken of the rich perfection of the colored plates, which are in gold and silver as well as tint, and which have the delicate finish of miniatures on ivory. There are to be three hundred of these and two hundred in camaïeu in the whole work of twenty parts.

— Perhaps the best form of review for a book like *Birds and Poets*¹ would be a series of quotations. Not that the essays composing the volume are written with a view to quotation; but Mr. Burroughs has a freshness and pithiness impossible to describe and needing to be seen in order to be felt. In rambling through his pages the critic is apt to seize upon particular passages, exactly as in taking a walk in early spring one is inclined to pick the choicest sprays of new greenery and the first flowers, to show to those who have not been fortunate enough to see them. If readers have heeded our recommendations in the past, they are now acquainted with some of the merits of this delightful out-of-door essayist. In the present volume they will see something of him in another phase; they will find him with various books in his hands, seated against a background of wide landscape, and disposed to lecture on literature. The first essay, that on *Birds and Poets*, presents some of the good points and some of the defects in poetical interpretations of bird life; the essay on *Spring Poems* has a similar cast; *April* and *A Bird Medley* are concerned more exclusively with the themes to which Mr. Burroughs has happily established a peculiar right. There is one delectable chapter on the cow, an animal which the writer honors with the title of *Our Rural Divinity*.

But the drift of the book is preponderantly in the direction of literature. That Mr. Burroughs has the native gift of discernment lying at the base of keen and wholesome conclusions as to books might be pointed out in many passages. By way of brief and casual example take this: "Thoreau is the Lamb of New England fields and woods, and Lamb is the Thoreau of London streets and clubs." We find, however, a *Sunshine*. New York: Published by Hurd and Houghton. Cambridge: The Riverside Press. 1877.

¹ *Birds and Poets. With other Papers.* By JOHN BURROUGHS. Author of *Wake-Robin* and *Winter*. VOL. XL. — NO. 237.

tendency on Mr. Burroughs's part to discourse a little too much off-hand, and to judge literature as if it were a mere fringe of flowers by the side of the road along which he is striding for the benefit of his legs and lungs. He gives us pedestrian criticism, fresh and lively, but incomplete. He patronizes the creators, a trifle, — recognizing their successes pleasantly and liberally, but giving a little compensatory cut at almost every one, and managing to intimate that after all there are few things quite so worthy of approval as the critic's own love of nature, his acquaintance with the habits of animals, and his hearty sensuous enjoyment of bodily existence. Nevertheless, Mr. Burroughs's individuality yields many excellent suggestions. It becomes monotonous, yet it is useful, to have him always insisting on the "stomachic" quality in literature. His paper on Emerson is, we think, the best in this group, excepting the closing one — an eloquent, defense of Walt Whitman, whom Mr. Burroughs places above all other American poets. He honors him as the only thorough-going exponent of a dignified, poetic, prophetic democracy whom our literature can yet show; and, while praising his peculiar powers and practice, reveals a proper reverence for the traditional forms. He underrates these, somewhat; but it ought to go a good way with those who still regard Whitman only with impatience to find an author enamored of him who is himself so variously appreciative, and so full of qualities that all lovers of original, half-poetic, half-humorous essay-writing must agree in commending.

— Mr. Alcott quotes, on the title-page of his recent volume,¹ from Novalis, to the effect that "Fragments of this kind are literary seed-corn." Long before Novalis, Archbishop Huet pointed out that the method of making up books from detached paragraphs was a shirking of the difficulties of composition; and as the astute prelate chose that method himself, he may be considered good authority. There are certain books which have a birthright entitling them to this form, or want of form; and Mr. Alcott endeavors to place his pages under the shield of one of these species. But they do not unfold what we from association expect to find under the head of table-talk, the endeavor to lead readers into an unsuspected examination of Mr. Alcott's "philosophy" being too apparent in them. On the other

hand, as an exposition of philosophy the volume disappoints because it takes the desultory course of table-talk. One is thus invited to a place between two chairs, a thing unfavorable to beneficial reading. We find also two main divisions, entitled Practical and Speculative; but we cannot help thinking that the author has given himself unnecessary trouble in thus distributing his paragraphs, for their places might be exchanged without much disturbance. Considering the book as a pack of motto-cards, let us draw forth two at hazard. The first is headed *Observatory* : —

"Everything in matter is respirable in thought. Every atom drifts mindwards to partake of the brain's endowments, an omniscient brain being spirit's culmination in matter, and its observatory of things terrestrial. Mind thus becomes the common menstruum, and thought the solvent of all substances, material and immaterial. The mind is so great because void of quantity, and the universe so spacious because spirit pervades every part and particle of its matter."

The second comes under the designation of *Ideas*, and begins abruptly : —

"Ideas first and last : yet it is not till these are formulated and utilized that the devotees of the common sense discern their value and advantages. The idealist is the capitalist on whose resources multitudes are maintained life-long. Ideas in the head set hands about their several tasks, thus carrying forward all human endeavors to their issues. Thought feeds, clothes, educates the population of the globe, — all economies, natural, social, intellectual, spiritual, taking their rise in this stream and power of performance," etc. The first of these extracts is from the speculative department, the second from the practical. Mr. Alcott's leading suggestion (if any can be said to lead in a mass so loosely organized) is that "personal identity is the sole identity," and that the great object of being is to embody the Universal in the Particular, and acquire "the freedom of the self from the self." A short section between the two main divisions of the book, called *Interleaves*, gives an extract from the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, analyzing Mr. Alcott's mode of thinking. This analysis is pretty well in harmony with its subject, and neither can be said to issue in any great intellectual profit. There are many interesting quotations in this *Table-Talk*, and it certainly affords a curious study of a mind isolated from the

¹ *Table-Talk*. By A. BRONSON ALCOTT. Boston : Roberts Brothers. 1877

vital interests of men, and playing with idealism as if everything depended on the perpetual rearrangement of little formulæ. But unless we have fallen into deplorable error, Mr. Alcott discourses upon thinking rather than thinks. He deals with philosophy as one who should point out how to sew by piercing a fabric and then drawing the thread through and out, so that the process might go on forever without fastening anything.

—The latest volumes¹ in the reissue of Landor's works are the ones, if any, which may lay claim to popularity. The general reader who does not treat himself severely in the matter of reading may be expected to pass by the earlier volumes and to rest at these; for while all the dialogues presuppose a knowledge of history and literature, the actors in these are most familiar to the reader, and the topics discussed are neither so recondite nor so remote from common interest as were those previously presented. Not that Landor is ever exclusive in his interests; it is the very reach of his sympathy which makes some of his dialogues more unreadable than others, for there are few humiliations to the ingenuous reader of modern English literature deeper than that which awaits him when he tries to follow the lead of this remarkable writer, who passes without the sign of toil from converse with ancients to talk with moderns, and seems capable of displaying a wonderful puppet-show of all history.

Perhaps the rank respectfully but without enthusiasm accorded to Landor is due mainly to the exactions which he makes of the reader. There must be omniscient readers for such an omniscient writer, and it cannot be denied that the ordinary reader takes his enjoyment of Landor with a certain stiffening of his faculties; he feels it impossible to read him lazily. The case is not very unlike that of a listener to music, who has not a musical education and has an honest delight in a difficult work, while yet perfectly aware that he is missing, through his lack of technical knowledge, some of the finest expression. With classical works as with music, one commonly prefers to read what he has read before. Hamlet to the occasional reader of Shakespeare is like the Fifth Symphony to the occasional hearer of Beethoven. To ask him to read Landor is to ask him to hear Kalkbrenner, requiring

him to form new judgments upon the old standard.

The pleasure which awaits the trained reader, on taking up Landor, is very great. At first there is the breadth and sweetness of the style. To come upon it after the negligence, the awkwardness, or the cheap brilliancy of much that passes for good writing is to feel that one has entered the society of one's intellectual superiors. One might almost expect, upon discovering how hard Landor rode his hobby of linguistic reform, to find conceits and archaisms, or fantastic experiments in language; but as it was Landor's respect for sound words which lay at the bottom of his inconsistent attempts to remove other inconsistencies, the same respect forbade him to use the English language as if it were an individual possession of his own. Neither can it be said that his familiarity with Latin forms misled him into solecisms in English; here, again, the very perfection of his classical skill was turned to account in rendering his use of English the masterly employment of one of the dialects of all language. Yet, though there is no pedantry of a scholar perceptible in the English style, the phrase falls upon the ear almost as a translation. It is idiomatic English, yet seems to have a relation to other languages. This is partly to be referred to the subjects of many of the dialogues, partly to the dignity and scholarly tone of the work, but is mainly the result of the cast of mind in Landor, which was eminently classic, freed, that is, from enslaving accidents, yet always using with perfect fitness the characteristics which seem at a near glance to be merely accidents. This is well illustrated by those dialogues which are placed in periods strongly individualized, as the Elizabethan and the Puritan, or present speakers whose tone is easily caught when overheard. A weaker writer would, for example, mimic Johnson in the conversations which occur between him and Horne Tooke; Landor catches Johnson's tone without tickling the ear with idle sonorous phrases. A writer who had read the dramatists freely, and set out to represent them in dialogue, would be very likely to use mere tricks of speech, but Landor carefully avoids all stucco ornamentation, and makes the reader sure that he has overheard the very men themselves. It was the pride of Landor's design not to insert in any one of his conversations

¹ *Imaginary Conversations*. By WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. Third Series. Dialogues of Literary Men. Fourth Series. Dialogues of Literary Men (contin-

ued), Dialogues of Famous Women, and Miscellaneous Dialogues. Two Volumes. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1877.

"a single sentence written by or recorded of the personages who are supposed to hold them." In the conversation between Lord Brooke and Sir Philip Sidney, he makes Sidney say, "To write as the ancients have written, without borrowing a thought or expression from them, is the most difficult thing we can achieve in poetry;" and the task which Landor set himself was an infinitely higher and finer one than the merely ingenious construction of a closely joined mosaic. He has extended the lives of the men and women who appear in his dialogues.

The faithfulness with which Landor has reproduced the voices of his characters follows from the truthfulness of the characters themselves, as they betray their natures in these conversations. This we have already intimated, and it is the discovery of the reader who penetrates the scenes and is able in any case to compare the men and women of Landor with the same revealed in history or literature. The impersonations are necessarily outlined in conversation. Action as a revealer is not granted, except occasionally in some such delicate form as hinted in the charming scene between Walton, Cotton, and Oldways. These delicate hints of action will sometimes escape the reader through their subtlety, but they tell upon the art of the conversations very strongly. Still, the labor of disclosing character is borne by the dialogue, and success won in this field is of the highest order. No one who uses conversation freely in novel-writing, when the talk is not to advance the incidents of the story, but to fix the traits of character held by the persons, can fail to perceive Landor's remarkable power. He deals, it is true, with characters already somewhat definitely existing in the minds of his intelligent readers, yet he gives himself no advantage of a setting for his conversation, by which one might make place, circumstance, scenery, auxiliary to the interchange of sentiment and opinion. Perhaps the most perfect example of a conversation instinct with meaning, and permitting, one may say, an indefinite column of footnotes, is the brief, exquisitely modulated one between Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn.

It may be that we have received the best good to be had from literature when we have been enabled to perceive men and women brightly, and to hold for a time before our eyes those who once were seen by persons more blessed only than we. Certain it is that to the solitary student, placed it may be in untoward circumstance, such

a gift is priceless. But it belongs with this, as a necessary accompaniment, if not a further good, to have such a discovery of character as comes through high thought and wise sentiment. The persons whom Landor has vivified have burst their cerements for no mean purpose. They are summoned not for idle chit-chat, but to speak words befitting them in their best moments. Southey is said to have remarked on the conversation which he is made to hold with Porson, that they might not have conversed as Landor had shown them, "but we could neither of us have talked better." It is Landor's power not only to inhabit the characters, but to inhabit them worthily, that makes these books great. The subjects discussed are such as great-minded men might discuss, and it is when one marks the range of topics and the height to which the thought rises that he perceives in Landor a moralist as well as a dramatist. It is true that the judgments and opinions which he puts in the mouths of speakers partake of his own wayward, impetuous nature, and it would not be hard to find cases where the characters clearly Landorize, but the errors are not in petty but in noble concerns.

There is, doubtless, something of labor in reading Landor's Conversations if one is not conversant with high thinking, and if one is but slenderly endowed with the historic imagination, but the labor is not in the writing. The very form of conversation permits a quickness of transition and sudden shifting of subject and scene which enliven the art and give an inexhaustible variety of light and shade. One returns to passages again and again for their exceeding beauty of expression and their exquisite setting. To one accustomed to the glitter of current epigrammatic writing, the brilliancy of some of Landor's sentences may not at first be counted for its real worth, but to go from Landor to smart writers is to exchange jewels for paste.

What we have said may serve partly to explain the limited audience which Landor has had and must continue to have. If it is a liberal education to read his writings, it requires one to receive them freely. We cordially thank the publishers for reprinting them in America and giving thus a new opportunity to readers and writers. The appeal which Landor makes to the literary class is very strong, and apart from a course of study in the Greek and Latin classics, we doubt if any single study would serve an author so well as the study of Landor. In

his style he would discover a strength and purity which would constantly rebuke his own tendencies to verbosity and unmeaning phrases; in the respect which Landor had for great writers he would learn the contemptible character of current irreverence in literature; in the sustained flight of Landor's thought he would find a stimulus for his own less resolute nature; and as Landor was himself no imitator, so the student of Landor would discover how impossible it was to imitate him, how much more positive was the lesson to make himself a master by an unceasing reverence of masters and a fearless independence of inferiors. Landor is sometimes characterized as arrogant and conceited; stray words and acts might easily be cited in support of this, but no one can read his conversations intelligently and not perceive how noble was his scorn of mean men, how steadfast his admiration of great men.

—It will be the fault of the present generation of young students if it is not well educated, for the supply of aid up the once steep side of Parnassus is practically unlimited. In England, especially, is there an abundance of text-books on every subject under heaven; there is no subject so profound or so vast that it is not packed in a sixpenny manual; the history of the whole world is crammed into a volume of just the same size as one on our Revolutionary War; every classic is commented on again and again, and in their hot rivalry publishers get the ablest men to provide instruction for the young, and do their own part in seeing to the printing and binding with the greatest care. All this has its good side, but it has also its bad, for after reading a very much abridged history only a few meagre facts will cling to the memory, and if no more serious work is done by the pupil he will have a most superficial notion of everything he studies in this facile way. Moreover annotators are not always wise. This volume¹ shows this, for although it has been written for those who are preparing themselves for the Public Examinations and so may be regarded as a guide to cramming, it may yet fall into the hands of some one really anxious to learn, who will find himself led astray in some important particulars; for while some of the notes and quotations are

of service in elucidating this play, the glossary has many weak points. For instance, how definite a notion would the reader get from this remark, true as it is? "ME-THINKS. This is one of the three impersonal verbs in the English language, — *methinks*, *meseems*, *melists*. *Me* is a dative, and *thinks* means *seems*; *mihi videtur*. The verb has no connection with the ordinary word to *think*." Again, is it quite accurate to say "YONDER, yongone, from *gangen*, to go?" The root is from a pronominal stem found in English *yea*, *ye-s*, and German, *jen-er*. A little more care would have made the scholarly part of this book as good as the printing and binding.

—It is somewhat singular that it is only at this late day that we have a complete edition of Keats's poems.² Lord Houghton has at last supplied the reading public with a full collection in a single volume. The American edition, at least in its revised form, published in old times by Messrs. Little and Brown, but more recently by Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co., was the most satisfactory, for it contained a good deal of material, and of valuable material, too, not to be found in Lord Houghton's other editions (London: Moxon, 1871); as, for instance, to notice the most important things, half a dozen sonnets. This edition of Keats of 1871 was much fuller than that edited by W. M. Rossetti, which lacked no less than thirty-six sonnets which the other editors had printed. Probably some technicality about the copyright is the explanation of this otherwise unaccountable omission. In this complete collection we have preserved a certain amount of comparatively unvaluable poetry, it is true, but of so rare a genius who wrote so little as Keats, every line is of value. The chronological arrangement, too, is of service in showing the change and wonderful growth of the poet's mind up to the time of his death. Nothing has been considered too insignificant to be reprinted, and the value of the volume is increased by giving whatever different versions there may be of any passage, as well as the first draught of Hyperion; moreover, in two instances when Keats composed a sonnet in company with other poets, with Leigh Hunt once, and with Leigh Hunt and Shelley at another, their work also is given. Thus Keats's sonnet

¹ *Samson Agonistes, with Notes, Critical, Illustrative, and Explanatory, and a Glossary. For the Use of Candidates preparing for the Public Examinations.* By I. P. FLEMING, M. A., B. C. L. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1876.

² *The Poetical Works of John Keats.* Chronologically arranged and edited. With a Memoir, by LORD HOUGHTON, D. C. L., Hon. Fellow of Trin. Coll., Cambridge. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1877.

to the Nile was always supposed, until within a few months, to be the one written in friendly competition with Shelley's *Ozymandias*, composed at the same time, but a foot-note tells us that Shelley really wrote at this time another sonnet beginning

"Month after month the gathered rains descend," which is printed in full in this volume. In this foot-note, by the way, Mr. Townshend Major should be Mr. Townshend Mayer. On the whole, this edition has at last done for Keats what should have been done long since, and any one who buys a copy can feel sure that he will not have to buy two or three other volumes in order to get all that Keats has written. Moreover, it is a trifling matter, but the name of the young woman with whom Keats was in love is here given to the world for the first time: she was a Miss Brown.

— The title-page defines the limit to which Mr. Van Laun has confined himself in the second volume of his *History of French Literature*.¹ His main subject is the account of the glories of the classical period, and on the whole he may be said to have improved here upon the work of the first volume; but then the further he goes on the clearer it becomes that he has undertaken a task a great deal too heavy for him. It has been easy for him to express the established opinion of mankind about the great writers of the seventeenth century, and to give us such dates as are important in a book of this kind, but more than this he has not done. We have less space devoted to the history of the time than was the case in the first volume, but we have many pages given up to the leading writers; yet the author is so vague in his critical commentaries that it would be hard to form any definite notion of the men and books he is describing. For instance, speaking of Ronsard (page 45), he says, "In short, if you take up Ronsard, or, say, such a sample of him as has been presented to us in a carefully edited volume of selections, when you are in the mood for reading his poems, you will, on the whole, like him." We learn that the tragedians wrote tragedies, and the comedians, comedies, but there is nowhere any really satisfactory, definite characterization to reward

the student of this book. Its inefficacy may be best seen by comparing the impression left by the description of French literature of the time of Louis XIV. with Taine's essay on Racine.

In conclusion it can only be said that the work yet remains to be done over again by some one who shall be more thorough in his reading, more exact in his statements of fact, and more distinct in his expressions of opinion; a book like this can satisfy no one, and will bring no fame to Mr. Van Laun.

— Three handy volumes in 18mo on *The Eastern Question* have been published by Messrs. Osgood & Co. They have no literary pretensions, but will be found very useful by ordinary newspaper readers, for whom they are intended. They are of very unequal merit. The first, *A Brief History of Turkey*,² is a translation from the German and is just what was wanted. It relates the main events in Turkish history in a simple, objective way, and refrains from any criticism of people or actions. The second, *A Brief History of Russia*,³ is a slight book, enfeebled by criticisms and sentimental accounts of the tender relations existing between Russian emperors and their wives. Here is a passage from a small volume of one hundred and twenty pages covering fully a thousand years of history. It relates to the Emperor Alexander the Second: "Shortly after the death of her husband, Elizabeth wrote this well-known letter to the empress mother: 'Mamma, our angel is in heaven, and I still exist upon earth. Who would have thought that I, feeble and wasted, could have survived him? Mamma, do not abandon me; for I am utterly alone in this world of grief. Our dear departed one wears in death his own benevolent expression; his smile proves to me that he is happy, and that he sees other things than he beheld while he was with us. My only consolation under this irreparable loss is that I shall not long survive him; that I hope to rejoin him soon.'" The third volume, *The Eastern Question Historically Considered*,⁴ is a book thoroughly admirable in its practical arrangement and in its unadorned directness. It is such a compend of all matters relating to

ginnings of the Nation to the present Vast Proportions of the Empire. With Accounts of the successive Dynasties. By FRANCES A. SHAW. With Maps.

⁴ *The Eastern Question Historically Considered.* With Notes on the Resources of Russia and Turkey, and an Abstract of their Treaties with the United States. By JAMES M. BUGBEZ. With Maps. Boston. 1877.

¹ *History of French Literature.* By HENRI VAN LAUN. Vol. II. From the Classical Renaissance until the End of the Reign of Louis XIV. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1877.

² *A Brief History of Turkey.* Translated from the German of Dr. JOHANNES BLOCHWITZ. By MRS. M. WESSELHOFF. With Maps.

³ *A Brief History of Russia, from the Small Be-*

the present war as readers of the daily newspapers will do well to have at their elbows. It is clear, succinct, and just. Each of the three volumes contains two heliotype maps; but not much can be said in favor of any of them. They are all indistinct, and do not seem to have been prepared specially for these volumes.

—Captain Richard F. Burton, who is well known as a traveler over the face of the earth and as a good writer about his travels, has just given the public an interesting account of the recent Etruscan discoveries at and near Bologna.¹ He comes to his task without any theory to prove, which is in itself the greatest novelty, for almost every man who has dipped pen into ink to write about the subject has tried his skill at guessing one of the most obscure of the riddles before modern science. He states the difficulties very clearly, and contents himself with confessing the great difficulty of forming any probable decision in the matter, while he enumerates the new materials that the last few years have brought to light. To us English-speaking people this description is of great service. The facts were buried in different Italian publications here and there, and Captain Burton has added to their testimony his own with regard to the things he himself saw. He goes over the confused evidence very well, and shows how philology, craniology, and archæology are all applied in turn, though without sure result, to the investigation of the origin of the Etruscans. The richness of the collections at Bologna had been almost unknown to the traveler who is the slave of his guide-book, and even if he had done nothing more than call general attention to them, Captain Burton would deserve the thanks of the public; but as it is, he has conferred a greater favor by his excellent *résumé* of an abundance of new authorities.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.²

At length a long silence is broken, and there have been lately given to the world two authoritative lives of Alfred de Musset³ which throw great light upon his turbulent career and cannot fail to arouse a new in-

terest in the writings of that poet. That young poet, one says instinctively, for it was his youth which was his period of greatest brilliancy; its charm inspired him to write what are by all odds the most poetical verses in at least modern French literature, and it satisfactorily accounts for the shipwreck of his life at an age when most men are starting forth for the first time. Of these two biographies the one which first demands mention is that written by his brother, Paul de Musset; the book has been some time in manuscript, but, probably from an unwillingness to reopen scarcely closed wounds, it has been withheld from publication until this year. The most striking thing about it is the warm affection it shows to have existed between the two brothers. Paul was six years the elder; he is a man of comparatively modest ability, but his gifts he has always put to excellent use, and they have been before this put into play in defense of his brother. Naturally he describes to his readers a side of Alfred's life that no one else knew so well as he; we are told charming tales of the poet's boyhood and early youth, and throughout he is judged by a friendly critic.

Alfred de Musset was born of excellent family, in Paris, December 11, 1810. His father, who had been intended for the church, — a plan which fell through on account of the Revolution, — held for many years responsible positions under different governments, and edited an edition of the works of J. J. Rousseau. His mother was the daughter of a man whose contribution to literature consisted of a satirical epic poem. Paul, as has been said, gives us many anecdotes of his brother's boyhood; some of these, at least when read in the light of subsequent events, show clearly those qualities in the boy which were so fatal a few years later. When a mere child he fell in love with a young cousin of his, a girl several years his senior, and asked her to marry him when he should be older, which she jokingly promised to do. When, however, she soon afterwards received and accepted a more serious proposal and was married, it was kept a secret from him through fear of its effect upon him, and he did not know the truth for several years. When he learned

¹ *Etruscan Bologna. A Study.* By RICHARD F. BURTON, author of *Pilgrimage to El Medinah and Mecca*, etc. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1876.

² All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

³ *Biographie de Alfred de Musset. Sa Vie et ses Œuvres.* Par PAUL DE MUSSET. Paris: Charpentier. 1877.

Alfred de Musset. Von PAUL LINDAU. Berlin: A. Hofmann & Co. 1877.

it he was much disturbed, and asked if his cousin had been making fun of him, but on understanding that she was really fond of him and regarded herself as his older sister, he let himself be consoled. This horror of deception, as we shall see, was one of his most marked traits. At school he was always successful, much to the disgust of his playmates, who revenged themselves by uniting to pommel him. Part of the time, too, the two boys were taught at home by a tutor, and besides the legitimate course of instruction they studied with intense enthusiasm all sorts of fairy stories and tales of chivalry, which afterwards bore rich fruit. Later he tried his hand at drawing and music; he began the study of law and then that of medicine, but both subjects failed to attract him, and he was in despair about his future occupation. Soon, however, he saw his way clear. A friend and former school-mate of his introduced him to Victor Hugo, at whose house he met Alfred de Vigny, Mérimée, Sainte-Beuve, and others forming the school of young writers who were destined to reanimate French literature, and under their congenial influence he began to compose verses, which he read aloud to his admiring friends. The earliest of these have never been considered worthy of being printed, although they were good enough to call from Sainte-Beuve the saying that this circle of writers had among its number a boy full of genius. Alfred de Musset when he entered this band was seventeen years old, Victor Hugo, twenty-five, and Sainte-Beuve, twenty-three, and it was a year later that he made this remark. It was at about the same time and under the same inspiration that he composed several of those poems which are among the first included in his published works. The notorious ballad to the moon dates from this period; it was written as a parody of the romantic style of poem, but it has always been taken for a seriously meant attempt in that very sort of writing, and has been part of the ground of accusation brought against its author.

At the age of nineteen, while still in feeling and experience a boy, he entered into the world of society, where he soon distinguished himself by all sorts of excesses. His first publication, it is interesting to notice, was a free translation of De Quincey's *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*, which had no success. This was soon followed by his *Contes d'Espagne et d'Italie*, which created the wildest excitement. It is

curious to observe that Spain was at that time to young writers what it now is for a large and motley band of young painters, a sort of grab-box which always gives a prize. Hugo and Mérimée, it will be remembered, were busy in this field at about the same time. In 1830 he composed his *Nuit Venitienne* for the stage, and it was brought out at the Odéon just before the author's twentieth birthday. Those who were opposed to the romantic school gathered in large numbers, determined to drive it from the stage, and this they did. The piece was slight enough of itself and doubtless would not have had any great success even with a fair or partial hearing, but this harsh treatment disgusted its author and kept him for a long time from writing for the stage. Some of his comedies, however, in spite of their not complying with the usual laws of dramatic composition, are among the most effective now given at the best French theatres. Any one who has seen *Les Caprices de Marianne* acted at the Théâtre Français has had a glimpse of what the stage may be under the most favorable circumstances. In 1832 his father died. Soon other works appeared from his pen, and he made his entrance into the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. It was at a dinner given to the contributors that Alfred de Musset made the acquaintance of George Sand, which soon ripened into the closest intimacy. The story of their *liaison* need not be told at length here. George Sand wrote her version of it in a book of fiction called *Elle et Lui*, to which Paul de Musset answered in *Lui et Elle*, a book based on facts which showed most convincingly the enormous vanity and pestilential cold-heartedness of the woman. She never made any reply to it, for there was no reply to make. It may be questioned, too, whether even in her own account of herself she does not unconsciously write herself down as ill as any one could desire. In the *Life* written by his brother it is curious to read of this scene. Alfred had made up his mind not to go to Italy with George Sand unless he could get his mother's permission, which she naturally was unwilling to give. Consequently he avowed his determination to remain at home. The same evening, however, at about nine o'clock, his mother was told that there was a lady at the door in a carriage, who was anxious to see her. She went down and found the celebrated novelist, who is much worshiped in this country for her warm defense of the rights of women, who entreat-

ed her to let her son go with her, promising that he should have her maternal affection and care. What her arguments were must always be a source of wonder to us uncivilized barbarians. At any rate they were successful. It was in August, 1833, that the liaison began; the friends went to Italy in the autumn of that year; in the following April the breach occurred, which was followed by a melodramatic attempt at reconciliation, lasting a fortnight, in September, 1834.

De Musset returned from Italy a different man. He had started brilliant, full of genius and youthful self-trust; he came back sick in body and heart, disappointed and disgusted, having endured a wrench from which he never recovered. From this time forth he produced but little; the main-spring of his life seemed broken. While George Sand deserves and has received much condemnation for her part in this catastrophe, it is not to be forgotten that her victim cannot be wholly acquitted of blame. He was ignorant of self-control, he was inconstant and violent; two more opposite characters could not be found, and when the crash came, the one who had a heart was the one who suffered. George Sand consoled herself thoroughly and, we may add, often. It is true that Alfred de Musset did not write much after his return from Italy, but yet in the period from 1835 to 1839 were composed some of the most memorable of his poems, the different Nuits, and of his plays, *Lorenzaccio* and *On ne Badine pas avec l'Amour*, his *Confession d'un Enfant du Siècle*, and half a dozen of his best tales. When it is remembered that these were the years from twenty-five to twenty-nine, and that he died at the age of forty-seven, it is easy to see that he never fulfilled the promise of his youth. His Italian experience made a man, we might say an old man, of him, so far as disgust with the world ages one. But in those poems mentioned above, the Nuits, he by universal assent has reached a point that he never exceeded. Indeed, it would be hard to name a French poet who has written anything with so really poetical a spirit as is to be found in these. Especially when they are read in the light of his brother's revelations regarding him, and the circumstances under which they were written, does their great beauty stand out most clearly. They all refer plainly to his recent sufferings, but it is a question whether George Sand is always meant by every allusion. This his brother, who surely is in

the best position to know exactly, denies, while Lindau maintains that she alone is referred to in the *Nuit de Décembre*. The beauty of these poems fully shows that the deficiencies of French poetry are not so much due to what is lacking in the French language as to what is lacking in those who use it. The beginning and end of the *Nuit de Mai* will make this very clear. We learn in his brother's *Life* that the poet intended to add to them *La Nuit de Juin*, which, he said, would be one of the nights in which he should not have death in his soul. He sat down and had written but four lines when one of his friends unfortunately came in and dragged him off to a dinner. That broke the charm; the inspiration never came upon him to finish it. Here are these few lines, — the poet is speaking: —

" Muse, quand le blé pousse il faut être joyeux. —
Regarde ces coteaux et leur blonde parure.
Quelle douce clarté dans l'immense nature!
Tout ce qui vit ce soir doit se sentir heureux."

It is impossible not to regret this most unlucky interruption of what promised so well, but it is only a definite instance of what was really destroying his desire and capacity for work. He was always trying to forget the past, and he sought oblivion by plunging into all manner of excesses. At times he would pause to write some little piece for the theatre, or one of those *nouvelles* which often reflect some adventure of his own, but it is only too plain that in his life he was hastening from bad to worse. The *Fils de Titien* is in its way a condensed biography, and almost everywhere it is easy to find traces of the melancholy course he was following. This is a painful subject, on which there is no need of dwelling at any length, but the fact remains that during the last seventeen years of his life, that is from 1840 to 1857, from thirty to forty-seven, what should have been his intellectual prime, he wrote almost nothing. Both the biographies give us full accounts of his life, of his interest in his friends, especially in his *marraïne*, as he called her, Madame Maxime Jaubert, and the Duchess de Castries, and of his zeal in behalf of Rachel, and Pauline Garcia, now Madame Viardot. In 1852 he was admitted a member of the Academy. His speech in praise of his predecessor was long and uninteresting. The following *mot* throws some light on his career at this time. He seldom attended the meetings of the Academy, and one of the members complained to another that the poet absented himself so often. "He *absinthes* himself too

often," was the reply. A few years later he died.

Such was the sad life of the first of French poets, or at least of one of the most poetic among French poets, and in these two books the whole story will be found told at full length, with much more of very great interest. Paul de Musset of course defends his brother from many of the accusations which were brought against him, and shows him in all his attractiveness and amiability. A book by a German on this most French of Frenchmen is not one that would commend itself at first to the reader, and yet Lindau's volume will be found of value. It has naturally a more impartial tone than the other, a tone that would be offensive in a man speaking of a blood relation; yet it is the work of a warm admirer who never is too harsh a judge, while he is a man who has to lay the evidence before the public. The fact that Paul de Musset helped Lindau in the preparation of his book, and that it is published under his authorization, so to speak, must convince the most incredulous that it is not animated by a captious or harsh spirit towards the unhappy man it undertakes to describe. It is distinguished from the other, moreover, by this fact, that it is designed for a public ignorant of Alfred de Musset's writings, and consequently contains many recapitulations of his plays, stories, and poems, with extracts generally put into German, while the French biography refers to them as known. What Paul de Musset has to say about the composition of almost every piece sets it in another light, and will be sure to enforce a new reading of almost everything he wrote. He also includes some prose and some verse never before been printed. The most important extracts are those from an unpublished tale, *Le Poëte Déchu*, the greater part of which its author buried in a fit of disgust.

We have not space here to say anything about Alfred de Musset's rank as a poet. Those who know him already will be glad to learn more about him, as it is now easy to do, and those who do not can read about him and doubtless be tempted to study his writings. It is to be remembered, however, that he is to be read with discrimination, and that fate orders that his books should not be put into the hands of inexperienced readers.

— The new novel of Tourguéneff's, which has just appeared in a French translation,¹

¹ *Terres Vierge*. Par IVAN TOURGUÉNEFF. Traduit par E. DURAND-GREVILLE. Paris. 1877.

has been eagerly awaited by those readers who have learned to value aright the ability of this author. Even were he an obscure person of whom the world had never heard, the present curiosity about Russia would give him a hearing, and more especially would this be the case after it was known that the book treated of the secret societies of that country, which have so wide-spread and vague reputation. The story appeared, in the early part of the present year, in the *Russische Revue*, but it was so little liked in the country of its publication that up to the time of this writing, at least, it has not been reprinted in book form. The reason of this indifference it is not hard to find. Tourguéneff has been long considered in his native land as one who treated his fellow-countrymen unfairly: they have claimed that he misrepresented their deeds and aims, and in this novel he certainly has not given much satisfaction to either that division of society which is devoted to the government or to that which finds its pleasure in trying to build up a different system. Both sides are set in a bad light, with that gall which constantly distinguishes Tourguéneff's writing about his own country, and neither party can bear to see itself turned to ridicule. We outsiders, however, can have no reason to deny the substantial accuracy of his drawing, even if we cannot affirm it from our own knowledge, and his indictment of Russian society and of the Russian character need not surprise those who are following the developments of Russian diplomacy.

Indeed, the book has two separate qualities: it is both a bit of contemporary history and a novel, and as neither does it quite satisfy the reader, in spite of the thoroughness and ability with which it has been written. Very recent developments of the ramifications of secret societies in Russia corroborate the fidelity of the descriptions given in this story of the gropings towards a reaction against despotism, and show as conclusively how powerless is individual effort against the rigid force imposed on society by the government, which finds its hands strengthened by the apathy of those whom it is proposed to set free. How aimless, undirected, and fantastic these efforts at revolt are may be seen by this book, and it is this historical basis to which we would now especially call attention.

At the opening of the story, Neshdanoff, the natural son of a nobleman, is a young student in St. Petersburg who has allied himself with certain of his comrades for the

furtherance of the "cause." He himself has aristocratic, unradical tastes; in spite of his contempt for himself for doing it he even writes verses, which, however, he conceals from every one save an intimate friend with whom he corresponds, and he lacks genuine belief in the cause which so attracts his companions. He tries hard to believe in it, and is continually working himself up into enthusiasm about it; he gives it material aid, but, like so many of Tourguéneff's heroes, he has two natures, and these two natures are at war with one another. His tastes lead him one way, but his hatred of the aristocracy and the influence of his associates lead him in another. He is offered the place of tutor in the house of one Sipiagin, which he accepts, and with his life in this place the action fairly begins. Sipiagin is a sort of liberal who is planning for a position under government, who prides himself on being a Russian country-gentleman, and is perpetually molding his life, his actions, his most trivial speech, on French and English models, without one trace of natural feeling or conduct, until his native overbearing despotism crops out at the end of the book. In this new home Neshdanoff finds himself almost at ease: Sipiagin's wife, a flirt of the most approved pattern, tries her practiced hand on this stubborn material, but the young tutor is more strongly attracted by a young girl, Marianne, a poor relation of the family, who has strong democratic tastes. This is the best part of the book. Tourguéneff is on firm ground when he is describing men and women in their relations to one another, and he has seldom excelled the cleverness of his account of Madame Sipiagin. The call of duty summons Neshdanoff to coöperation with some of the neighbors in behalf of the cause. One of them, Markeloff, is his exact opposite. This revolutionist has all the narrowness and impetuosity which make the fanatic, and he stands in marked contrast, especially in regard to his unreturned love for Marianne, with Neshdanoff, in his sincerity with the odious Zolushkine, and in his intelligence with Solomin, the one man in the book who inspires neither contempt nor pity. The account of the efforts of these conspirators is melancholy reading. They all agreed that something was to be done, and to be done at once. They meet and talk, but separate as undetermined as before. Markeloff's zeal is not at all diminished, but Neshdanoff returns to his duty with a sad heart, only to find Marianne more enthusiastic than ever, believing firmly in

the cause, and shaming the dispirited youth into an affectation of enthusiasm. Their intimacy becomes greater, although to the last it remains innocent, and finally they run away together from Sipiagin's house, which had become distasteful to them both. Solomin gives them protection under his roof, and here this young couple proceed to devote themselves to the advancement of the cause. They both dress like peasants, and do their part towards the introduction of equality by making themselves as much like peasants as possible. Indeed, Marianne goes further; and it is assuredly a stain upon the book that she even proposes that last step of socialism for supporting which Mrs. Victoria Woodhull has become notorious in this country. This repels the reader, and fills him with disgust for a heroine who with many unattractive qualities yet comes near being a very fine character. Neshdanoff meets with continual disappointment. The peasants care no more for reform than they do for the precession of the equinoxes. Poor Neshdanoff, when on one of his propagandist excursions, is made dead drunk by their insisting that he should prove his kind feeling towards them by swallowing huge draughts of fiery brandy. This opens his eyes to the hollowness of the whole thing to which he has devoted his life, and the catastrophe soon comes. What this is need not be told here. Astute readers will detect it beforehand, but it is not the main thing in the book by any manner of means. The emptiness of their youthful effort, the ignorance of these young reformers, their profitless enthusiasm, these are what every page of the book teaches. Tourguéneff shows these things, however, by satire, which seems yet to have a kindly side. He does not denounce the follies he sees so clearly with violence; he rather describes them with a tender melancholy, as if on the whole they were more touching than wicked. His severest irony is reserved for the nobleman who is ambitious for a place in the government, and for the successful young man who is always at his elbow and always betraying the propagandists. It is easy to imagine that a large class of men of influence and position, who find themselves reflected in these pages, may spend a good deal of time in censuring a novel that so relentlessly exposes their vanities — indeed, their pretentious dishonesty — as this one does. While we cannot help feeling the great justice of much of this severe treatment of his fellow-countrymen, it is hard to escape

the feeling that the truth of the details and the curious incidents of this fruitless and wholly superfluous conspiracy swamp at times the proper romantic interest of the novel. It is as if for once the author had harnessed together two uncongenial horses, information and entertainment, and between the two the reader were puzzled and embarrassed. In *Fathers and Sons* we have had the young nihilist, Bazarof, whose ideas, which already seem old-fashioned, were as singularly and as tenaciously held as any that inspired these young martyrs. But he also keeps his proper place in the novel as a novel, while true to principles; while in this book the plans of the various characters are too vague to offer any especial interest, and the men themselves are romantically less interesting. We are accustomed to find in Tourgueneff the finest delineations of passion and the subtlest studies of character; but here passion is almost entirely wanting, and while there is no lack of study of character,—indeed, the whole book teems with the most acute remarks on the different persons mentioned, so that the reader feels that he has to do with a man who in another age would have been a great moral philosopher like La Rochefoucauld or Vauvenargues—while there is, we say, no lack of study of character, the book rests on too slight a basis of fact; the absurdity of this mighty intriguing is too potent to convince the reader that he has to do with genuine troubles. That is at least the way it strikes an outsider who reflects upon it afterwards. It is doubtless true to nature, but then, although true, the work is too petty, too vague in design, too unpractical in execution, to seem worthy of such attention as the author's genius demands for it. Liza, On the Eve, Spring Floods, *Fathers and Sons*, have a deep interest that burns into the soul of the reader, whether he be a Russ, an American, a German, or a Frenchman; they deal with the primary feelings of human nature, but what do these men want? They do not know themselves.

So much may be said against the fundamental motive of the novel. But injustice would be done if attention were not called to many of the scenes. One of the most curious of the episodes is that which treats Zimushka and Zomushka, the old couple

who have lived their lives unchanged since the remote days when they were married. It would be hard to find, even in Tourgueneff's other novels, a more curious chapter than this, and the whole scene which describes their simple, foolish ways, makes clear the contrast between the past and the noisy, self-conscious vulgarity of the present. Another triumph is the way in which Madame Sipiagin is drawn, with her great beauty, her cold interest in people she is thrown with, and her selfishness. No man has ever better painted a certain kind of flirt. As for Marianne she disappoints the reader exceedingly, and for once Tourgueneff's power of portraying a young girl has failed him. Besides the inexplicable incident referred to above, there is a hardness about her treatment of her aunt which is unattractive, although one must put in the other scale her loyalty to the principles she has attached herself to. Poor Mashurina, the ill-favored medical student, with her unrequited love for Neshdanoff, is much more consistent in her honesty and obstinate bigotry.

In reading the works of living authors there is always aroused a certain feeling of impatience when one comes across some unexpected quality that one has not met before, so that the opinion of contemporaries is frequently reversed by posterity; and it may be that it is the little resemblance between Tourgueneff's other novels and this one which makes one feel disappointed or surprised at the new revelation of his powers. However this may be, the reader can feel sure of one thing, that he will be very deeply interested in this novel, and if those who are most familiar with the author do not find here what they have learned to expect in one of his stories, it is very probable that on the other hand there may be attracted to it a larger number of readers than have been drawn to his other books. This does not prove *Terres Vièrges* to be worse than its predecessors, but it shows that what it treats of may fascinate a numerically larger number who feel something repellent in the very skill with which he analyzes and represents passion. In a word, those who look for a novel like Tourgueneff's early ones will be disappointed; one who takes it up with the firm conviction that he is going to be disappointed will be charmed by it.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Henry Holt & Co., New York: Ancient Society; or, Researches in the Lines of Human Progress from Savagery, through Barbarism, to Civilization. By Lewis H. Morgan, LL. D. — Idols and Ideals, with an Essay on Christianity. By Moncure Daniel Conway, M. A. — Aloys. By Berthold Auerbach. Translated by Charles T. Brooks. — Hesperus; or, Forty-Five Dog-Post-Days. A Biography from the German of Jean Paul Friedrich Richter. Translated by Charles S. Brooks. In two volumes. — Titan. A Romance from the German of Jean Paul Friedrich Richter. Translated by Charles T. Brooks. In two volumes.

J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia: How They Strike Me, These Authors. By J. C. Heywood, A. M., LL. B. — A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare. Edited by Horace Howard Furness. Hamlet. Vols. I., II.

James R. Osgood & Co., Boston: The Burning of

the Convent. A Narrative of the Destruction, by a Mob, of the Ursuline School on Mount Benedict, Charlestown, as remembered by One of the Pupils. — Success, Greatness, Immortality. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. — Books, Art, Eloquence. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. — Love, Friendship, Domestic Life. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. — My Garden Acquaintance, and a Good Word for Winter. By James Russell Lowell. — Elegy written in a Country Churchyard, and Other Poems. By Thomas Gray. Illustrated. — Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers. By William Edmondstone Aytoun, D. C. L. Illustrated.

Porter and Coates, Philadelphia: Recollections of Samuel Breck, with Passages from his Note-Books 1771-1862. Edited by H. E. Scudder.

Scribner, Armstrong, & Co., New York: Short Studies on Great Subjects. By James Anthony Froude, M. A. Third series.

MUSIC.

We have had a Wagner Festival this spring. The Bayreuth fever has proved contagious, and nothing could content us but having a little Bayreuth in New York and Boston. The result reminds one of an incident in one of Wilhelm Hauff's charming little stories: A young Alexandrian has been brought to Paris as a prisoner; there he forms the acquaintance of an old French *savant* of Oriental tendencies, who now and then invites him to his home and entertains him after the Oriental fashion. "They sat together in a room which the professor called Arabia Minor. This room was adorned with all sorts of artificial trees, such as palms, bamboos, young cedars, and the like, and with flowers that grow only in the East. Persian rugs lay on the floor, divans stood around, but nowhere a Frankish chair or table. On one of the divans sat the professor; he had a fine Turkish scarf tied round his head for a turban, a gray beard fastened to his chin, reaching to his girdle, and looking like the natural, venerable beard of a man of rank. He wore an Oriental robe, which he had made out of a brocade dressing-gown, full Turkish trousers, and, peaceably disposed as he usually was, on those days he carried a Turkish scimitar, and in his girdle stuck a dagger studded with mock jewels. He smoked a pipe some two ells long, and was served by lackeys dressed after the Persian fashion,

half of them having their faces and hands blackened. The Frankish language was strictly prohibited; Almansor had to pronounce the peace-greeting on entering, to which the old Persian solemnly responded; he then beckoned the young man to a seat beside him, and began to speak Persian, Arabic, Coptic, and all sorts of languages together, and called this a learned Oriental *conversazione*. By his side stood a servant, or, as the Eastern customs demanded, a slave, holding a big book; this book was a dictionary, and when the professor's vocabulary gave out, he signaled the slave to find him what he wanted, and then went on with the conversation."¹

Of this sort was the "Bayreuth Minor" which we have had in Boston. If there be one human faculty that Richard Wagner would have his dramas appeal to less than to another, it is the imagination. But at the Wagner Festival our imagination was not only appealed to, it was implored and besought to assist. Let us confine ourselves chiefly to the performances of the Walküre. In this drama we have Wagner at his Wagnermost; it may be looked upon as a typical work. To give this work we had Madame Pappenheim (Brünnhilde), an accomplished artist, well drilled in Wagner opera, Mademoiselle Canissa (Sieglinde), an extremely good opera singer of the conventional type,

¹ Hauff, *Der Scheik von Alessandria*, etc.

and for the remainder of the cast singers who, whatever their musical ability, were practically new to the stage; the orchestra, if not quite adequate, was at least very good; the scenery was — well, perhaps unrealistic would be the kindest term for it. Thus the Walküre was put upon the stage on an almost wholly musical, not a dramatic basis; that is, the least important and vital element in Wagnerian drama was made the most of. It is instructive on this point to notice some of the items in the Bayreuth cast of the *Ring des Nibelungen* (which people, by the way, persist in translating the *Ring of the Nibelungs*). For Siegfried, the hero, Wagner chose Georg Unger, a man of commanding stage presence and a fine actor, but a very second-rate, not to say poor singer; for Siegmund there was Albert Niemann, with scarcely the ghost of a voice left, but one of the finest-looking men, and, above all, perhaps the most consummate actor on the German lyric stage; for Hagen, Wagner had Gustav Siehr, a superb actor, but the most daringly false singer. Without going further we find at least three very important parts given to men from whom little was to be expected in a musical way. Why did Wagner choose them? Because they acted well. An excellent musician, who had been present at all the Bayreuth performances, said to us after the first act of the Walküre in Boston: "You would be surprised to know how much it *sounded* like Bayreuth, as far as the singing went." But it may be safely said that absolutely no idea can be formed of a Wagner drama by any one not thoroughly acquainted with the work, from a performance in which the acting is not at least good, — far less idea, indeed, than can be formed from a mere concert performance of the music alone. For when we hear the music without any stage setting and unaccompanied by dramatic action, our imagination can at any rate create an approximately good picture of the scene. But when the stage setting is bad, when the acting is not only inadequate but even diametrically wrong, a picture is palpably presented to us with which the music has little, if anything, to do, the tie between the music and the stage is at once rudely severed, and the impression made by the whole cannot but be chaotic. Remember that in the Wagnerian drama there are *no accessories*; the relation between all the elements of the drama, between music, singing, acting, scenery, is absolutely functional. No single item can be omitted without af-

fecting the whole. Let us give an example of what is meant by this. In the first act of the Walküre, after Hunding and Sieglinde have left the stage, Siegmund is left alone. "Night has completely set in; the room is lighted only by the feeble rays of the fire on the hearth. Siegmund lies down on the bear-skin before the fire and for a time broods over his condition in silence." During this silence of Siegmund two "leading motives" are heard in the orchestra: one, indicative of Hunding's parting threat ("A man defends himself with arms. I will meet thee, Wolfson, to-morrow. Thou hast heard my word: have a care for thyself"), is merely rhythmically hinted at by the heroes; the other, the "sword theme," is suggested, as yet vaguely, in a minor key. Siegmund speaks at last: "My father promised me a sword," etc., his despair growing more and more intense, until "the fire falls together; a ray of light coming from the rising sparks suddenly falls upon the place in the trunk of the ash-tree that Sieglinde's glance had pointed out," in the preceding scene, "so that the hilt of a sword is now plainly visible." At the same moment the trumpet bursts forth with the sword theme, this time in C major, accompanied by high tremolos on the violins. The whole character of the music suddenly changes. Siegmund says, "What shines so brightly there in the glimmering light? What ray breaks forth from the ash-trunk? . . . Is it the glance of the blooming woman, that she has left shining behind her?" etc. Now the whole poetic, dramatic, and musical *effect* of this incident hangs upon one little bit of, at first sight unimportant, scenic mechanism, that is, the flash of light coming from that flurry of sparks that we have all noticed in a dying wood-fire whenever a log breaks, and falling directly upon the hilt of the sword sticking in the tree. Leave out this "stage effect" and the whole gist of poetry, music, action, in short of the entire scene, is lost. This is but one example out of many. Wagner is fond of giving his characters long waits between their sentences in certain scenes; these waits are intended to be filled up by silent dramatic action, which he has for the most part carefully and minutely indicated in the scene, the action being accompanied — or, as he would say, the expression of the action being intensified — by appropriate music in the orchestra. Now unless the actors in such passages follow the stage directions very closely, exactly timing their move-

ments, gestures, changes of facial expression, so that each gesture, look, and movement shall fall upon the appropriate orchestral phrase, on the intended harmonic modulation, the peculiar significance of the music, even the common sense of the whole scene, disappears at once. If, in a worse case, the actors neglect to fill up these waits with the required dramatic action, the scene is no better — nay, worse — than the old dramatic absurdity of Italian opera, where the whole stage falls into temporary syncope while the singers are waiting for the orchestra to finish the *ritornello* of the coming aria, duet, or ensemble-piece. At such times in Italian opera the spectator's attention is directed from the stage by an orchestral phrase which, if of no special dramatic significance, is at least musically interesting by itself; while in the Wagnerian drama, if the attention is diverted from the stage, the ear hears merely a succession of orchestral phrases which neither are *nor are intended to be* musically interesting *per se*, but derive their whole interest and reason of being from their intimate connection with the stage itself. Let us say again that it is Wagner's most explicit wish that the spectator's attention should never be diverted from the stage. Even in his so-called Lyrical Moments, the additional intensity which a well-developed lyric form gives to music must seem conditioned by a correspondingly greater intensity of dramatic action on the part of the actors, so that the stage shall still force itself upon the spectator's mind as of prime importance, the music being an outgrowth of the action, and consequently a secondary matter. The following quotation from Wagner will show how he wishes in every case the dramatic element to take precedence of the musical: "I wish first to point out to the orchestral conductors and stage managers that the so-called singing rehearsals cannot be entered upon until the poem (text) itself has been thoroughly studied in all its parts by the actors. For this purpose we must not be content to send the *libretto* to be looked through by each actor; we do not demand of them a critical knowledge of the work in question, but a living, artistic knowledge. I must consequently insist upon all the actors coming together under the direction of the stage-manager, the conductor being also present, and each actor reading his part aloud, as is customary at preliminary rehearsals in the spoken drama. The members of the chorus should also attend this

reading, and the passages for the chorus should be read by the chorus-leader himself or by one of his subalterns. On this occasion care must be taken that the reading be done with full dramatic expression; and if the correct expression of the subject is not to be attained at a single reading, from a want of comprehension or of practice, this rehearsal must be repeated until the correct expression has been attained through the actors understanding the situations and the whole dramatic organism of the work." By this we see of what prime importance Wagner considers the purely dramatic element in performances of his works. The few ardent admirers of Wagner who best understand his genius — for perhaps no man has ever been less understood by the great mass of his well-wishers than he, or has been admired more blindly — comprehend this perfectly. At an after-dinner speech at Bayreuth, Franz Liszt, who always knows how to put a compliment pointedly, said to Wagner, "In you I see Shakespeare and Goethe combined." But not a word was said about Beethoven. No parallel was drawn, no comparison hinted at, between Wagner and any great composer. Hector Berlioz, who was the great champion of so-called Descriptive Music (also called Program Music), showed how little he comprehended Wagner's point of view in art when he imputed it to him as a reproach that he "only keeps in view the poetic or dramatic idea that is to be expressed, without troubling himself whether the expression of this idea obliges or does not oblige him to overstep musical conditions." *Per contra*, Wagner has said: "Hector Berlioz is the immediate and most energetic follower of Beethoven in *that* direction from which the latter turned aside so soon as he stepped from the sketch to the actual picture. . . . It is certain that Berlioz's artistic inspiration sprang from his love-struck gazing upon" — in short, from his following Beethoven's to him apparent striving to express in music that which was of all things least to be expressed by music. Descriptive music, as such, is Wagner's horror of horrors. He would have the music in his dramas, to make a delicate distinction, *heard* but not *listened to*. As Von Bülow once said that the dictum to set out from to arrive at a proper comprehension of Beethoven's C Minor Symphony was "*ab initio erat rhythmus*," so Wagner would have the prime dictum of the drama to be "*ab initio erat verbum*" in the most

literal sense. The spoken (or sung) word is the mainspring of Wagnerian art. Music, dramatic action, scenery, are only the means by which this word becomes flesh. The word is to be listened to and, if possible, understood; the rest is only to be unconsciously felt.

As the Walküre was given in America on a false principle,—that is, as an opera, not as a drama,—it would be idle to criticise the performance. Many things in it were fine, more things mediocre, some things frightfully bad. As Ambros said of Ambrose Thomas's Hamlet: "If Hamlet had been present at a performance of the opera, and said to Polonius, 'See, Polonius, there we are,' Polonius, who could even decry a camel, a weasel, and a whale in the same cloud as his prince wished, would have answered humbly but decidedly: 'No, my prince, there we are *not*! We are, with your grace's permission, dramatic figures of Shakespeare, and have received immortality from him, as your highness can conclude from the fact that we are sitting here, after a lapse of two and a half centuries, still hale and hearty. But the good people and musicians whom we hear singing and see acting there are right good operatic figures,—French operatic figures. I indeed sent word to my son Laertes in Paris not to neglect his music on any account (he graciously pleased to open at Act II., Scene i.), but I am by no means pleased at his having pushed matters so far as formally to develop himself into an opera singer." So, if Wagner's Walküre had come to Boston to look at herself in Mr. Freyer's dramatic-musical mirror, she would have cried out, "I may be one thing, and I may be another, but I am assuredly *not that*!"

—The Boston Conservatory of Music gave a very interesting exhibition the other day, at Tremont Temple, of violin pupils. Some twenty young girls and boys, few of them over sixteen or eighteen, offered the most gratifying evidence of the good results of their teaching. Many compositions, some of great difficulty, were played surprisingly well. Fine bowing, security of attack, good intonation, purity of tone, and in

some instances a rare degree of technique were plainly noticeable. Mr. Julius Eichberg, director of the Conservatory, is much to be congratulated upon the success of his teaching.

—Mr. Dudley Buck's *There was Darkness*,¹ seems to us about the best of the composer's church compositions that we have yet seen. It shows a complete absence of that tendency towards the commonplace and sentimental which mars so much of his writing. It is built upon the grand old choral, *O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden*, fragments of which first appear in the organ accompaniment in imitative counterpoint, while the voices sing recitative-like phrases, the solo voices alternating with the chorus. The treatment of this theme, as well as of the text, is more than clever; it is often strikingly impressive. The whole first part is in the sombre key of C minor; at the close the chorus sings the choral, well-harmonized in C major, with a contrapuntal accompaniment on the organ. There is a pure devotional spirit and a dignity in the whole work that place it very high above much else that Mr. Buck has written.

—Teresita Mia, *La Boca de Pepita*, and *Dodo* are three utterly charming little people's songs.² The melodies are the traditional Pyrenean tunes, and the piano-forte accompaniment has been well and appropriately written by Mr. W. P. Blake. A folk song, when it is the real thing, and not an imitation, is worth having, indeed, and these little ditties bear the unmistakable stamp of genuineness.

—Mr. F. L. Ritter's collection of *Ten Irish Melodies*,³ with a new piano-forte accompaniment by himself, is excellent. The often elaborate accompaniments are admirably written, and are fully in the spirit of the songs, in spite of their varied and scholarly harmony.

—Mr. Carl Prüfer has published an excellent reprint of Friedrich Wieck's well-known piano-forte finger-exercises.⁴ These exercises are much prized in Germany, and are to be highly recommended for pupils who intend making a thorough study of the instrument.

¹ *Anthem for Good Friday. There was Darkness.* By DUDLEY BUCK. Opus 72. New York: G. Schirmer.

² *Songs of the Pyrenees.* With Spanish, French, and English Words. Arranged from the Traditional Pyrenean Melodies by M. H. STURGIS and W. P. BLAKE. Boston: Carl Prüfer.

³ *Ten Irish Melodies.* With a New Piano-Forte Accompaniment. By FREDERIC LOUIS RITTER. New York: Edward Schuberth & Co.

⁴ *Elementary Exercises for the Piano-Forte.* By FRIEDRICH WIECK. Boston: Carl Prüfer.